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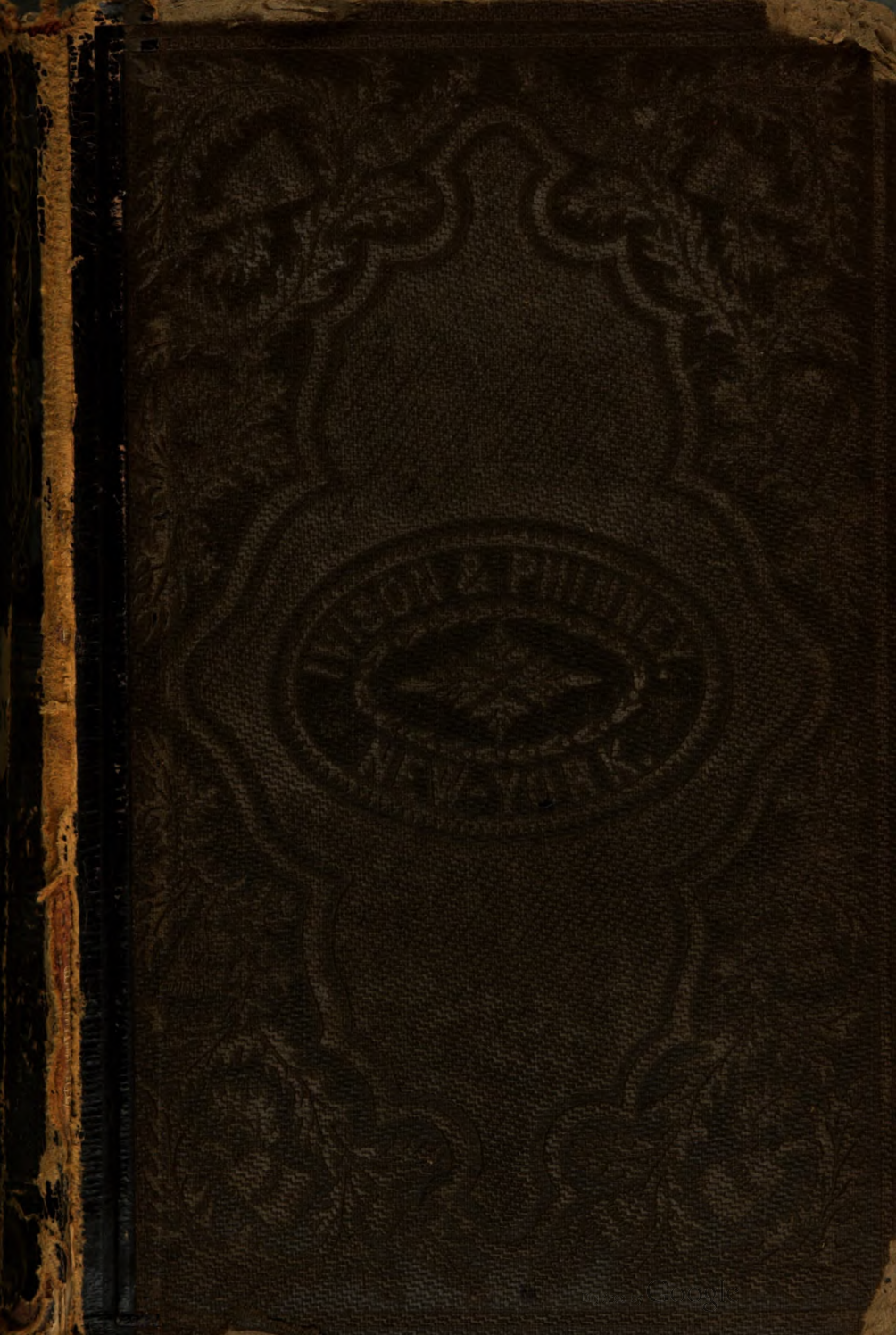

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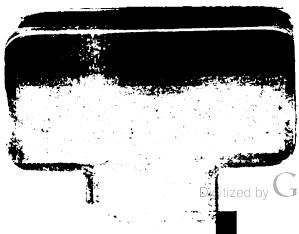

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SANDERS'

YOUNG LADIES' READER:

EMBRACING A

COMPREHENSIVE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

IN

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL READING;

WITH

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF EXERCISES IN READING, BOTH IN PROSE AND POETRY.

FOR THE USE OF THE

HIGHER FEMALE SEMINARIES,

AS ALSO, THE HIGHER CLASSES IN FEMALE SCHOOLS GENERALLY.

BY CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS," "SPELLER, DEFINER, AND ANALYSER," "ELOCUTIONARY CHART," "YOUNG CHOIR," "YOUNG VOCALIST," ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

"As in life, so in one's studies, the most beautiful and the most humane thing is, I think, so to blend the grave and the gay, that the one may not settle down into melancholy, nor the other degenerate into levity." This observation, which is from the younger Pliny, one of the most agreeable writers of antiquity, and which, in other words by other authors, has often been made, indicates the principle, so far as style is concerned, on which the whole series of Sanders' Reading Books, from first to last, has been designed to be constructed.

In none of the series, however, has the application of this principle been more studiously observed, since in none has it appeared more decidedly appropriate, than in the present volume. In the selection of the matter, after the first and highest duty, which was to secure in each piece the best possible moral tendency, that which came next in the order of importance, was to awaken and prolong attention by a judicious combination of all varieties of style, subject, and diction.

But, though the primary object of this, as of every similar work, is to furnish a suitable series of exercises in the art of reading, and though, for the better accomplishment of that purpose, compositions, in which gravity and gayety are duly mingled, have been carefully sought, while direct moral instructions are frequently enforced, the book will be found, beside all this, to abound every where in those incidental and collateral teachings, which are all the more striking, because unexpected, and all the more impressive, because connected with particular characters and circumstances.

To secure pieces, accordingly, in which noble sentiments, expressed in elegant language, fall, as it were, by the way-side, and acquire extraordinary interest from extraordinary circumstances, has been the most difficult task in the preparation of this Young Ladies' Reader. It has cost a deal of time and a deal of thought. For what, in some general sense, might be considered an admira-

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ble composition, might, when regarded as an educational agent, be found, in some particulars, perchance in every important particular, utterly inappropriate. With what success the author has executed this part of his design, is left to the judgment of those experienced in the business of education.

In that part of the work devoted to a formal course of instruction in the principles of Rhetorical Reading, will be found, it is believed, whatever aid *written* rules can give, on a subject like this. Much, however, as is universally confessed, must, after all, be left to the voice, the taste, and the manner of the living instructor.

In explanatory notes, sometimes at the head of an exercise, sometimes at the bottom of the page, the pupil will often find things explained, which are necessary to be known, in order to a full understanding of what is required to be read. This feature of the work is simply an application, so far as seemed desirable, of the author's well-known plan of explanation, adopted in the other members of the series.

If these few prefatory words convey some general idea of the plan and purpose of the work, their object is sufficiently accomplished. A more thorough acquaintance with the nature of its claims to usefulness, as a text-book, can be derived only from a careful examination of its contents, and a fair trial in the school-room. That it will bear both these tests, is the cherished hope of the author—a hope founded upon the experience of many years in the actual business of teaching, many interchanges of thought with the most eminent educators, added to a wide, varied, and careful observation in all classes of schools.

That it may, therefore, serve to aid in developing and training the powers of the voice,—in securing the charms of a graceful and effective delivery,—in instilling noble and elevated sentiments,—in imparting a taste for those refined pleasures that grow out of a just appreciation of what is sublime and beautiful in thought, chaste and elegant in expression,—that it may, in fine, prove a worthy auxiliary in that sort of educational discipline that makes THE TRUE LADY, is the confident expectation with which it is submitted to those, for whose use it has been especially prepared.

New York, April, 1855.

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SANDERS'

YOUNG LADIES' READER.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extemporaneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all

QUESTIONS.—What is Elocution? To what subjects does it require particular attention? What is Articulation?

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good reading, and should be carefully practiced by the learner. The following Directions and Examples are given as guides:

I.—Produce, according to the following Table, all the Elementary Sounds of the Language:

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
1.—[1]A	as in	*A*pe.
2.—[2]A	"	*A*rm.
3.—[3]A	"	*A*ll.
4.—[4]A	"	*A*t.
5.—[1]E	"	*E*ve.
6.—[2]E	"	*E*nd.
7.—[1]I	"	*I*ce.
8.—[2]I	"	*I*t.
9.—[1]O	"	*O*ld.
10.—[2]O	"	D*o*.
11.—[3]O	"	*O*x.
12.—[1]U	"	*U*se.
13.—[2]U	"	*U*p.
14.—[3]U	"	P*u*ll.
15.—OI	"	*Oi*l.
16.—OU	"	*Ou*t.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUB-TONICS.

17.—B	as in	*B*at.
18.—D	"	*D*un.
19.—G*	"	*G*un.

SUB-TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
20.—J	as in	*J*et.
21.—L	"	*L*et.
22.—M	"	*M*an.
23.—N	"	*N*ot.
24.—R	"	*R*un.
25.—V	"	*V*ent.
26.—W	"	*W*ent.
27.—Y	"	*Y*es.
28.—[1]Z	"	*Z*eal.
29.—[2]Z	"	A*z*ure.
30.—NG	"	Si*ng*.
31.—TH	"	*Th*y.

A-TONICS.

32.—F	as in	*F*it.
33.—H	"	*H*at.
34.—K	"	*K*id.
35.—P	"	*P*it.
36.—S	"	*S*in.
37.—T	"	*T*op.
38.—CH	"	*Ch*at.
39.—SH	"	*Sh*un.
40.—TH	"	*Th*in.
41.—WH†	"	*Wh*en.

* Soft G is equivalent to J; Soft C to S, and hard C and Q to K. X is equivalent to K and S, as in *box*, or to G and Z, as in *exalt*.

† WH is pronounced as if the H preceded W, otherwise it would be pronounced *W-hen*. R should be slightly trilled before a vowel. For further instructions, see Sanders and Merrill's Elementary and Elocutionary Chart.

QUESTIONS.—How many Elementary Sounds are there? How many vowel sounds? What are they? Utter the consonant sounds.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

1st. For *Long* [1]A, we have *ai*, as in *sail*; *au* in *gauge*; *ay* in *lay*; *ea* in *great*; *ei* in *deign*; *ey* in *they*.
2d. For *Flat* [2]A, *au* in *daunt*; *ua* in *guard*; *ea* in *heart*.
3d. For *Broad* [3]A, *au* in *pause*; *aw* in *law*; *eo* in *George*; *oa* in *groat*; *o* in *horn*; *ou* in *sought*.
4th. For *Short* [4]A, *ai* in *plaid*; *ua* in *guaranty*.
5th. For *Long* [1]E, *ea* in *weak*; *ei* in *seize*; *ie* in *brief*; *eo* in *people*; *i* in *pique*; *ey* in *key*.
6th. For *Short* [2]E, *a* in *any*; *ai* in *said*; *ay* in *says*; *ea* in *dead*; *ei* in *heifer*; *eo* in *leopard*; *ie* in *friend*; *ue* in *guess*; *u* in *bury*.
7th. For *Long* [1]I, *ai* in *aisle*; *ei* in *sleight*; *ey* in *eye*; *ie* in *die*; *ui* in *guide*; *uy* in *buy*; *y* in *try*.
8th. For *Short* [2]I, *e* in *English*; *ee* in *been*; *ie* in *sieve*; *o* in *women*; *u* in *busy*; *ui* in *build*; *y* in *symbol*.
9th. For *Long* [1]O, *au* in *hautboy*; *eau* in *beau*; *eo* in *yeoman*; *ew* in *sew*; *oa* in *boat*; *oe* in *hoe*; *ou* in *soul*; *ow* in *flow*.
10th. For *Long Slender* [2]O, *oe* in *shoe*; *ou* in *soup*.
11th. For *Short* [3]O, *a* in *was*; *ou* in *hough*; *ow* in *knowledge*.
12th. For *Long* [1]U, *eau* in *beauty*; *eu* in *feud*; *ew* in *dew*; *ue* in *cue*; *ou* in *your*; *ui* in *fruit*.
13th. For *Short* [2]U, *e* in *her*; *i* in *sir*; *oe* in *does*; *o* in *love*.
14th. For *Short Slender* [3]U, *o* in *wolf*; *ou* in *would*.
15th. For OI, *oy* in *joy*.
16th. For OU, *ow* in *now*.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

For F, we have *gh*, as in *laugh*; *ph* in *sphere*.
For J, *g* in *gem*, *gin*, *gyre*.
For K, *c* in *can*; *ch* in *chord*; *gh* in *hough*; *q* in *quit*.
For S, *c* in *cent*, *cion*, *cygnet*.
For T, *d* in *faced*: *phth* in *phthisic*.
For V, *f* in *of*; *ph* in *Stephen*.
For Y, *i* in *onion*, *valiant*.
For [1]Z, *c* in *suffice*; *s* in *is*; *x* in *Xerxes*.
For [2]Z, *s* in *treasure*; *z* in *azure*.

QUESTIONS.—How many substitutes has long A? How many has flat A, and what are they? How many has broad A, &c.? How many substitutes has each of the consonants, and what are they?

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For NG, *n* in *languid, linguist.*

For SH, *ci* in *social*; *ch* in *chaise*; *si* in *pension*; *s* in *sure*; *ss* in *issue*; *ti* in *notion.*

For CH, *ti* in *fustion, mixtion.*

B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

II.—Avoid the suppression of a syllable; as,

cab'n	for	cab-*in*.	mem'ry	for	mem-*o*-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-*tain*.	jub'lee	"	ju-*bi*-lee.
barr'l	"	bar-*rel*.	trav'ler	"	trav-*el*-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-*er*-y.	fam'ly	"	fam-*i*-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-*to*-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-*ti*-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-*u*-lar.	des'late	"	des-*o*-late.
sev-ral	"	sev-*er*-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-*a*-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-*o*-ric.	pàr-tic'lar	"	par-tic-*u*-lar.

III.—Avoid the omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,

read-in	for	read-in*g*.	pr'-tect	for	pr*o*-tect.
swif-ly	"	swif*t*-ly.	b'-low	"	b*e*-low.
com-mans	"	com-man*ds*.	p'r-vade	"	p*er*-vade.
wam-er	"	wa*r*m-er.	srink-in	"	s*h*rink-in*g*.
um-ble	"	*h*um-ble.	th'if-ty	"	th*r*if-ty.
ap-py	"	*h*ap-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-is*k*.
con-sis	"	con-sis*ts*.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-er*n*-ment.
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-a-ry	"	Feb-*r*u-a-ry.

IV.—Avoid the substitution of one sound for another; as,

*u*f-ford	for	*a*f-ford.	mod-*ist*	for	mod-*est*.
wil-l*e*r	"	wil-l*o*w.	*u*p-prove	"	*a*p-prove.
sock-*it*	"	sock-*et*.	*w*in-e-gar	"	*v*in-e-gar.
fear-l*u*ss	"	fear-l*e*ss.	sep-*e*-rate	"	sep-*a*-rate.
cul-t*e*r	"	cul-t*u*re.	tem-per-*it*	"	tem-per-*ate*.
prod-u*x*	"	prod-u*cts*.	croc-*e*r-dile	"	croc-*o*-dile.
judg-m*u*nt	"	judg-m*e*nt.	t*u*b-ac-c*u*r	"	t*o*-bac-c*o*.
chil-dr*i*n	"	chil-dr*e*n.	com-pr*u*m-ise	"	com-pro-mise.

QUESTIONS.—What letters have no substitutes? What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction II.? Give examples. What, by direction III.? Examples. What, by direction IV.? Examples.

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V.—Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants:

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word, or words, in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in ro*b'd*; *bdst*, pro*b'dst*; *bl*, *bl*and, a*ble*; *bld*, hum*bl'd*; *bldst*, trou*bl'dst*; *blst*, trou*bl'st*; *blz*, crum*bles*; *br*, *br*and; *bs*, ri*bs*.

2. *Ch*, as in *ch*urc*h*; *cht*, fetc*h'd*.

3. *Dj*, as in e*dge*; *djd*, he*dg'd*; *dl*, bri*dle*; *dld*, ri*ddl'd*; *dlst*, han*dl'st*; *dlz*, bun*dles*; *dn*, har*d'n*; *dr*, *dr*ove; *dth*, wi*dth*; *dths*, bre*adths*; *dz*, o*dds*.

4. *Fl*, as in *fl*ame; *fld*, ri*fl'd*; *flst*, sti*fl'st*; *flz*, ri*fles*; *fr*, *fr*om; *fs*, qua*ffs*, lau*ghs*; *fst*, lau*gh'st*, qua*ff'st*; *ft*, ra*ft*; *fts*, wa*fts*; *ftst*, gra*ft'st*.

5. *Gd*, as in beg*g'd*; *gdst*, brag*g'dst*; *gl*, *gl*ide; *gld*, strug*gl'd*; *gldst*, hag*gl'dst*; *glst*, strang*l'st*; *glz*, ming*les*; *gr*, *gr*ove; *gst*, beg*g'st*; *gz*, fi*gs*.

6. *Kl*, as in unc*le*, an*kle*; *kld*, tric*kl'd*; *kldst*, truc*kl'dst*; *klst*, chuc*kl'st*; *klz*, wrin*kles*; *kn*, blac*k'n*; *knd*, rec*k'n'd*; *kndst*, rec*k'n'dst*; *knst*, blac*k'n'st*; *knz*, rec*k'ns*; *kr*, *cr*ank; *ks*, chec*ks*; *kt*, ac*t*.

7. *Lb*, as in bu*lb*; *lbd*, bu*lb'd*; *lbs*, bu*lbs*; *lch*, fi*lch*; *lcht*, be*lch'd*; *ld*, ho*ld*; *ldst*, fo*ld'st*; *ldz*, ho*lds*; *lf*, se*lf*; *lfs*, gu*lfs*; *lj*, bu*lge*; *lk*, e*lk*; *lks*, si*lks*; *lkt*, mi*lk'd*; *lkts*, mu*lcts*; *lm*, e*lm*; *lmd*, whe*lm'd*; *lmz*, fi*lms*; *ln*, fa*ll'n*; *lp*, he*lp*; *lps*, sca*lps*; *lpst*, he*lp'st*; *ls*, fa*lse*; *lst*, c*all'st*; *lt*, me*lt*; *lth*, hea*lth*: *lths*, stea*lths*; *lts*, co*lts*; *lv*, de*lve*; *lvd*, she*lv'd*; *lvz*, e*lves*; *lz*, ha*lls*.

8. *Md*, as in doom*'d*; *mf*, triu*mph*; *mp*, he*mp*; *mpt*, te*mpt*; *mpts*, atte*mpts*; *mst*, ento*mb'st*; *mz*, to*mbs*.

9. *Nch*, as in be*nch*; *ncht*, pi*nch'd*; *nd*, *and*; *ndst*, *end'st*; *ndz*, *ends*; *ng*, su*ng*; *ngd*, ba*ng'd*; *ngth*, le*ngth*; *ngz*, so*ngs*; *nj* ra*nge*; *njd*, ra*ng'd*; *nk*, i*nk*; *nks*, ra*nks*; *nkst*, tha*nk'st*; *nst*, winc*'d*; *nt*, *sent*; *nts*, re*nts*; *ntst*, wen*t'st*; *nz*, ru*ns*.

10. *Pl*, as in *pl*ume; *pld*, ripp*l'd*; *plst*, ripp*l'st*; *plz*, a*pples*; *pr*, *pr*ince; *ps*, si*ps*; *pst*, rap*p'st*.

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11. *Rb*, as in her*b*; *rch*, sear*ch*; *rcht*, chur*ch'd*; *rbd*, or*b'd*; *rbdst*, bar*b'dst*; *rbst*, distur*b'st*; *rbz*, or*bs*; *rd*, har*d*; *rdst*, hear*d'st*, *rdz*, wor*ds*; *rf*, tur*f*; *rft*, scar*f'd*; *rg*, bur*g*; *rgz*, b*urgs*; *rj*, dir*ge*; *rjd*, ur*g'd*; *rk*, ar*k*; *rks*, ar*ks*; *rkst*, wor*k'st*; *rkt*, dir*k'd*; *rktst*, emba*rk'dst*; *rl*, gir*l*; *rld*, wo*rld*; *rldst*, hu*rld'st*; *rlst*, wh*irl'st*; *rlz*, hu*rls*; *rm*, ar*m*; *rmd*, ar*m'd*; *rmdst*, har*m'dst*; *rmst*, ar*m'st*; *rmz*, char*ms*; *rn*, tur*n*; *rnd*, tur*n'd*; *rndst*, ear*n'dst*; *rnst*, lear*n'st*; *rnz*, ur*ns*; *rp*, cu*rp*; *rps*, har*ps*; *rpt*, war*p'd*; *rs*, ver*se*; *rsh*, har*sh*; *rst*, fi*rst*; *rsts*, bu*rsts*; *rt*, dar*t*; *rth*, ear*th*; *rths*, bir*ths*; *rts*, ma*rts*; *rtst*, da*rt'st*; *rv*, cur*ve*; *rvd*, ner*v'd*; *rvdst*, cur*v'dst*; *rvst*, swer*v'st*; *rvz*, ner*ves*; *rz*, er*rs*.

2. *Sh*, as in *sh*ip; *sht*, hu*sh'd*; *sk*, *sc*an, *sk*ip; *sks*, tu*sks*; *skst*, fri*sk'st*; *skt*, ri*sk'd*; *sl*, *sl*ow; *sld*, ne*stl'd*; *slz*, wre*stles*; *sm*, *sm*ile; *sn*, *sn*ag; *sp*, *sp*ort; *sps*, li*sps*; *spt*, cla*sp'd*; *st*, *st*ag; *str*, *str*ike; *sts*, re*sts*; *sw*, *sw*ing.

13. *Th*, as in *th*ine, *th*in; *thd*, brea*th'd*; *thr*, *thr*ee; *thst*, brea*th'st*; *thw*, *thw*ack; *thz*, wri*thes*; *tl*, ti*tle*; *tld*, se*ttl'd*; *tldst*, se*ttl'dst*; *tlst*, se*ttl'st*; *tlz*, net*tles*; *tr*, *tr*unk; *ts*, fi*ts*; *tw*, *tw*irl.

14. *Vd*, as in cur*v'd*; *vdst*, li*v'dst*: *vl*, dri*v'l*; *vld*, gro*v'l'd*; *vldst*, gro*v'l'dst*; *vlst*, dri*v'l'st*; *vn*, dri*v'n*; *vst*, li*v'st*; *vz*, li*ves*.

15. *Wh*, as in *wh*en, *wh*ere.

16. *Zd*, as in mu*s'd*; *zl*, da*zzle*; *zld*, mu*zzl'd*; *zldst*, da*zzl'dst*; *zlst*, da*zzl'st*; *zlz*, mu*zzles*; *zm*, spa*sm*; *zmz*, cha*sms*; *zn*, ri*s'n*; *znd*, rea*s'n'd*; *znz*, pri*s'nz*; *zndst*, impri*s'n'dst*.

VI.—Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

False sigh*s* sicken	instead of	Fal' sigh' sicken.
In peril's darke*st* *h*our	"	In peril's darke*st* *t*ower.

QUESTION.—What error in Articulation would be avoided by the observance of direction VI.? Give examples.

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Songs of praises,	instead of	Song sof praises.
We are apt to shut our eyes,	"	We are rapt to shut tour rise.
It strikes with an awe,	"	It strikes with a naw.
A reader made easy,	"	A redermadezy.
The scenes of those dark ages,	"	The scenes sof those dark cages.
Dry the orphan's tears,	"	Dry the orphan stears.
Percivals' acts and extracts,	"	Percival sacks sand dextracks.

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. He built him an ice house.
   He built him a nice house.
2. My heart is awed within me.
   My heart is sawed within me.
3. A great error often exists.
   A great terror often exists.
4. He is content in either situation.
   He is content in neither situation.
5. Whom ocean feels through all her countless waves.
   Who motion feels through all her countless waves.
6. My brothers ought to owe nothing.
   My brothers sought to own nothing.
7. He was called by his father's name.
   He was scalled by his father's name.
8. We traveled o'er fields of ice and snow.
   We traveled o'er fields of vice sand snow
9. He was trained in the religion of his fathers.
   He was strained in the religion of his fathers.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. The hights, depths, lengths, and breadths of the subject.
2. The flag of freedom floats once more aloft.
3. It was decidedly the severest storm of the season.
4. She sought shelter from the sunshine in the shade.
5. His shriveled limbs were shivering with the cold.

QUESTION.—How, by indistinct articulation, is the sense of a passage liable to be perverted? Give examples.

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6. A *big black bug bit* a *big black bear.*

7. *Round* the *rough* and *rugged rocks* the *ragged rascal ran.*

8. He *sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.*

9. *Slowly* and *sadly* we *laid* him *down,*
From the *field of his fame fresh* and *gory.*

10. *From thy throne* in the *sky, thou look'st and laugh'st* at *the storm,* and *guid'st* the *bolts of* Jove.

11. The *unceremoniousness* of their *communicability is* wholly *inexplicable.*

12. The *best of all governments* in this *badly governed world, is a republican government.*

13. *When* the *world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest* in *thy* beauty *from the clouds,* and *laughest* at the *storm.*

14. *The hidden* ocean *showed itself anew,*
And barren wastes still stole upon the *view.*

15. He spoke *disinterestedly, reasonably, philosophically, particularly, peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly,* and *extemporaneously.*

16. *His falchion flashed along the* Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine *snows;*
O'er Moscow's *towers that blazed the while,*
His eagle flag unrolled and froze.

SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

QUESTIONS.—What do Accent and Emphasis indicate? What is Accent? What is Emphasis?

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ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (′); as, *com-mand′-ment.*

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice, is called the *Primary Accent;* and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent.*

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY ACCENT.

Farm′-er, hon′-or, pat′-tern, rem′-nant, a-bide′, con-clude′, af-fect′, ex-pand′, a-tone′-ment, be-hav′-ior, con-tent′-ment, un-grate′-ful, in-tens′-ive, trans-ac′-tion.

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed″-u-cate′, ed′-u-ca″-tion. mul″-ti-ply′, mul′-ti-pli-ca″-tion, sat″-is-fy′, sat′-is-fac″-tion, com′-pre-hend″, com-pre-hen″-sion, rec′-om-mend″, rec′-om-mend-a″-tion, mo″-ment-a′-ry, com-mu″-ni-cate′, com′-pli-ment″-al, in-dem′-ni-fi-ca″-tion, ex′-tem-po-ra″-ne-ous, coun′-ter-rev′-o-lu″-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word, often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col′-league, *a partner.*	col-league′, *to unite with.*
con′-duct, *behavior.*	con-duct′, *to lead.*
des′-cant, *a song or tune.*	des-cant′, *to comment.*
ob′-ject, *ultimate purpose.*	ob-ject′, *to oppose.*
ref′-use, *worthless remains.*	re-fuse′, *to deny; reject.*
proj′-ect, *a plan; a scheme.*	pro-ject′, *to jut out.*
in′-ter-dict, *a prohibition.*	in-ter-dict′, *to forbid.*
o′-ver-throw, *ruin; defeat.*	o-ver-throw′, *to throw down.*

QUESTION.—Which accent has the more forcible stress of voice, the primary, or secondary? What effect does the change of accent on the same word produce? Give examples.

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NOTE III.—Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics*. When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted, the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. To *arms!* to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.

2. *Awake*, my heart, AWAKE!
Green *vales* and icy *cliffs*, ALL join my hymn.

3. And Agrippa said unto Paul: *Almost* thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian. And Paul said: I would to God that not only *thou*, but also *all* that hear me this day, were both *almost* and ALTOGETHER such as *I* am, except these bonds.

4. The thing that *hath* been, it is that which *shall* be, and that which *is* done, is that which *shall* be done, and there is no *new* thing under the sun.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1. ARM, warriors, ARM for the conflict!

2. The *war* is *inevitable*—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir,—LET IT COME! *Patrick Henry.*

3. I know not what course *others* may take; but as for *me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH! *Idem.*

4. The conflict deepens! ON, ye brave,
Who rush to *glory*, or the *grave!*

5. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms.—NEVER, NEVER, *never.* *Pitt.*

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

QUESTIONS.—How are emphatic words often denoted? How are those denoted, which are very emphatic? How is Emphasis varied? Repeat the examples of intensive emphasis. What effect has Emphasis sometimes on accent? Give examples.

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EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
2. Joseph attends school *reg'*ularly; but William, *ir'*regularly.
3. Did he perform his part *grace'*fully, or *un'*gracefully?
4. There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.
5. We are not to inquire into the *just'*ice or *in'*justice. the *hon'*or or *dis'*honor of the deed; nor whether it was *law'*ful or *un'*lawful, wise or *un'*wise.

NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic.* ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

1. Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in BLOOD?

2. *To-morrow*, didst thou say? TO-MORROW?
It is a period *nowhere* to be found
In all the *hoary registers* of time. *Cotton.*

3. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "MY COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S." *Webster.*

4. I was *born* an American; I *live* an American; I shall *die* an American. *Id.*

5. SPEAK OUT, my friends; would you exchange it for the DEMON'S DRINK, ALCOHOL? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered "NO!"

6. YOU, noble Americans, *we bless in the name of the God of liberty. Kossuth.*

7. He paused a moment, and with an enchanting smile, whispered softly the name, "*England!*" Louder he cried, "ENGLAND!" He waved his handkerchief and shouted, "ENGLAND!"

8. O SACRED FORMS! how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky;
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free! Knowles.*

9. "HOLD!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "INDEPENDENCE or DEATH!"

QUESTIONS.—How many kinds of Emphasis are there? What is Absolute Emphasis? Give examples.

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NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. If we have no regard for our *own* character, we ought, at least, to regard the characters of *others*.

2. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion. *Bible.*

3. *Living* I shall assert it, *dying*, I shall assert it. *Webster.*

4. You were paid to *fight* Alexander, not to *rail* at him.

5. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world. Bible.*

6. *Ye* worship ye know not what: we *know* what *we* worship.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. I will make the *stars* of the *west* the *suns* of the *east. Kossuth.*

2. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*, in *peace*, *friends. Jefferson.*

3. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation, the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.

4. *Without* were *fightings*, *within* were *fears. Bible.*

5. When the *righteous* are in authority, the people *rejoice;* but when the *wicked* beareth rule, the people *mourn. Ibid.*

6. *Faithful* are the *wounds* of a *friend;* but the *kisses* of an *enemy* are *deceitful. Ibid.*

7. Set *honor* in *one* eye, and *death* in the *other*.
And I will look on *both* indifferently.

8. A man's *first* care should be to avoid the *reproaches* of his own heart; his *next*, to escape the *censure* of the world.

9. *Religion* raises men *above* themselves; *irreligion* sinks them *beneath* the brutes.

10. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment; independence NOW, and independence FOREVER! *Webster.*

NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis.

QUESTIONS.—What is Antithetic Emphasis? Give examples. What effect has a change of Emphasis on the sense of a passage? Examples.

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EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him.
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No; but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day*? No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained, that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking; as, Will you go to New York or to Boston?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

QUESTION.—How are the emphatic words of a sentence determined? What are inflections? What are the principal modifications of the human voice?

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The Horizontal Line (–) denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide (/) denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide (\) denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve (⌣) denotes the Circumflex.

The MONOTONE is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

REMARK.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. Măn thăt īs bōrn ōf ā wōmăn, īs ōf fēw dāys ănd fŭll ōf trōuble. Hē cōmēth fōrth līke ā flōwēr, ănd īs cūt dōwn; hē flēēth ālsō ăs ā shādōw, ănd cōntīnūēth nōt.

2. Măn dīēth, ănd wāstēth āwāy: yēā, măn gīvēth ŭp thē ghōst, ănd whēre īs hē? As thē wāters fāīl frōm thē sēā, ănd thē flōōd dēcāyēth ānd drīēth ūp, sō măn līēth dōwn, ănd rīsēth nōt; tĭll thē hēāvēns bē nō mōrē, thēy shāll nōt āwāke, nōr bē rāīsed ōŭt ōf thēīr slēēp.

3. Fōr thūs sāīth thē hīgh ănd lōfty ōne thăt ĭnhābītēth ētērnĭty, whōse nāme īs Hōly, I dwēll īn thē hīgh ănd hōly plāce.

4. Lōrd, thōu hāst bēēn ōŭr dwēllĭng-plāce īn āll gēnērātĭōns. Bēfōre thē mōŭntaĭns wēre brōught fōrth, ōr ēvēr thōū hādst fōrmed thē ēarth ānd thē wōrld, ēvēn frōm ēvērlāstĭng tō ēvērlāstĭng, Thōu ārt Gōd. *Bible.*

5. O thōū thăt rōllēst ābōve, rōŭnd ās thē shiēld ōf mȳ fāthērs! whēnce āre thȳ bēams, O sūn! thȳ ēvērlāstĭng lĭght? *Ossian.*

6. Hīgh ōn ā thrōne ōf rōyāl stāte, whĭch fār
Ōŭtshōne thē wēalth ōf Ormŭs ōr ōf Ind,
Or whēre thē gōrgēōŭs ēast, wĭth rīchēst hănd,
Shōwērs ōn hēr kĭngs bārbārĭc pēal ānd gōld,
Sātān ēxāltēd sāt! *Milton.*

REMARK.—But the inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall, is a very grave

QUESTION.—How are they sometimes denoted? What is the Monotone? What passages should be read with the monotone? Give examples?

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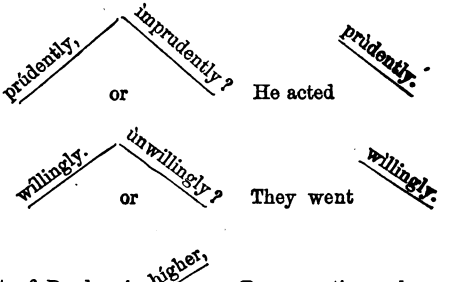
and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The RISING INFLECTION is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you prepared to recite your lessons?

The FALLING INFLECTION is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, What are you doing?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch;* but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:


1. Did he act prudently, imprudently? or He acted prudently.
2. Did they go willingly, unwillingly? or They went willingly.
3. If the flight of Dryden is higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant.

QUESTION.—What is the Rising Inflection? What is the Falling Inflection? In the falling inflection should the voice sink below the general pitch? Is it raised above the general pitch in the rising inflection?

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4. And hath man the power, with his pride and skíll,
To arouse all nature with storms at wíll?
Hath he power to color the summer clóud,—
To allay the tempest, when hills are bówed?
Can he waken the spring with her festal wréath?
Can the sun grow dim by his latest bréath?
Will he come again when death's vale is tród?
Who then shall dare murmur,—"There is no Gòd?"

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times, used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks another: Are you in earnest? the degree of inflection would be much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in earnest? The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you send me those flówers? Yès; or, I will.
2. Did you give me séven? No; I gave you six.
3. Are we better than théy? No; in nò wise.
4. Is he the God of the Jews ónly? is he not also of the Géntiles? Yès; of the Gèntiles also.

QUESTIONS.—Is the same degree of inflection to be used at all times? Repeat Rule I. Give examples.

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5. Do we then make void the law through fâith? God forbìd: we estàblish the law. *Bible.*

6. Will he plead against me with his great pówer? Nò; but he will put strèngth in me. *Id.*

7. Was it ambition that induced Regulus to return to Cárthage? Nò: but a love of coùntry and respect for trùth—an act of moral sublimity, arising out of the firmest intègrity.

8. Hark! comes there from the pyramids
And from Siberian wastes of snow
And Europe's hills; a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him? Nò. *Pierpont.*

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. William, *did* we not recite our lessons còrrectly?
2. *Can* a more *inconsistent* argument be urged in its fâvor?
3. *Did* he not perform his part most *àdmirably?*
4. *Was* the Crystal Palace in New York, equal in size to that in Lòndon?

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. How many lessons have you lèarned? Thrèe.
2. Which has the most credit marks to-dáy? Jùlia.
3. Where did your father go, last wèek? To Bòston.
4. When do you expect him to retùrn? Next weék.
5. Who first discovered Amèrica? Christopher Colùmbus.

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

QUESTIONS.—Does the direct question ever require the falling inflection? Give examples. Repeat Rule II. Give examples. Does the indirect question ever require the rising inflection?

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EXAMPLES.

1. Where did you find those flowers? In the lawn.
Where did you sáy? In the lawn.
2. *When* did you say congress adjoúrned? Last week.

NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where shall we go? I am not partícular.
2. Shall William go with us? If he chŏses.
3. Which do you prefer? I have no chóice.
4. Did you care for his friendship? Not múch.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-mórrow or néxt day? Yes.
2. Will you come to-mòrrow, or néxt day? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no;* but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does Napoleon merit práise, or cènsure?
2. Was it an act of moral coúrage, or còwardice, for Cato to fall on his sword?

Repeat Note II. How do direct questions become indirect? What is Rule III. Give examples.

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3. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath dàys, or to do èvil? to sáve life, or to kill? *Bible.*

4. Art thou he that should cóme, or do we look for anòther?

RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. It appears more like a drèam than real life; more like a rómance than a dreadful reàlity.

2. By hónor and dishonor, by evil repórt and good repòrt; as decéivers, and yet trùe; as únknown, and yet well knòwn; as dying, and behold, we live; as chástened, and not killed; as sórrowful, yet always rejòicing; as póor, yet making many rìch; as having nóthing, yet possessing àll things. *Bible.*

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Aim not to shów knowledge, but to acquìre it.

2. Let another man pràise thee, and not thine own móuth; a stràn̄ger, and not thine own lips.

3. You should not say góverment, but gòvernment.

4. Show your courage by your deèds, not by your wórds.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Sír, I implore gentlemen, I adjure them by all they hold dear in this wórld, by all their love of líberty, by all their veneration for their

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Repeat Rule IV. Give examples. Repeat Note I., and examples. Repeat Rule V., and examples.

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áncestors, by all their regard for postérity, by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and by all the duties which they owe to themselves, to pàuse, solemnly pause at the edge of the prècipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss belòw, from which none who ever take it, shall return in sáfety

NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye men of Judéa, and all ye that dwell in Jerúsalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words. *Bible.*

2. Fight, gentlemen of E'ngland! fight, bold yeóman!
Draw, árchers, draw your arrows to the head.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pàuper*, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. O my son Ab'salom! my són, my son Ab'salom! Would God I had died for thée, Ab'salom, my són, my són! *Bible.*

Note I., and examples. Repeat Note II., and example. Rule VI., and example.

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RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The changing seasons declare the knòwledge, pòwer, wísdom, and goòdness of God.

2. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the ràbbit, the bèaver, the beé, and birds of every species.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1 Strike for your homes and liberty,
And the Hèavens you worship o'er you!

2. O Foòls! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the pròphets have written concerning mè! *Bible.*

3. *Hùsh!* breathe it not *aloùd*,
The wild winds must not *heàr* it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—we are FRÈE!

4. *Arise! shine!* for thy light is come, and the glòry of the Lord is rìsen upon thee. *Bible.*

RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

Rule VII., and examples. Rule VIII., and examples. Repeat Rule IX.

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EXAMPLES.

1. Hâil, holy light! ôffspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal bèam.

2. The tèar,
The grôan, the knèll, the pâll, the bièr,
And all we knòw, or drèam, or fèar
Of agony, are thine.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*; as, If he goes to [illegible] I shall go to [illegible]

RULE I.

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nero was a vĭrtuous prince!
2. O, ĕxcellent interpreter of the laws!
3. Am I a dŏg, that thou comest to me with staves?
4. If yoŭ do thât, wĕ will do thîs.
5. Thĕy said, too, as yoû say: "It is our dêstiny."
6. That power is used, not to bĕnefit mankind, but to crûsh them.
7. It has been said that this law is a measure of pêace! Yes; such pêace as the wŏlf gives to the lâmb—the kīte to the dôve!
8. Thĕy follow an adventurer, whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; wê serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.

QUESTIONS.—What is the Circumflex? When is the circumflex mainly employed? Give examples.

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REMARK.—The rising inflection and circumflex are so nearly allied, that, in many instances, it may be difficult to determine which should receive the preference in the reading of a passage. This is particularly the case where *intense* inflection is not required. But the difference between the *circumflex* and the *falling* inflection is so obvious, that no one would be liable to mistake which should be employed.

SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES.

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE.
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, *once more*,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

MIDDLE TONE.
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;

SHORT AND QUICK.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.

HIGH AND LOUD.
On, ON, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

QUICK AND VERY LOUD.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
CRY—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

Shakspeare.

QUESTIONS.—What is Modulation? Give an example.

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REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless. But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

A correct modulation of the voice is one of the most important requisites in the speaker. For if the voice is kept for a considerable length of time on one continuous key or pitch, he will not only fail to present that variety and force which the subject contains, but he will weary both himself and his hearers.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

QUESTIONS.—In how many ways is the voice modulated? What is meant by pitch of voice? What practice is recommended for varying the pitch of voice?

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8.—do—●—*e*–in–*me*.—Virtue alone survives.

7. si ● *i* in d*i*e. Virtue alone survives.

6.—la—●—*o*–in–d*o*.—Virtue alone survives.

5. sol ● *o* in n*o*. Virtue alone survives.

4.—fa—●—*a*–in–*at*.—Virtue alone survives.

3. mi ● *a* in *a*te. Virtue alone survives.

2.—re—●—*a*–in–f*ar*.—Virtue alone survives.

1. do ● *a* in *a*ll. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. The Low Pitch is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity*, *awe*, and *reverence*.

EXAMPLES.

1. It thunders! Sons of dust in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! thou speakest from above;
Almighty! Trembling like a timid child!
I hear thy awful voice! Alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head!

2. The Middle Pitch is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion*.

EXAMPLES.

1. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we view the Creator manifesting himself in his works.

2. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry heavens, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

Questions.—What is the Low Pitch, and when is it employed? Give examples. For what is the Middle Pitch employed? Examples.

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3. THE HIGH PITCH is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous*, and *elevated feelings*.

EXAMPLES.

1 Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! *Knowles.*

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY has reference to *fullness* and *duration* of sound.

Quantity is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS or VOLUME of sound, as *soft* or *loud;* and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick*. The former has reference to STRESS; the latter, to MOVEMENT.

The degrees of variation in quantity, are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper, to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud*.

For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence; as,

"Beauty is a fading flower,"

first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus:

QUESTION.—What is the High Pitch, and for what is it used? Examples. What is meant by Quantity?

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o o o o o o o o o O O

O O o o o o o o o o o o

REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell :—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch;* but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear*, *caution*, *secrecy*, *solemnity*, and all *tender emotions.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

2. Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative*, *descriptive*, or *didactic sentences.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

2. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of a speaker, as in the choice of his words.

QUESTIONS.—What is the difference between Quantity and Pitch? What are soft, or subdued Tones used to express? Give examples. For what is the Middle Tone employed? Give examples.

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3. A LOUD TONE, or fullness and stress of voice, is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
THE ETERNAL CITY SHALL BE FREE!

2. On whom do the maledictions fall, usually pronounced in our assemblies? Is it not on this man? Can you point to a more enormous instance of iniquity in any speaker, than this inconsistency between his words and actions.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be very unlike in quality. The same is often true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*.

RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy*, *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *tranquillity*.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is joy in the mountain—the bright waves leap
Like a bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song!

QUESTIONS.—For what is the Loud Tone used? Give examples. What is meant by Quality? What qualities of voice should receive the highest degree of culture? What is said of the Pure Tone?

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2. THE OROTUND is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted to the expression of *sublime* and *pathetic* emotions.

EXAMPLES.

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year!

3. THE ASPIRATED TONE of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement*, *fear*, *terror*, *anger*, *revenge*, *remorse*, and *fervent emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

2. For this, of all their wrongs the worst
Great Spirit, let them be accursed.

4. THE GUTTURAL QUALITY is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion*, *hatred*, *loathing*, and *contempt*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon! Thou scum! Thou reptile!

2. Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

QUESTIONS.—What, of the Orotund voice? Give an example of the Orotund voice. Describe the Aspirated Tone of voice. What is it used to express? Give examples. What is said of the Guttural Quality? Give examples.

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REMARK.—Whenever a habit of reading or speaking in a *nasal*, *shrill*, *harsh*, or *rough* tone of voice is contracted by the pupil, no pains should be spared in eradicating it, and in securing a clear, full, round, and flexible tone.

NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°) high.	(*p.*) soft.
(°°) high and loud.	(*pp.*) very soft.
(ₒ) low.	(*f.*) loud.
(ₒₒ) low and loud.	(*ff.*) very loud.
(=) quick.	(*pl.*) plaintive.
(") short and quick.	(<) increase.
(*sl.*) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

(*p.*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
(*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

(*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
(=) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

(99) Quick! Man the boat! Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.

(*sl.* ₒ) All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,
And called to being—Day!
(=) It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angel's song welcomed
The new-born light.

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(°°) Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land! *Halleck.*

(*sl.*) Long years have passed,—and I behold
My father's elms and mansions old,—
The brook's bright wave;
(*pl.*) But, ah! the scenes which fancy drew,
Deceived my heart,—the friends I knew,
Are sleeping now beneath the yew,—
(o) Low in the grave. *Hesp.*

(<) Shall man, the possessor of so many noble faculties, with all the benefits of learning and experience, have less memory, less gratitude, less sensibility to danger than the beasts! (<) Shall man, bearing the image of his Creator, sink thus low?

Thomas H. Benton.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
(*p.*) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
The raging winds grew still,—
(*pp.*) There was a calm!

(") Hark! a brazen voice
Swells from the valley, like the clarion
That calls to battle. Skirting all the hills,
(=) Speeds the blithe tone, and wakes an answer up
In rock and forest, till the vale hath talked
With all its tongues, and in the fastnesses
Of the far dingle, (*p.*) faint and (*pp.*) fainter heard,
(>) Dies the last sullen echo.

He said, and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
(*sl.*) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
(*pp.*) Still as the breeze, ($_{oo}$) but dreadful as the storm!
($_{po.}$) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
(*ff.*) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
(°°) Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
(*f.*) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! *Campbell.*

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(*ff.*) Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,—
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in.
(oo) Up with my banner on the wall,—
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there! *A. G. Greene.*

(oo) The combat deepens! ON! YE BRAVE!
Who rush to GLORY, or the GRAVE!
(*ff.*) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
(*pl.*) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! *Campbell.*

(*sl.*) At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(oo) "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (*ff.*) "LAND! LAND!—he awakes,—
(″) He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!

(*sl.* o) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, (oo) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, (″) his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

He woke to hear his sentry's shriek,
(oo) To ARMS! they come, (*ff.*) the GREEK! the GREEK!

(oo) Huzza for the sea! the all-glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
(″) And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which, impatient, like them, can not yield to control.

(″) Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice,
Away! away! we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

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SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause.

These pauses are as manifest to the ear, as those which are made by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical pauses, though not commonly denoted in like manner by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (‖).

EXAMPLES.

1. And there lay the steed‖ with his nostril all wide,
But through them there rolled‖ not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping‖ lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray‖ of the rock-beaten surf.

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. Earth's highest station ends in—"HERE HE LIES!"

2. And, lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured—"LIGHT!"

3. The path of wisdom is—THE WILL OF GOD.

4. There, in his dark, carved oaken chair
Old Rudiger sat—DEAD! *A. G. Greene.*

QUESTIONS.—What are Rhetorical Pauses? What is said of this pause? Give an example. When is the Rhetorical Pause generally made? Give examples.

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No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pauses. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter. It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

QUESTIONS.—Are the Rhetorical, or Grammatical Pauses always of the same length? Give examples of a Long Pause. Of a Short Pause.

REMARK TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style of utterance in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons.

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SANDERS' YOUNG LADIES' READER.

PART SECOND.

EXERCISES IN RHETORICAL READING.

EXERCISE I.

1. RAPH'-A-EL, who is generally considered the greatest painter of modern times, was born at Urbino, in Italy, on Good Friday, March 28th, 1483. He died at Rome, on the anniversary of his birthday, at the early age of thirty-seven years, having attained such proficiency in his art, and completed so great a number of splendid works, as to excite the wonder of the world.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

1. BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

2. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to

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think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

3. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael,[1] and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice!

4. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their fòrms, hùes, propórtions, and moral exprèssion! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty.

5. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul, when arrayed in this, their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

6. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand, and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

QUESTIONS.—1. What are inflections of the voice? See page 23. 2. What rule for the rising inflections on *proportions*, 4th paragraph? *Ans.* Rule VII., page 31.

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EXERCISE II.

1. Ec'-sta-sy, (ec, *out* and stasis, *a placing*, or *standing*,) is derived from a Greek word signifying, literally, the removal of a thing out of its place. When applied to the mind, it denoted, formerly, a displacing, or unsettling of its powers, that is, madness: thence it has come to indicate a sort of intoxication, or bewilderment of joy; rapturous delight.

2. Can'-o-py, (from a Greek word, meaning *a gnat-bar*, or *mosquito-net* for a bed, and that from conops, *a gnat*, in the same language,) signifies, primarily, a curtain, or covering to keep off gnats or mosquitoes from the face. It is applied to any shade or covering extended over the head; hence, the phrase, *the canopy of heaven*, from the curtain-like appearance of the heavens above.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

RUFUS DAWES.

1. The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

2. At morn I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight,
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.[1]

3. At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

4. At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,
(sl.) Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,[2]

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And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold,
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

5. She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She silvers the landscape and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is *everywhere*.

EXERCISE III.

1. THE GERMAN OCEAN, or North Sea, is between Great Britain and the Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, and Norway. It extends from the Straits of Dover to the most northern of the Shetland Islands: its length is 650 miles, and its greatest breadth about 400.

2. RE-CRIM-IN-A'-TION, (from RE, *again*, CRIMEN, *a crime*, and the suffix ATION, *the act of making*,) signifies the act of making, or charging, crime again; that is, the act of retorting criminal accusations.

3. PROV'-I-DENCE is from PRO, *before*, VID, (Latin *video*,) *to see*, and the suffix ENCE, which latter means *the act, or state of*. Hence, PROVIDENCE signifies, literally, *the act of seeing, or seeing to, beforehand; foresight; forecast*, and, when applied to the Divine Being, points to that attribute, whereby all things are known from the beginning, and carefully provided for.

4. CON-JUR'-ED, is made up of CON, *together*, JUR, (Latin *juro*,) *to swear*, and the suffix ED, which means *did:* the literal meaning of the whole being *did swear together;* that is, did join, or unite under the solemnity of an oath. The word was used in relation to plots and conspiracies, but it also had the kindred sense of urging, as with the solemnity of an oath, which is the signification in the following piece. With the accent on the first syllable, (*con'-jure*,) the word signifies to practice witchcraft, or enchantment.

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SABINUS AND OLINDA.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German Ocean,[1] lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune; but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts.

2. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension!

3. Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded.

4. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent: she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana! She continually labored to disturb a union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

5. Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions. The circumstances of Sabinus had long been embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and, the court determining the

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cause unexpectedly in favor of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation.

6. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation, which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavored to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination;[2] the quarrel rose to such a hight, that Sabinus was marked for destruction, and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries.

7. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and, whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party.

8. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence.[3] Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured[4] him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them forever, not to discompose himself; that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness, nothing pleased, but his sympathizing with her pleasure.

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9. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance. yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible, yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them, that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favor of a very distant relation, who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burned, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

10. A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow, for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted.

11. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus, were ineffectual; she had, therefore, begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovoked injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

12. She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue; she, therefore, re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed the first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune.

13. From this moment, Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana; who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and, in her last moments, confessed that virtue was the only path to true glory,

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and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

EXERCISE IV.

1. HOL'-I-DAY, (that is, *holy day*,) is, literally, a holy day, or day set apart to sacred uses; hence it came to indicate a day of exemption from ordinary labors or occupation, and thence, also, a day of joy and festivity or amusement It is often written *holyday*.

2. SIR FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, was born at London in 1561, and died in 1626. He is celebrated as a great reformer of philosophy, or, rather, of the modes of conducting philosophical inquiries.

3. O-LYM'-PI-AN VICTORS, that is, victors in the Olympic games, which were celebrated every fifth year at Olympia, a sacred spot on the banks of the Alpheus, near Elis in ancient Greece.

THE PROPER EDUCATION FOR FEMALES.

HANNAH MORE.

1. Since there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts which can be taught to woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to be called to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may hitherto have been, they will be wanted now.

2. When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be compelled to retire into itself; and, if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to maturer life we ought to advért? Do we not educate them for a crówd, forgetting that they are to live at hóme? for the wórld, and not for

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themsélves? for shów, and not for úse? for tíme, and not for etérnity?

3. Not a few of the evils of the present day arise from a new and perverted application of terms; among these, perhaps, there is not one more abused, misunderstood, or misapplied, than the term *accomplishments*. This word, in its original meaning, signifies *completeness*, *perfection*. But I may safely appeal to the observation of mankind, whether they do not meet with swarms of youthful females, issuing from our boarding-schools, as well as emerging from the more private scenes of domestic education, who are introduced into the world under the broad and universal title of *accomplished young ladies*, of *all* of whom it can not very truly and correctly be pronounced, that they illustrate the definition by a completeness which leaves nothing to be added, and a perfection which leaves nothing to be desired.

4. It would be well, if we would reflect, that we have to educate not only rational, but accountable beings; and, remembering this, should we not be solicitous to let our daughters learn of the well-taught, and associate with the wéll-bred? In training them, should we not carefully cultivate intellect, implant religion, and cherish modésty? Then, whatever is engaging in manners, would be the natural result of whatever is just in sentiment and correct in principle; softness would grow out of humility, and external delicacy would spring from purity of heart. Then the decorums, the proprieties, the elegancies, and even the graces, as far as they are simple, pure, and honest, would follow as an almost inevitable consequence; for to follow in the train of the Christian virtues, and not to take the lead of them, is the proper place which religion assigns to the graces.

5. Whether we have made the best use of the errors of our predecessors, and of our own numberless advantages, and whether the prevailing system be really consistent with sound policy, true taste, or Christian principle, it may be worth our while to inquire.

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6. Would not a stranger be led to imagine, by a view of the reigning mode of female education, that human life consisted of one universal holiday,[1] and that the grand contest between the several competitors was, who should be most eminently qualified to excel and carry off the prize, in the various shows and games which were intended to be exhibited in it? and to the exhibitors themselves, would he not be ready to apply Sir Francis Bacon's[2] observation on the Olympian[3] victors, that they were so excellent in these unnecessary things, that their perfection must needs have been acquired by the neglect of whatever was necessary?

7. It will be prudent to reflect, that in all polished countries an entire devotedness to the fine arts has been one grand source of the corruption of the women; and so justly were these pernicious consequences appreciated by the Greeks, among whom these arts were carried to the highest possible perfection, that they seldom allowed them to be cultivated to a very exquisite degree by women of great purity of character. And, while corruption, brought on by an excessive cultivation of the arts, has contributed its full share to the decline of states, it has always furnished an infallible symptom of their impending fall.

8. The satires of the most penetrating and judicious of the Roman poets, corroborating the testimonies of the most accurate of their historians, abound with invectives against the general depravity of manners introduced by the corrupt habits of female education, so that the modesty of the Roman matron, and the chaste demeanor of her virgin daughters, which, amidst the stern virtues of the state, were as immaculate and pure as the honor of the Roman citizen, fell a sacrifice to the luxurious dissipation brought in by their Asiatic conquest; after which, the females were soon taught a complete change of character.

9. They were instructed to accommodate their talents of pleasing to the more vitiated tastes of the other sex; and began to study every grace and every art which might captivate

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the exhausted hearts, and excite the wearied and capricious inclinations, of the men; till, by a rapid and, at length, complete enervation, the Roman character lost its signature, and through a quick succession of slavery, effeminacy, and vice, sunk into that degeneracy of which some of the modern Italian states now serve to furnish a too just specimen.

QUESTION.—1. What is the Rule for the use of the inflection, as marked in the 2d, 4th, and 6th paragraphs? See page 26.

EXERCISE V.

I LOVE TO LIVE, AND I LIVE TO LOVE.

I LOVE TO LIVE.

1. "*I love to live*," said a prattling boy,
As he gayly played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

2. "*I love to live*," said a stripling bold,—
"I will seek for fame, I will toil for gold;"
And he formed in his pleasure many a plan,
To be carried out when he grew a man.

3. "*I love to live*," said a lover true,
"O, gentle maid, I would live for you;
I have labored hard in search of fame,—
I have found it but an empty name."

4. "*I love to live*," said a happy sire,
As his children neared the wintry fire;
For his heart was cheered to see their joy,
And he almost wished himself a boy.

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5. "*I love to live*," said an aged one,
Whose hour of life was well-nigh run:
Think you such words from him were wild?
The old man was again a child.

6. And ever thus in this fallen world,
Is the banner of hope to the breeze unfurled;
And only with a hope on' high,
Can a mortal ever love to die.

I LIVE TO LOVE.

7. "*I live to love*," said a laughing girl,
And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl;
And she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.

8. "*I live to love*," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the chords of love together,
And death alone could these sisters sever.

9. "*I live to love*," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And never was the link of affection broken.

10. "*I live to love*," said a mother kind,—
"I would live a guide to the infant mind;"
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children home to heaven.

11. "*I shall live to love*," said a fading form,
And her eye was bright and her cheek grew warm;
As she thought on the blissful world on high,
Where she would live to love and never die.

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12. And ever thus in this lower world,
Should the banner of love be wide unfurled,
And when we meet in the world above,
We may LOVE TO LIVE AND LIVE TO LOVE.

EXERCISE VI.

LIFE IS SWEET.

1. "*O, life is sweet!*" said a merry child,
(') "And I love, I love to roam
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene,
O, the world is a fairy home!
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And flowers gay and bright,
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit day,
O, the world is a world of light!"

2. "*O, life is sweet!*" said a gallant youth,
As he conn'd the storied page;
And he pondered on the days by-gone,
And the fame of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life,—he dared its strife,—
He felt nor dread nor fears.

3. "*O, life is sweet!*" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride,
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.
"O, life is sweet! for we will live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrow mine, my trials thine,
Our solace in our love."

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4. "*O, life is swèet!*" said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child,
And she closer pressed to her gladdened breast
Her babe, who unconscious, smiled.
"My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part?"

5. "*O, life is swèet!*" said an aged sire,
(*sl.*) Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His heart was bent,—his strength was spent,—
Could life be sweet to hím?
O, yès; for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem very young.

6. Thus life is swèet, from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage.
Though rough, perchance, the path we tread,
And dark the sky above,
in every state there 's sómething yet,
To live for and to lóve.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the falling inflection on *sweet*, in each paragraph? See Rule VIII., page 31. 2. What rule for the rising inflection on *him*, and the falling on *yes*, fifth stanza? 3. In what respect do the third and seventh lines of each stanza differ from the rest? 4. How, according to the notation marks, should the first and fifth stanzas be read? See page 40.

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EXERCISE VII.

COMMON PEOPLE.

T. S. ARTHUR.

1. "Are you going to call upon Mrs. Clayton and her daughters, Mrs. Márygold?" asked a neighbor, alluding to a family that had just moved into Sycamore Row.

2. "Nò, indeed, Mrs. Lemmington, that I am not. I don't visit everybody."

3. "I thought the Claytons were a very respectable family," remarked Mrs. Lemmington.

4. "*Respectable!* Everybody is getting respectable now-a-days. If they are respectable, it is very lately they have become so. What is Mr. Clayton, I wonder, but a schoolmaster! It's too bad that such people will come crowding themselves into genteel neighborhoods. The time was, when to live in Sycamore Row was guarantee enough for any one; but now, all kinds of people have come into it."

5. "I have never met Mrs. Clayton," remarked Mrs. Lemmington; "but I have been told that she is a most estimable woman, and that her daughters have been educated with great care. Indeed, they are represented as being highly accomplished girls."

6. "Well, I don't care what they are represented to be. I'm not going to keep company with a schoolmaster's wife and daughters; that's certain.

7. "Is there anything disgraceful in keeping a school?"

8. "No; nor in making shoes, either. But then, that's no reason why I should keep company with my shoemaker's wife; is it? Let common people associate together,—that's my doctrine."

9. "But what do you mean by *common people*, Mrs. Márygold?"

10. "Why, I *mean* common people. *Poor people.* People who have not come of a *respectable* family. That's what I mean."

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11. "I am not sure that I comprehend your explanation much better than I do your classification. If you mean, as you say, poor people, your objection will not apply with full force to the Claytons; for they are now in tolerably easy circumstances. As to the family of Mr. Clayton, I believe his father was a man of integrity, though not rich. And Mrs. Clayton's family I know to be without reproach of any kind."

12. "And yet they are common people for all that," persevered Mrs. Marygold. "Was n't old Clayton a mere petty dealer in small wares. And was n't Mrs. Clayton's father a mechanic?"

13. "Perhaps, if some of us were to go back a generation or two, *we* might trace out an ancestor who held no higher place in society," Mrs. Lemmington remarked quietly. "I have no doubt that *I* should."

14. "I have no fears of that kind," replied Mrs. Marygold, in an exulting tone. "I shall never blush when my pedigree is traced."

15. "Nor I either, I hope. Still, I should not wonder, if some one of my ancestors had disgraced himself; for there are but few families that are not cursed with a spotted sheep. But I have nothing to do with that, and ask only to be judged by what I am—not by what my progenitors have been."

16. "A standard that few will respect, let me tell you."

17. "A standard that far the largest portion of society will regard as the true one, I hope," replied Mrs. Lemmington. "But surely, you do not intend refusing to call upon the Claytons for the reasons you have assigned, Mrs. Márygold?"

18. "Certainly I do. They are nothing but *common people*, and therefore beneath me. I shall not stoop to associate with them."

19. "I think that I will call upon them. In fact, my object in dropping in this morning, was to see, if you would not accompany me," said Mrs. Lemmington.

20. "Indeed, I will not, and for the reasons I have given. They are only *common people*. You will be stooping."

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21. "No one stoops in doing a kind act. Mrs. Clayton is a stranger in the neighborhood, and is entitled to the courtesy of a call, if no more; and that I shall extend to her. If I find her to be uncongenial in her tastes, no intimate acquaintanceship need be formed. If she is congenial, I will add another to my list of valued friends. You and I, I find, estimate differently. *I* judge every individual by merit, *you*, by family or descent."

22. "You can do as you please," rejoined Mrs. Marygold, somewhat coldly. "For my part, I am particular about my associates. I will visit Mrs. Florence and Mrs. Harwood, and such as move in good society, but as to your school-teachers' wives and daughters, I must beg to be excused."

23. "Every one to her taste," rejoined Mrs. Lemmington, with a smile, as she moved towards the door where she stood for a few moments to utter some parting compliments, and then withdrew.

24. Five minutes afterwards she was shown into Mrs. Clayton's parlors, where, in a moment or two, she was met by the lady upon whom she had called, and received with an easy gracefulness that at once charmed her. A brief conversation convinced her that Mrs. Clayton was, in intelligence and moral worth, as far above Mrs. Marygold, as that personage imagined herself to be above her. Her daughters, who came in while she sat conversing with their mother, showed themselves to possess all those graces of mind and manner that win upon our admiration so irresistibly. An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and then Mrs. Lemmington withdrew.

25. The difference between Mrs. Lemmington and Mrs. Marygold was simply this. The former had been familiar with what is called the *best* society from her earliest recollection, and, being, therefore, constantly in association with those looked upon as the upper class, knew nothing of the upstart self-estimation which is felt by certain weak, ignorant persons,

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who, by some accidental circumstance, are elevated far above the condition in which they moved originally.

26. She could estimate true worth in humble garb as well as in velvet and rich satins. She was one of those individuals who never passed an old and worthy domestic in the street without recognition, or stopping to make some kind inquiry—one who never forgot a familiar face, or neglected to pass a kind word to even the humblest who possessed the merit of good principles.

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the rising inflection on *Mrs. Marygold*, 9th and 17th paragraphs? See Note I., page 30. 2. What kind of emphasis on *I* and *you*, 21st paragraph? See Note VII., page 22. 3. What kind of emphasis on *best*, 25th paragraph? See Note VI., page 21.

EXERCISE VIII.

1. TRANS-FIG'-URE, (from TRANS, implying *change*, and FIGURE, *a form* or *shape*,) is to change the form or figure; to transform.

2. THE SOUTHERN CROSS (in Latin, *Crux Australis*) is a brilliant little constellation, consisting of four principal stars, too far south, however, to be seen by us, in these northern regions.

3. THE POLAR STAR is a star of the second magnitude, forming the extremity of Ursa Minor, or the Little Bear.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

1. Here is a whaling vessel in the harbor, her anchors up, and her sails unfurled. The last boat has left her, and she is now departing on a voyage of three, and, perhaps, four years in length. All that the eye sees is, that she is a fine ship, and that it has cost much labor to fit her out. Those on board will spend years of toil, and will then return, while the profits of the voyage will be distributed, as the case may be, to be squandered, or to be added to already existing hoards. So much appears. But there is an unpublished history,

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which, could it be revealed, and brought vividly before the mind, would transfigure[1] her, and enshrine her in an almost awful light.

2. There is not a stick of timber in her whole frame, not a plank or a rope, which is not, in some mysterious way, enveloped with human interests and sympathies. Let us trace this part of her history, while she circles the globe, and returns to the harbor from which she sailed. At the outset, the labor of the merchant, the carpenter, and of all employed on her, has not been mere sordid labor. The thought of their homes, of their children, and of what this labor may secure for them, has been in their hearts.

3. And they who sail in her, leave behind homes, wives, children, parents; and, years before they return, those who are dearest to them, may be in their tombs. What bitter partings, as if by the grave's brink, are those which take place, when the signal to unmoor calls them on board. There are among them young men, married, perhaps, but a few weeks before, and those of maturer years, whose young children cleave to their hearts as they go.

4. How deeply, as the good ship sails out into the open sea, is she freighted with memories and affections! Every eye is turned toward the receding coast, as if the pangs of another farewell were to be endured. Fade slowly, shores that encircle their homes! Shine brightly, ye skies, over those dear ones whom they leave behind!

5. They round the capes of continents, they traverse every zone, their keel crosses every sea; but still, brighter than the Southern Cross[2] or the Polar Star,[3] shines on their souls the light of their distant home. In the calm moonlight rise before the mariner the forms of those whom he loves; in the pauses of the gale, he hears the voices of his children. Beat upon by the tempest, worn down with labor, he endures all. Welcome care and toil, if these may bring peace and happiness to those dear ones who meet around his distant fireside!

6. And the thoughts of those in that home, compassing the

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globe, follow him wherever he goes. Their prayers blend with all the winds which swell his sails. Their affections hover over his dreams. Children count the months and the days of a father's absence. The babe learns to love him, and to lisp his name. Not a midnight storm strikes their dwelling, but the wife starts from her sleep, as if she heard, in the wailing of the wind, the sad forebodings of danger and wreck. Not a soft wind blows, but comes to her heart as a gentle messenger from the distant seas.

7. And, after years of absence, they approach their native shores. As the day closes, they can see the summits of the distant highlands, hanging like stationary clouds on the horizon. And long before the night is over, their sleepless eyes catch the light glancing across the rim of the seas, from the light-house at the entrance of the bay. With the morning they are moored in the harbor.

8. The newspapers announce her arrival. But here again, how little of her cargo is of that material kind which can be reckoned in dollars and cents! She is freighted with human hearts, with anxieties, and hopes, and fears. There are many there, who have not dared to ask the pilot of home. The souls of many, which yesterday were full of joy, are now overshadowed with anxiety. They almost hesitate to leave the ship, and pause for some one from the shore to answer those questions of home and of those they love, which they dare not utter. There are many joyful meetings, and some that are full of sorrow.

9. Let us follow one of this crew. He is still a youth. Years ago, of a wild, and reckless, and roving spirit, he left his home. He had fallen into temptations which had been too strong for his feeble virtue. His feet had been familiar with the paths of sin and shame. But, during the present voyage, sickness and reflection have "brought him to himself." Full of remorse for evil courses, and for that parental love which he has slighted, he has said: "I will arise and go to my father's house;" they who gave me birth shall no longer

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mourn over me as lost. I will smooth the pathway of age to them, and be the support of their feeble steps.

10. He is on his way to where they dwell in the country. As the sun is setting, he can see, from an eminence over which the road passes, their solitary home on a distant hill-side. O scene of beauty, such as, to him, no other land can show! There is the church, here a school-house, and the homes of those whom he knew in childhood. He can see the places, where he used to watch the golden sunset; not, as now, with a heart full of penitence, and fear, and sorrow for wasted years, but in the innocent days of youth. There are the pastures and the woods, where he wandered, full of the dreams and hopes of childhood—fond hopes and dreams that have issued in such sad realities.

11. The scene to others would be but an ordinary one. But, to him, the spirit gives it life. It is covered all over with the golden hues of memory. His heart leaps forward to his home, but his feet linger. May not death have been thére? May not those lips be hushed in the silence of the grave, from which he hoped to hear the words of love and forgivéness? He pauses on the way, and does not approach, till he beholds a light shining through the uncurtained windows of the humble dwelling. And even now his hand is drawn back, which was raised to lift the latch. He would see, if all are there. With a trembling heart, he looks into the window,—and there—blessed sight!—he beholds his mother, busy, as was her wont, and his father, only grown more reverend with increasing age, reading that holy book which he had taught his son to revere, but which that son had so forgotten.

12. But there were others; and, lo! one by one they enter,—young sisters, who, when he last saw them, were but children that sat on the knee, but have now grown up almost to womanly years. And now another fear seizes him. How shall they receive him? May not he be forgótten? May they not reject hím? But he will, at least, enter. He raises the latch,—with a heart too full for utterance, he stands, silent

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and timid, in the door-way. The father raises his head, the mother pauses and turns to look at the guest who enters. It is but a moment, when burst from their lips the fond words of recognition—my son! my son!

13. Blessed words, which have told so fully that nothing remains to be told, the undying strength of parental love! To a traveler who might that night have passed this cottage among the hills, if he had observed it at all, it would have spoken of nothing but daily toil, of decent comfort, of obscure fortunes. Yet, at that very hour, it was filled with thanksgivings, which rose like incense to the heavens, because that "he who was lost, was found; and he that was dead, was alive again."

14. Thus ever under the visible is the *in*visible. Through dead material forms circulate the currents of spiritual life. Desert rocks, and seas, and shores, are humanized by the presence of man, and become alive with memories and affections. There is a life which appears, and under it, in every heart, is a life which does not appear, which is to the former as the depths of the sea to the waves, and the bubbles, and the spray on its surface. There is not an obscure house among the mountains, where the whole romance of life, from its dawn to its setting, through its brightness and through its gloom, is not lived through.

15. The commonest events of the day are products of the same passions and affections which, in other spheres, decide the fate of kingdoms. Outwardly, the ongoings of ordinary life are like the movements of machinery, lifeless, mechanical, common-place repetitions of the same trifling events. But they are neither lifeless, nor old, nor trifling. The passions and affections make them ever new and original, and the most unimportant acts of the day reach forward in their results into the shadows of eternity.

QUESTION.—1. Where are the passages to be found referred to in the 9th and 13th paragraphs? See Luke, chap. xv., 17th, 18th, and 32d verses.

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EXERCISE IX.

In order to pronounce such words as *think'st, could'st, sleep'st, bid'st,* &c., clearly and distinctly, pupils should be frequently exercised on the examples presented on pages 15 and 16.

NO CONCEALMENT.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. Think'st thou to be concéaled, thou little *streám,*
That through the lonely vale dost wend thy wáy,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glíde
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gráy?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green
Tinting thy marge, and the white flocks that haste,
At summer noon, to taste thy crystal sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day.
And then, thy smiling answer to the moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon—
How could'st thou hope, in such a world as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?

2. Think'st thou to be concéaled, thou little *seéd,*
That in the bosom of the earth art cást,
And there, like cradled infant sleep'st awhíle,
Unmoved by trampling storm or thunder blást?
Thou bid'st thy time; for herald Spring shall come,
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art;
Unhood thy eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart;
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews
Weep o'er thy bed, and, ere thou art aware,
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air,
And soon, to all, thy ripened fruitage tells
The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

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3. Think'st thou to be concéaled, thou little *thóught*,
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so clóse, and dream to do
A secrect wórk? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow,—the moving lips behold,—
Linking thee unto speech,—the feet that run
Upon thy errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy lineage plain before the noonday sun;
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose,
Until the day of doom, and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So, beware,
O erring human heart! what *thoughts* thou lodgest there

EXERCISE X.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

HANNAH MORE.

1. As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

2. "What with my bairns and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I 'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

3. "How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heav'n is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?

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4. "In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long,)
Is rul'd methinks, extremely wrong.

5. "Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd and hard, and strange;
The good are troubl'd and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

6. Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

7. "Seest thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

8. "A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning 's there convey'd;
For where 's the middle, where 's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

9. Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,—
Why man, that *carpet's inside out.*"

10. Says John, "Thou say 'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

11. "As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;

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So, when on earth things look but odd,
They 're working still some scheme of GOD.

12. "No plan, no pattern can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

13. "But, when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

14. "What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *carpet shall be turn'd.*"

15. "Thou 'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I 'll grumble,
That this sad world 's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

EXERCISE XI.

BEAUTY OF THE MORNING.

HERVEY.

1. It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower garden, and at once regaled the sense and indulged the fancy. The noisy world was scarce awake; business had not quite shaken off his sound sleep, and riot had but just reclined his giddy head. All was serene, all was still. Every thing tended to inspire tranquillity of mind, and invite to serious thought; only the

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watchful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day.

2. Elevated in the air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes. Earliest of birds, companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice! rise to offer the matin-song, and adore that beneficent Being, who maketh the outgoing of the morning and evening to rejoice. How charming is it to rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime! to enjoy the calm of nature, to tread the dewy lawns, and taste the unruffled freshness of the air!

> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds!

3. What a pleasure do the sons of sloth lose! Little is the sluggard sensible how delicious an entertainment he forgoes for the poorest of all animal gratifications? Shall man be lost in luxurious ease? Shall man waste those precious hours in idle slumbers, while the vigorous sun is up, and going on his Maker's errand, and all the feathered choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony? No: let him highten the melody of the tuneful tribes by adding the rational strains of devotion. Let him improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling with the rising odors the refined breath of praise. It is natural for man to look upward, to throw his first glance upon the objects that are above him.

> Straight toward heav'n my wandering eyes I turn'd,
> And gaz'd awhile the ample sky.

4. Prodigious theater! where lightnings dart their fire, and thunders utter their voice; where tempests spend their rage, and worlds unnumber'd roll at large.—"Here hath God set a tabernacle for the sun." Behold him coming forth from the chambers of the east. See the clouds, like floating curtains are thrown back at his approach. With what refulgent

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majesty does he walk abroad! How transcendently bright is his countenance, shedding day and inexhaustible light through the universe!

5. Methinks I discern a thousand admirable properties in the sun. It is certainly the best material emblem of the Creator. There is more of God in its luster, energy, and usefulness, than in any other visible being. To worship it as a deity was the most excusable of all the heathen idolatries.

QUESTIONS.—1. Are the questions in the 3d paragraph direct or indirect? 2. With what inflection, then, should they be read?

EXERCISE XII.

1. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an eminent English poet, was born in Sussex county, in 1792. He was the author of several poetical works, displaying genius of the highest order. He was drowned by the wreck of his own sailing-boat in a violent storm, on his return from Leghorn to his house, on the gulf of Lerici, July 8th, 1822.

THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

1. From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering everything vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too long rude and ignorant, everything associated with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition.

2. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of God's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told

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Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake, but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground.

3. But, so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extirpate these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit-trees and bounteous harvests. And labor has done this; labor has already converted the earth, so far as the surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has only nature to contend with, and not the false arrangements of his fellow men?

4. So far is labor from being a curse, so far is it from being a disgrace; it is the very principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and enjoyment through the whole system. Without man's labor, God had created the world in vain! Without our labor, all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinement, and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal of God's blessings upon earth; it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the offspring and the work of God.

5. So then, labor, instead of being the slave and the drudge, *is really* the prince and the demigod. It is no mean species of action, but it is, in truth, *a divine principle of the universe*, issuing from the bosom of the Creator, and for the achievement of his most glorious purpose, the happiness of all his creatures. Who was and is the first great laborer? It is God himself! In the far depths of the unexplored eternity of the past, God began his labors. He formed world after world, and poised them in infinite space, in the beautiful language of Shelley,[1] like

"Islands in the ocean of the world."

6. From that time to the present, there is every rational

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cause to believe that he has gone on laboring. He is the great Laborer of eternity; and it is the highest of possible honors to be admitted to labor with him. There is no patent of nobility, which can confer a glory like this. When he had finished his labor on our planet, his last and noblest work being man, he conferred on him a partnership in his labors. He handed down to him the great chain of labor, and bade him encircle the world with it.

7. He elected us as his successors here; and, from that time to this, the great family of man has gone on laboring with head and hand in a myriad of ways, carrying out, by the unceasing operations of intellect and mechanic skill, by invention and construction, the designs of the Almighty for the good of his creatures. Can there positively be a sight more delightful to the great unseen, but watchful Father of the Universe, than that of all his countless rational creatures busy at the benificent scheme of boundless labors, out of which springs the gladness of all life?

8. After the lapse of thousands of years, and when the cunning and the proud had cast a base stigma on that which God had created good and the medium of good, Christ came, and what were his remarkable words? "*My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*" Thus again, the revelation of the Gospel was also a grand revelation of the dignity of labor. It was acknowledged to be a principle exercised by the Divinity itself. Every one who labored was made to appear, not the slave of man, but the fellow-laborer of God. Where, then, is the meanness of labor? If God himself does not disdain to use it, shall we? If God seems even to glory in his labors, shall we be ashamed of ours? No! Labor is, as we have asserted, a divine principle of the universe; it is the most honorable thing on the earth, and, next to God himself, it is the most ancient in heaven.

9. All honor then to labor, the offspring of Deity; the most ancient of ancients, sent forth by the Almighty into these nether worlds; the most noble of nobles! Honor to

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that divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts, and joys, and affluence that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found. Without labor, what is there? Without it, there were no world itself.

10. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the product of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. We build up, each in his own vocation, the grand fabric of human honor and human happiness, exercising all our faculties and powers, physical and intellectual, and the result is—What?

11. The scene of all our glories, the sum of all our achievements as a race, every thing which history can tell, which art has accomplished, which science has exhumed from the depths of oblivious darkness, which embellishes our abodes, and animates us to still greater victories in the cause of man and mind.

12. What a glorious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes every thing in it that *is* glorious. Look round, my friends, and tell me what you see that is worth seeing that is not the work of your hands, and of the hands of your fellows—the multitude of all ages?

13. What is it that felled the ancient forests, and cleared vast morasses of other ages? That makes green fields smile in the sun, and corn, rustling in the breezes of heaven, whisper of plenty and domestic joy? What raised first the hut, and then the cottage, and then the palace? What filled all these with food and furniture—with food simple and also costly; with furniture of infinite variety, from the three-legged stool to the most magnificent cabinet and the regal throne? What made glass, and dyed it with all the hues of rainbows, or of summer sunsets? What constructed presses, and books, and

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filled up the walls of libraries, every inch of which contained a mass of latent light hoarded for the use of ages? What took the hint from the split walnut-shell which some boy floated on the brook, and set on the flood first the boat, and then the ship, and has scattered these glorious children of man, the water-walking ships, over all the oceans of the world, and filled them with the produce of all lands, and the machinery and steam of profoundest inventions?

14. What has made the wide sea like a great city street, where merchants are going to and fro full of eager thoughts of self-accumulation, but not the less full of international blessings? What has made the land like one great garden, laid down its roads that run like veins to every portion of the system of life, cut its canals, cast up its lines of rail-ways, and driven along them, in fire and vapor, the awful but beneficial dragons of modern enterprise? What has piled up all our cities with their glittering and exhaustless wealth, their splendid utensils, their paintings, their mechanic wonders, all serving domestic life, and its beloved fireside delights? Labor! *labor!* LABOR! It is labor, and *your* labor, men of the multitude, that has done it all!

15. True, the wise ones tell us that it is intellect that has done it. And all honor to intellect! It is not I, nor you, fellow-workers, who will attempt to rob the royal power of intellect of one iota of his renown. Intellect is also a glorious gift of the Divinity,—a divine principle in the earth. We set intellect at the head of labor, and bid it lead the way to all wonders and discoveries; but we know that intellect can not go alone. Intellect can not separate itself from labor.

16. Intellect has also its labor; and in its most abstract and ethereal form can not develop itself without the co-operation of its twin-brother labor. When intellect exerts itself,—when it thinks, and invents, and discovers,—it then labors. Through the medium of labor it does all that it does; and upon labor it is perfectly dependent to carry out all its mechanical operations. Intellect is the head,—labor the right

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hand. Take away the hand, and the head is a magazine of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness. Such are the relationships of labor and intellect.

EXERCISE XIII.

THE LABORER.

WM. D. GALLAGHER.

1 Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy GOD!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

2. What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

3. Who is thine enemy?—the high
In stâtion, or in wealth the chiéf?
The greât, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nây! nurse not such belief.

4. If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

5 No;—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus check'd.

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6. *These* are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

7. Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better tney tnan thou?
As théirs, is not thy will as freé?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endów?

8. True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust,
And water, may despise the lust
Of both,—a noble mind.

9. With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then: that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

EXERCISE XIV.

ACTION ALWAYS HEALTHFUL.

COWPER.

1. By ceaseless action, all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.

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2. Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation; e'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems, indeed, indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.

3. The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause;
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find;
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.

4. Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comfort it affords,
And their's alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
E'en age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and gracing a gray beard

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With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly and old, almost without decay.

5. Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires,—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice, are favored least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odors of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied only with penciled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonder of an artist's hand!
Lovely, indeed, the mimic works of Art;
But Nature's works far lovelier.

6. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye,—sweet Nature's every sense
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods,—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.

7. Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it who, imprisoned long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapors, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:

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His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguished fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs,—is winged with joy,
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.

EXERCISE XV.

1. Sa'-tyr, in Grecian mythology, a sort of inferior deity, or demi-god, represented as a monster, half a man and half goat, having short horns on the head, the body covered with hair, and the feet and tail of a goat.

2. Pe'-ri, among the Persians, was an elf or fairy, fancied to be a descendant of fallen angels, and awaiting only the termination of the penance enjoined, to return to the bliss of Paradise.

3. Muf'-ti, among the Mohammedans, is an official interpreter of Mohammedan law. Every large town contains at least one; the one residing at Constantinople being, in some sense, over all the rest.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

1. Abdallah sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of sirup and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold. And, lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger, and yet larger, till there could be discerned in the size, as of a locust, the appearance as of a man. From a handbreadth it reached the stature of a cubit; and still, so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a Satyr,[1] and it sang like a Peri,[2] and like a moth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, withersoever it turned, it prospered.

2. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he

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could not in all this perceive the subtilty of an evil gin. Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats, he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth, and said: "This is my daily portion from the table of the Mufti;' there is not enough for thee and me," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile. Until, in process of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

3. Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his dupe, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore, that he departed for a season. And, when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced and said: "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?" But after not many days the gin came back again, and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spake of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying: "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

4. On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the Mufti said: "Wherefore tarrieth the son of Abdul? Perchance, he sleepeth." Therefore they repaired even to his chamber; but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore, the Mufti opened the door, and, lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger, broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of raiment belonging to the hapless one, were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and, behold! it was six cubits long.

5. Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the Bŏttle, or the Bĕtting-book? Is it the Billiard-table or the Thĕater?

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And lips the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

5. I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near,
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

6. I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs,—the vicious to retrieve;
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill;
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

7. I want the seals of power and place;
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land,—
For crown nor scepter would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

8. I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought, in future days,
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,

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In choral union, to the skies,
Their blessing on my name.

9. And O! while circles in my veins
Of life, the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul, in humble hope unscared,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy *want* may be prepared,
To meet the judgment day.

EXERCISE XVIII.

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. She stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky:
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

2. "Dost thou see them, bóy?—through the dusky pínes,
(<) Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shínes?
Hast thou caught the gleam on the conqueror's crést?
My bábe, that I cradled on my bréast!
Would'st thou spring from thy mother's arms with jóy
That sight hath cost thee a fáther, bóy!"

3. For in the rocky strait beneath,
(*pl.*) Lay Suliote, sire and son,
They had heaped high the piles of death,
Before the pass was won.

4. "They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!

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There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair bábe, to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

5. And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

6. "Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed síre?
Still! (*p.*) be thou still! there are brave men low,—
Thou would'st not smile could'st thou see him now!"

7. But nearer came the clash of steel,
< And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

8. "Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mírth?—
Bóy, thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherished my warrior's son!
He, too, hath blessed thee, as I have done!
Aye, and unchain'd must his loved ones be —
Freedom, young Sulióte, for thee and me!"

9. And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore:—
A vail upon the wind was flung,
A cry, (*p.*) and all was o'er!

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *babe*, 4th verse, and on bóy and Suliote, 8th verse? 2. Why the rising inflections in the 2d verse.

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EXERCISE XIX.

1. PIC-TUR-ESQUE' (from the Italian *Pittoresco*) signifies, literally *painter-like*, or *picture-like*, and is used conventionally to denote all those objects, or combinations of objects, which, in form and color, are suitable for pictorial representation.

2. AV'-A-LANCHE (French *avaler*, to descend) is a snow-slip; that is, a mass of snow collected on the hights of a mountain, and gradually sliding down by the force of its own weight. It often descends with destructive energy, bringing down with it all the ground on which it lies, together with trees, rocks, &c., &c.

3. PET'-RI-FIED (from PETRI, *stone*, and FIED, *made*) signifies made, or changed into stone.

VALLEYS OF LEBANON.

LAMARTINE.

1. After a ride of two hours, we reached a deeper, narrower, and more picturesque[1] valley than any we had yet traversed. Right and left arose, like two perpendicular ramparts, three or four hundred feet high, two chains of mountains, which appeared to have been recently separated from each other by a blow from the Great Framer of worlds, or, perhaps, by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its foundation, when the Son of Man, rendering up his soul to God, not far from these mountains, gave that last sigh which repelled the spirit of error, and oppression, and falsehood, and breathed virtue, liberty, and life into a renovated world.

2. Gigantic blocks, loosened from each side of the mountains, and scattered like pebbles by the hands of children into the stream, formed the horrid, deep, vast, and rugged bed of this dried-up torrent; some of whose stones were masses higher and larger than the loftiest houses.

3. Some rested firmly on their bases, like solid and everlasting cubes; some, suspended by their angles, and supported by the pressure of other invisible rocks, seemed as though still in the act of falling and rolling downward, presenting the appearance of ruin in action—a perpetual falling,

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a chaos of stones, an endless avalanche[2] of rocks—rocks of somber gray, streaked with flame-color and white opaque—the petrified[3] waves of a granite flood: not one drop of water in the deep interstices of this bed, calcined by the burning sun of Syria; not a blade of grass, a stalk, or creeping plant, either in the torrent or in the cracked and abrupt declivities on each side of the abyss.

4. It was an ocean of stones, a cataract of rocks, to which the diversity of their forms, the variety of their positions, the singularity of their appearances, the play of light and shade on their sides and surfaces, seemed to impart motion and fluidity.

5. We followed this valley of lamentations for two hours, with no other variation in the scene than that arising from the circuitous route which the torrent itself took among the mountains, or by the manner, more or less striking, with which the rocks were grouped in their foaming stony bed.

6. This valley will never be effaced from my imagination. This country must have been the primitive land, the land of tragic poesy and human lamentations; the pathetic and lofty strain of prophecies is felt here in its wild, pathetic, and lofty nature. All the images of Biblical poetry are engraved in imposing characters on the furrowed surface of Lebanon and its gilded summits, its valleys, through which the streams peacefully flow—valleys mute and lifeless.

7. The divine spirit, the superhuman inspiration, which has passed over the souls and the harps of the poetic nation, to whom God spake by symbols and images, thus struck more forcibly the eyes of bards devoted to God from their infancy, and nourished them with a sustenance more invigorating than that on which we feed; *we*, the wasted and aged heirs of the harp of antiquity, who have only before our eyes nature, mild, beautiful, and cultivated—nature civilized but withered, as we are ourselves.

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EXERCISE XX.

1 AM-PHI-THE'-A-TER, (from AMPHI, *about*, and THEATER, *a place for seeing*,) was an edifice enclosing a space entirely encompassed by rows of seats rising one behind the other. It was oval in shape, and designed for the exhibition of public shows of gladiators and wild beasts.

2. CO-LOS'-SAL, (from Colossus, an enormous ancient statue at Rhodes,) denotes any thing of enormous or vast dimensions.

3. PE'-TRA, (literally, *a rock* or *stone*,) a celebrated ancient city in the north of Arabia. Its ruins still exist.

RUINS OF COPAN AND PALENQUE.

JOHN L. STEPHENS.

1. We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheater.[1]

2. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a collossal[2] head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and, even at this hight from the ground, were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty or a hundred feet around, binding down

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the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches.

3. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded. Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long-lost Petra[3], the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, say historians, was peopled by savages; but savages never reared these structures, savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was, "Quien sabe?"—"Who knows?"

4. There were no associations connected with the place; none of those stirring recollections which hallow Rome, Athens, and

"The world's great mistress on the Egyptian plain;"

but architecture, sculpture, and painting, all the arts which embellish life, had flourished in this overgrown forest; orators, warriors, and statesmen, beauty, ambition, and glory, had lived and passed away, and none knew that such things had been, or could tell of their past existence. Books, the records of knowledge, are silent on this theme.

5. The city was desolate. It lay before us like a shattered bark in the midst of the ocean, her masts gone, her name effaced, her crew perished, and none to tell whence she came, to whom she belonged, how long on her voyage, or what caused her destruction; her lost people to be traced only by some fancied resemblance in the construction of the vessel, and, perhaps, never to be known at all. The place where we sat, was it a citadel from which an unknown people had sounded the trumpet of wár? or a temple for the worship of the God of pèace? or did the inhabitants worship the idols made with their own hànds, and offer sacrifices on the stones before thèm?

6. All was mystery, dark, impenetrable mystery—and every circumstance increased it. In Egypt, the colossal

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skeletons of gigantic temples stand in the unwatered sands in all the nakedness of desolation; here, an immense forest shrouded the ruins, hiding them from sight, hightening the impression and moral effect, and giving an intensity and almost wildness to the interest. * * * *

7. Here were the remains of a cultivated, polished, and peculiar people, who had passed through all the stages incident to the rise and fall of nations; reached their golden age, and perished, entirely unknown. The links which connected them with the human family were severed and lost, and these were the only memorials of their footsteps upon earth. We lived in the ruined palace of their kings; we went up to their desolate temples and fallen altars; and, wherever we moved, we saw the evidences of their tàste, their skill in àrts, their wéalth, and pòwer.

8. In the midst of desolation and ruin, we looked back to the past, cleared away the gloomy forest, and fancied every building perfect, with its terraces and pyramids, its sculptured and painted ornaments, grand, lofty, and imposing, and overlooking an immense inhabited plain; we called back into life the strange people who gazed at us in sadness from the walls; pictured them in fanciful costumes and adorned with plumes of feathers, ascending the terraces of the palace, and the steps leading to the temples, and often we imagined a scene of unique and gorgeous beauty and magnificence.

9. In the romance of the world's history, nothing ever impressed me more forcibly than the spectacle of this once great and lovely city, overturned, desolate, and lost; discovered by accident, overgrown with trees for miles around, and without even a name to distinguish it. Apart from every thing else, it was a mourning witness to the world's mutations.

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the rising inflection on *war*, and the falling inflection on *peace, hands*, and *them*, 5th paragraph? 2. What rule for the rising inflection on *wealth*, 7th paragraph.

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EXERCISE XXI.

1. HOR'-O-LOGE (HORO, *hour*, and LOGE, *that which tells or notes*,) is from two Greek words signifying, together, *that which tells the hour*; that is, a sun-dial; a clock; a timepiece.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to áll,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

2. Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who páss,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

3. By day its voice is low and light;
But, in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-dóor,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

4. Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,

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Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of áwe,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

5. In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceásed,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

6. There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hòurs! O golden prìme,
And affluence of love and tìme!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece tóld,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

7. From that chamber, clothed in white,
(") The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
(*pl.*) The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stáir,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

8. All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;

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And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
(*pl.*) "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply',—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

9. Never *here*, forever *there*,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever *there*, but never *here!*
The horologe[1] of Eternity
Sayeth this incéssantly,—
(*sl.*) "Foréver—nèver!
Néver—forèver!"

QUESTIONS.—1. How, according to the notation marks, should the words *forever—never* be read? See page 40. 2. How should the 4th lines of the 7th and 8th stanzas be read? 3. Why the falling inflection on *hours*, *prime*, and *time*, 6th stanza? See Rule VIII., page 31. 4. On what principle are the words *here* and *there* emphatic, 9th stanza? See note VII., page 22.

EXERCISE XXII.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

M. FARQUHAR TUPPER.

1. When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hand of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel, or God, can declare,
"I now can forgive and forget."

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2. But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented, the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

3. To forgét? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

4. O, heàrken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art.
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

5. Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too;
Count not their sum, till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And, if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met,
O, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

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6. Yes, yes; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him, a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals, to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, (*p.*) FORGIVE AND FORGET.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *forget*, 3d stanza? 2. What rule for the falling inflection on *hearken*, 4th stanza? 3. How, according to the notation, may the words *forgive* and *forget* be made emphatic, last line? See Remark, page 23.

EXERCISE XXIII.

BITTER WORDS.

1. Would'st thou a wanderer recláim,
A wild and restless spirit táme;
Check the warm flow of youthful blóod,
And lead a *lost one* back to Gód?
Pàuse, if the spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word,—
Speak not,—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

2. If widely he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way;
'Tis pitiful,—but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love;
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

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3. The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venomed chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou would'st not goad the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed;
Then let no angry tones be heard,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

4. Go kindly to him—make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his "widely devious way;"
So shalt thou win him, call him back
From pleasure's smooth seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

EXERCISE XXIV.

FLOWERS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. Blessed be the man that really loves flowers!—loves them for their own sake, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did He not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all men? It is the end of art to inoculate men with the love of nature. But those who have a passion for nature, in the natural way, need no pictures nor galleries. Spring is their designer, and the whole year their artist.

2. He who only does not appreciate floral beauty, is to be

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pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers, as effeminate and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could they be gambled with like stocks and public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste, to that power within us, which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through His work, and not for their paltry market value.

3. Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no *weed* can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds when they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest. Flowers growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable, and hardy beyond all discouragement, lose themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue *common* flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine, minutely, a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet, if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

4. How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill-sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of any thing, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

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5. We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition, at which a material thing touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

6. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more life-like than many animals. We commune with flowers—we go to them, if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle! O, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

7. When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down into a deep leaf-covered cavity—birds' notes, especially at night; children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long-absent home, and quite home-sick; or a flute heard from out of a forest, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moonlighted air; or the low conversations of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room where you are convalescing;—when we think of these things, we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect, that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers; for they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

8. It is with flowers as with friends. Many may be loved,

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but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you. But they are color and form only. They seem strangers to you. You have no memories reposed in them. They bring back nothing from Time. They point to nothing in the future. But a wild briar starts a genial feeling. It is the country cousin of the rose; and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it, and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. You remember it as a mother's favorite; it speaks to you of your own childhood—that white rosebush that snowed, in the corner, by the door; that generous bush that blushed red in the garden with a thousand flowers, whose gorgeousness was among the first things that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of childhood.

9. But no flower can be so strange, or so new, that a friendliness does not spring up at once between you. You gather them up along your rambles; and sit down to make their acquaintance on some shaded bank with your feet over the brook, where your shoes feed their vanity as in a mirror. You assort them; you question their graces; you enjoy their odor; you range them on the grass in a row, and look from one to another; you gather them up, and study a fit gradation of colors, and search for new specimens to fill the degrees between too violent extremes. All the while, and it is a long while, if the day be gracious and leisure ample, various suggestions and analogies of life are darting in and out of your mind.

10. This flower is like some friend; another reminds you of mignonnette, and mignonnette always makes you think of such a garden and mansion where it enacted some memorable part; and *that* flower conveys some strange and unexpected resemblance to certain events of society; this one is a bold soldier; that one is a sweet lady dear;—the white flowering bloodroot, trooping up by the side of a decaying log, recalls to your fancy

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a band of white bannered knights; and so your pleased attention strays through a thousand vagaries of fancy, or memory, or vaticinating hope.

11. It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers can not be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

12. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours. You have books, or gems, or services that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little, and do but little. Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

EXERCISE XXV.

1. Ho'-MER, a celebrated poet of antiquity, who lived about the 9th century before the Christian era. Seven cities disputed for the honor of being his birth-place. His great works are the Iliad, which treats of the siege of Ilium, or ancient Troy, and the Odyssey, which has for its subject the return of Ulysses, a great Grecian hero, from Troy to Ithaca, his native country.

2. HEC'-TOR, son of Priam, King of Troy, was the bravest of all the Trojan chiefs that fought against the Greeks during the ten years' siege

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8. AN-DROM'-A-CHE, wife of the celebrated Trojan, Hector, was remarkable for her domestic virtues, and for the constancy of her attachment to her husband. See Exercise CVI., p. 305.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

VICESIMUS KNOX.

1. An active life is exposed to many evils which can not reach a state of retirement; but it is found, by the uniform experience of mankind, to be, upon the whole, productive of the most happiness. All are found desirous of avoiding the listlessness of an unemployed condition. Without the incentives of ambition, of fame, of interest, of emulation, men eagerly rush upon hazardous and painful enterprises. There is a quick succession of ideas, a warm flow of spirits, an animated sensation, consequent on exertion, which amply compensates the chagrin of disappointment and the fatigue of attention.

2. One of the most useful effects of action is, that it renders repose agreeable. Perpetual rest is pain of the most intolerable kind. But a judicious interchange of rest and motion, of indolent enjoyment and strenuous efforts, gives a true relish of life, which, when too tranquil, is insipid, and, when too much agitated, disgustful.

3. This sweet repose, which is necessary to restore, by relaxing the tone of the weary mind, has been sought for by the wisest and greatest of men at their own fireside. Senators and heroes have shut out the acclamations of an applauding world, to enjoy the prattling of their little ones, and to partake the endearments of family conversation. They knew that even their best friends, in the common intercourse of life, were in some degree actuated by interested motives in displaying their affection; that many of their followers applauded them in hopes of reward; and that the giddy multitude, however zealous, were not always judicious in their approbation. But the attentions paid them at their fireside, the smiles which exhilarated their own table, were the genuine result of undissembled love.

4. The nursery has often alleviated the fatigues of the bar and the senate-house. Nothing contributes more to raise the

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gently-pleasing emotions than the view of infant innocence, enjoying the raptures of a game at play. All the sentiments of uncontrolled nature display themselves to the view, and furnish matter for agreeable reflection to the mind of the philosophical observer.

5. To partake with children in their little pleasures, is by no means unmanly. It is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has an influence in amending the heart, which necessarily takes a tincture from the company that surrounds us. Innocence as well as guilt is communicated, and increased by the contagion of example. And the great author of evangelical philosophy has taught us to emulate the simplicity of the infantine age. He seems, indeed, himself to have been delighted with young children, and found in them, what he in vain sought among those who judged themselves their superiors, unpolluted purity of heart.

6. Among the great variety of pictures which the vivid imagination of Homer[1] has displayed throughout the Iliad, there is not one more pleasing than the family piece which represents the parting interview between Hector[2] and Andromache.[3] It deeply interests the heart while it delights the imagination. The hero ceases to be terrible, that he may become amiable. We admire him while he stands completely armed in the field of battle; but we love him more while he is taking off his helmet, that he may not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes.

7. We are refreshed with the tender scene of domestic love, while all around breathe rage and discord. We are pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes, employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love. A professed critic would attribute the pleasing effect entirely to contrast; but the heart has declared, previously to the inquiries of criticism, that it is chiefly derived from the satisfaction which we naturally take in beholding great characters engaged in tender and amiable employments.

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EXERCISE XXVI.

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Emma. I never knew a weary night before!
I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,
And still no William,—and the storm was on,
Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,
The mountain with the lightning all a-blaze,
And shaking with the thunder,—but to-night
Mine eyes refuse to close. (*sl.*) The old man rests:
Pain hath outworn itself, and turn'd to ease.
How deadly calm's the night! (″) What's that? I'm grown
An idiot with my fears. I do not know
The avalanche! Great Power that hurls it down,
Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little steps!
What keeps him? 'tis but four hours' journey hence:
He 'd rest; then four hours back again. *What keeps him?*
Erni would sure be found by him—he knows
The track, well as he knows the road to Altorf!

Melchtal. Help! (*in his sleep.*)

Emma. What's the matter? Only the old man dreaming:
He thinks again they 're pulling out his eyes.
I'm sick with terror! Merciful powers! what 's this
That fills my heart with horrible alarm?
And yet it can not see.

Melch. (*waking.*) Where am I?

Emma. Fáther!

Melch. My daughter, is it thou! Thank Heaven, I'm here!
Is 't day yet?

Emma. No.

Melch. Is 't far on the night!

Emma. Methinks, about the turn on 't.

Melch. Is the boy
Come back?

Emma. No, fáther.

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Melch. Nor thy húsband?

Emma. No.

Melch. A woeful wife and mother have I made thee!
Would thou hadst never seen me.

Emma. Fáther!

Melch. Chíld!

Emma. Methinks I hear a step!—I do! (*knocking.*) A knock!

Melch. 'Tis William!

Emma. No; it is not William's knock. (*Opens the door.*)
I told you so. Your will?

Enter STRANGER.

Stran. Seeing a light,
I e'en made bold to knock, to ask for shelter;
For I have miss'd my way.

Emma. Whence come you, friend?

Stran. From Altorf.

Emma. Altorf! Any news from thence?

Stran. Aye! News to harrow parents' hearts, and make
The barren bless themselves that they are childless!

Emma. May Heaven preserve my boy!

Melch. What say'st thy news?

Stran. Art thou not Melchtal—he whose eyes, 'tis said,
The tyrant has torn out?

Melch. Yes, friend, the same.

Stran. Is this thy cottage?

Melch. No; 'tis William Tell's.

Stran. 'Tis William Tell's—and that's his wife—Good night!

Emma. (*Rushing between him and the door.*)
Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told!

Stran. My news! In sooth 'tis nothing thou wouldst heed.

Emma. 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

Stran. I must be gone.

Emma. Thou seest a tigress, friend,
Spoil'd of her mate and young, and yearning for them.
Don't thwart her! Come, thy news! What fear'st thou, man?

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What more has she to dread, who reads thy looks,
And knows the most has come? Thy news! Is't bondage?
Stran. It is.
Emma. Thank Heaven, it is not death! Of one—
Or two?
Stran. Of two.
Emma. A father and a son?
Is't not?
Stran. It is.
Emma. My husband and my son
Are in the tyrant's power! There's worse than that!
What's that is news to harrow parents' breasts,
The which the thought to only tell, 'twould seem,
Drives back the blood to thine?—Thy news, I say!
Wouldst thou be merciful, this is not mercy!
Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bowman's aim,
Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow speed,
Rather than watch it hanging in the string
Thou'lt drive me mad! Let fly at once!
Melch. Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er it is!
Stran. To save himself and child from certain death,
Tell is to hit an apple, to be placed
Upon the stripling's head.
Melch. My child! my child!
Speak to me! Stranger, hast thou killed her?
Emma. No!
No, father. I'm the wife of William Tell;
Oh, but to be a man! to have an arm
To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong!
Unnatural—insufferable wrong!
When makes the tyrant trial of his skill?
Stran. To-morrow.
Emma. Spirit of the lake and hill,
Inspire thy daughter! On the head of him
Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,

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> Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.
Know'st the signal when the hills shall rise? (*To Melchtal.*)
Melch. Are they to rise?
Emma. I see thou knowest naught.
Stran. Something 's on foot! 'Twas only yesterday,
That, traveling from our canton, I espied
Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load
Of faggots bound. Curious to see what end
Was worthy of such labor, after him
I took the cliff; and saw its lofty top
Receive his load, which went but to augment
A pile of many another.
Emma. 'Tis by fire!
Fire is the signal for the hills to rise! (*Rushes out.*)
Melch. Went she not forth?
Stran. She did—she 's here again,
And brings with her a lighted brand.
Melch. My child,
What dost thou with a lighted brand?
(*Re-enter* EMMA *with a brand.*)
Emma. Prepare
To give the signal for the hills to rise!
Melch. Where are the faggots, child, for such a blaze?
Emma. I 'll find the faggots, father. (*Exit.*)
Melch. She 's gone
Again!
Stran. She is—I think into her chamber.
Emma. (*Rushing in.*)—Father, the pile is fired!
Melch. What pile, my child?
Emma. The joists and rafters of our cottage, father!
Melch. Thou hast not fired thy cottage?—but thou hast!
Alas, I hear the crackling of the flames!
Emma. Say'st thou, alas! when I do say, thank Heaven?
Father, this blaze will set the land a-blaze
With fire that shall preserve, and not destroy it.

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Blaze on! BLAZE ON! O, may'st thou be a beacon
To light its sons enslaved to liberty!
How fast it spreads! A spirit 's in the fire:
It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to the door, and opens it.*)
The land is free!
Yonder 's another blaze! Beyond that, shoots
Another up!—Anon will every hill
Redden with vengeance. Father, come! Whate'er
Betides us, worse we're certain can't befall,
And better may! Oh, be it liberty—
Safe hearts and homes, husbands and children! Come,—
It spreads apace. Blaze on—*blaze on*—BLAZE ON! (*Exeunt.*)

EXERCISE XXVII.

THE INDIAN LAMENT.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

1 MAN'-I-TOU is the name of a kind of charm, or amulet,—a consecrated horn, or feather, or some such thing, worn by the Indians, as a remedy or preventive of disease or evil influence.

1. The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

2. The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast, it is bless'd in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

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3. I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
(*sl.*) I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away

4. This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore;
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the blue-bird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manitou,[1]—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

5. O! then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain;
Red—red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

6. They came to my cabin when heaven was black;
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas:
(*pl.*) My wife and my children,—O, spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE!

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EXERCISE XXVIII.

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1. Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, *downright* good man that ever labored six days and rested on the Sabbath.

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance,—where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth;—his down-sitting and up-rising; all of which appeared to be performed with a conviction afore-thought,—in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order—"to the right-about face—forward—march!"

3. Now, if you supposed, from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift, and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—*himself;* but no man had more weighty and serious conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

5. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts; in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof I

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presume you never any of you saw;—and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. He had, too, a liberal hand,—though his liberality was all by the Rule of Three and Practice. He did to his neighbors exactly as he would be done by,—he loved some things in this world sincerely,—he loved his God *much*, but honored and feared Him more; he was exact with others, he was *more* exact with himself,—and expected his God to be more exact still.

7. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen-corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room" with its sanded floor, and ever-green asparagus bushes,—its cupboard with a glass door in one corner,—and the stand, with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other.

8. There was Aunt Betsy, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could,—who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take into his head to practice either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total.

9. This Aunt Betsy aforenamed, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to, every thing, and though my uncle had

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been twice married, Aunt Betsy's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter.

10. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsy a much less tractable subject than had ever before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmother, until he had arrived at the years of *in*discretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home.

11. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities—such a violater of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was "Sabba-day" or any other day.

12. He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek peering out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw spring caressing winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape; for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing.

13. Once, he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsy's best Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way.

14. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what

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to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining. "Edward, Edward, must not play on Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as a catechism; but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "*best room*," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsy, and all others in authority.

15. At last my uncle came to the conclusion, that "it was n't in *natur* to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was, that he lost all faculty of scolding, when little Edward was in the case; though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But, in process of time, our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school.

16. He went illustriously through the Spelling-book, and then attacked the Catechism; went from "Man's Chief End" to "the Commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen."

17. After this he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the Catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder.

18. But, alas, for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsy tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly

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worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only staid by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity.

19. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he.

20. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. "Oh dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

21. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. "There goes pussy," said he; "oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face; he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life."

22. My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept."

23. The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day, and it rose "with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken.

24. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently, he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry; for, after reading a few verses, he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed

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the book, and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much reverenced, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

25. My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed, and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death; but, oh! how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven.

26. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door.

27. The bells were ringing for church, the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh, Uncle Abel broke forth—"How happy that *cretur* is! Well, the Lord's will be done."

28. That day, the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Year have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gath ered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God.

29. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

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EXERCISE XXIX.

1. PLA'-TO, a most illustrious philosopher of ancient Greece, was born about the year B. C. 429, and died B. C. 347.

2. TUL'-LY, that is, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the chief of Roman orators. He was born at Arpinum, a small town south-east of Rome, B. C. 106, and died, through the instigation of Mark Antony, by the hand of a man whom he had once, it is said, successfully defended in a trial for some serious offense.

3. ROCHE'-FOU-CAULT, a celebrated wit and nobleman of the reign of Louis XIV., was born in the year 1613. He died in 1680. He is chiefly famous for his work entitled "Reflections and Maxims."

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

ADDISON.

1. I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skillful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views.

2. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato,[1] Tully,[2] and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it.

3. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humor with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean

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interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavor to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault,[3] who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

4. I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who, by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions, in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table talk, and staggered his eldest sister.

5. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, until one day, talking of his setter-dog, the son said, "he did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family;" and in the heat of the argument told his father, "that, for his own part, he expected to die like a dog." Upon which, the old man, starting up in a very great passion, cried out; "Then, sir, you shall live like one;" and, taking his cane in his hand, cudgeled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher of the Middle Temple.

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EXERCISE XXX.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments.

2. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs,—we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age.

3. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time, by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us; by attempting something which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard, when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as wel as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence.

4. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling

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which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space, so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested or connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

5. There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

6. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry, only because it is congenial to our nature.

7. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality. It deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of being is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves;—and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do in the prosperity of those who

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follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

EXERCISE XXXI.

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

REV. GEORGE ASPINWALL.

1. Room for a nobleman to pass!
In costly rôbes? in trappings gáy?
A fop tricked out before the glâss?
Nò; clad in sober gray,
A nobleman in *heart* is he,
With *mind* for his nobility.

2. His crest, a soul in virtue strong,
His arms, a heart with candor bright,
Which gold bribes not to what is wrong,
Nor blinds to what is right;
The patent of his courtly race,—
Behold it in his open face!

3. He cringes not on those above,
Nor tramples on the worm below;
Misfortunes can not cool his love,
Or flattery make it grow:
Stanch to his friends in woe or weal,
As is the magnet to the steel.

4. He envies not the deepest sage;
He scoffs not at the meanest wight;
And all the war that he doth wage
Is in the cause of right;

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For broad estate, and waving land,
He has the poor man's willing hand.

5. He is not rích, and yet, indeed,
Has wèalth; nor poór, has stòck, though small;
Nor rích, he gìves so much to need;
Not poór, for on him fall
Such blessings from relieved distress,
To crown his path with hàppiness.

6. Room for a lord, ye truckling crew,
Who round earth's great ones fawn and whine!
Fall back! and gaze on something new;
A lord, at least, in *mind*,—
That bravest work in Nature's plan,
An UPRIGHT, INDEPENDENT MAN.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection at the questions in the first stanza, and the falling at the answer? See Rule I., page 26. 2. What rule for the inflections as marked in the fifth stanza? See Rule IV., page 29.

EXERCISE XXXII.

BE careful to avoid a singing tone in reading this piece; to which there is a strong tendency in unpracticed readers.

BENDEMEER'S* STREAM.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood, 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

2. That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,

* Name of a river near the ruins of Chilminar.

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I think—Is the nightingale singing there yét?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeér?

3. Nò; the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

4. Thus mémory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the inflections, as marked in the 2d and 3d stanzas? 2. How many accented syllables are there in each line? 3. How many unaccented syllables?

EXERCISE XXXIII.

ARACHNE AND MELISSA; OR, THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

HARRIS.

1. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

2. Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the *dark* side of every object. If a new poem makes its appearance with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two

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blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery, which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.

3. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms,—of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy, and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

4. Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the *bright* side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys.

5. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintances. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and, therefore, seldom fails of securing her object. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, un-

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observed before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies.

6. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to anything gloomy or disagreeable. You, therefore, never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbors, or, what is worst of all, their faults and imperfections. If anything of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers once very nearly allied, the *one* is ever sour and dissatisfied, the *other*, always gay and cheerful; the *one* spreads a universal gloom, the *other*, a continual sunshine.

7. There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, will insensibly rob a whole company of its good humor, and fling every member of it into the vapors. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these trifling matters of conversation ought carefully to be attended to.

8. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, will frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure

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from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

9. Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side, and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is, that Melissa has become the wisest and best of women living, and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happiness.

QUESTIONS.—1. On what principle are the words *bright* and *dark*, emphatic, 1st paragraph? Note VII., page 22. 2. On what principle are the inflections marked in the 3d paragraph? Rule IV., page 29. 3. What rule for the inflections as marked in the 2d paragraph? Rule VII., page 31.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

1. THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA was the wild and inhospitable region lying eastward of Jerusalem, in the direction of the river Jordan and the Dead Sea.

2. VIR'-GIL, whose full name was Publius Virgilius Maro, was a celebrated Latin poet, born about seventy years before Christ. His most famous work is an epic poem, called the Æneid, from the hero Æneas, whose wanderings and final settlement in Italy, after the fall of ancient Troy, it commemorates.

3. ATH'-ENS, the celebrated capital of Attica, in ancient Greece, was founded, according to the common account, by Cecrops, B. C. 1550.

4. THE Æ'-GE-AN is that part of the Mediterranean Sea situated between Greece and Asia Minor. It is now called the Archipelago.

5. EUS'-TACE, or EUS-TA'-THI-US, a learned critic, who wrote commentaries upon the works of Homer and other ancient writers. He was born at Constantinople, and flourished in the twelfth century. His commentary upon Homer is said to be an inexhaustible mine of ancient erudition.

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NATURE TO THE EYE OF A CHRISTIAN.

ALISON.

1. Whatever leads our minds habitually to the Author of the Universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the gospel; whatever teaches us to see, in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of Him, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Savior of mankind. But, it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favorable to Christianity: there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature.

2. When our Savior prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea[1] to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and, by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshiper of former times.

3. To all, indeed, the same objects appear—the same sun shines—the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things; to see His spirit "move in the breeze and blossom in the spring," and to read, in the changes which occur in the mate rial world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity, accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty were seen in the world.

4. It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described occasionally the scenes in which they dwelt; but,

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if we except Virgil,[2] whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the gospel, never with any deep feeling of their beauty.

5. Then, as now, the citadel of Athens[3] looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægean[4] Sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight? The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace[5] tells us that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets.

6. The Alps themselves,

> "The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolts of snow,"

even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit which, to the Christian, gives the sublimity of these scenes.

EXERCISE XXXV.

THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXXI.

1. Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

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2. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

3. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

4. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

5. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

6. She riseth, also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

7. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

8. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

9. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

10. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

11. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

12. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

13. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

14. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

15. She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

16. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

17. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

18. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

19. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.

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20. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

21. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

22. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

1. "Oh, mother, I 've been with an angel to-day!
I was out, alone, in the forest, at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if 'Come, oh brother!' it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

2. "And, 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And, mother, O never was being so bright,
As the one which then beam'd on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
His eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!

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And, somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And whispered so softly and gently to me,
(*p.*) 'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee

3. "And then on my forehead he tenderly press'd
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast.
(=) As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That play'd in my tresses, and rustled the trees.
At last on my head a deep blessing he pour'd,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soar'd!
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seem'd to float there like a glittering star.
Yet still my eyes follow'd his radiant flight,
Till, lost in the azure, he pass'd from my sight!
Then, oh, how I fear'd, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
(*p.*) When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

4. Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart;
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom!
Oh, how his young footsteps she watch'd day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see,
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

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5. Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
(pl.) As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she press'd!
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.
"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight—
But I hear your low sobbings,—dear mother, good-by,
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there,—but, oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasp'd on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest,
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

EXERCISE XXXVII.

THE LIFE-VOYAGE.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

1. Once in the olden time there dwelt,
Beside the sounding sea,
A little maid,—her garb was coarse,
Her spirit pure and free.

2. Her parents were a humble twain,
And poor as poor could be;
Yet gayly sang the guileless child,
Beside the sounding sea.

3. The hut was bare, and scant the fare,
And hard her little bed;
But she was rich! A single gem
Its beauty round her shed.

4. She walk'd in light!—'twas all her wealth—
That pearl, whose lustrous glow

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Made her white forehead dazzling fair,
And pure as sunlit snow.

5. Her parents died! With tears she cried,
"God will my father be!"
Then launched alone her shallop light,
And bravely put to sea.

6. The sail she set was virgin-white,
As inmost lily leaf,
And angels whisper'd her from heaven,
To loose it, or to reef.

7. And ever on the dancing prow
One glorious brilliant burn'd,
By whose clear ray she read her way,
And every danger learn'd:

8. For she had hung her treasure there,
Her heaven-illumined pearl!
And so she steer'd her lonely bark,
That fair and guileless girl!

9. The wind was fresh, the sails were free,
(″) High dash'd the diamond spray,
And, merrily leaping o'er the sea,
The light skiff left the bay!

10. But soon false, evil spirits came,
(*sl.*) And strove, with costly lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

11. They swarmed around the fragile boat,
They brought her diamonds rare,
To glisten on her graceful throat,
And bind her flowing hair!

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12. They brought her gold from Afric-land,
And from the sea-king's throne
They pilfer'd gems, to grace her hand
And clasp her virgin zone.

13. But still she shook the silken curl
Back from her beaming eyes,
And cried,—"I bear my spotless pearl
Home, home to yonder skies!

14. "Now shame ye not your ocean gems
And Eastern gold to show?
Behold! how mine outburns them all!
God's smile is in its glow!"

15. Fair blows the wind, the sail swells free,
(♎) High shoots the diamond spray,
And merrily o'er the murmuring sea
The light boat leaps away!

16. They swarm'd around the fragile bark,
They strove with costlier lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

17. "We bring thee rank,—we bring thee power,—
We bring thee pleasures free,—
No empress, in her silk-hung bower,
May queen her realm like thee!

18. "Now yield us up the one white pearl!
'Tis but a star whose ray
Will fail thee, rash, devoted girl,
When tempests cloud thy way."

19. But still she smiled a loftier smile,
And raised her frank, bright eyes,

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And cried,—"I bear my vestal star
(<) Home, home to yonder skies!"

20. The wind is fresh—the sail swells free—
(") High shoots the diamond spray!
And merrily o'er the moaning sea
The light boat leaps away!

21. Suddenly, stillness broods around,
(%) A stillness as of death,
Above, below—no motion, sound!
Hardly a struggling breath!

22. Then wild and fierce the tempest came,
(%) The dark wind-demons clash'd
Their weapons swift—the air was flame!
The waves in madness dash'd!

23. They swarm'd around the tossing boat—
"Wilt yield thy jewel *nów?*
Look! look! already drenched in spray,
It trembles at the prow.

24. "Be *ours* the gem! and, safely launched
Upon a summer sea,
Where never cloud may frown in heaven,
Thy pinnace light shall be!"

25. But still she smiled a fearless smile,
And raised her trusting eyes,
And cried,—"I bear my talisman
(<) Home, home to yonder skies!"

26. And safe through all that blinding storm
The true bark floated on,

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And soft its pearl-illumined prow
Through all the tumult shone!

27. An angel, guided through the clouds
By that most precious light,
Flew down the fairy helm to take,
And steer the boat aright.

28. Then died the storm upon the sea!
High dash'd the diamond spray,
(") And merrily leaping light and free,
The shallop sail'd away.

29. And meekly, when at eve her bark
Its destined port had found,
She moor'd it by the mellow spark
Her jewel shed around!

30. Would'st know the name the maiden wóre?
'Twas Innòcence—like thine!
Would'st know the pearl she nobly bóre?
'Twas Trùth—a gem divine!

31. *Thou* hast the jewel—keep it bright,
Undimmed by mortal fear,
And bathe each stain upon its light
With Grief's repentant tear!

32. Still shrink from falsehood's fairest guise,
By flattery unbeguiled;
Still let thine heart speak from thine eyes,
My pure and simple child!

QUESTIONS.—1. How, according to the notation marks, should the 20th, 21st, and 22d verses be read? 2. Why the rising inflection on *now*, 23d stanza? 3. What rule for the inflections, as marked in the 30th stanza?

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EXERCISE XXXVIII.

THERE IS A GOD.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

1. There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, "There is no God."*

2. Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe.

3. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking, fatigued and burning, in the shades of the evening, re-appear, at the same instant, fresh and humid with the rosy dew of morning! At every instant of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance.

4. The bright splendor is, perhaps, that which nature can present, that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity.

* What is the person who says,—"There is no God," called in Scripture? See Psalm xiv., v. 1.

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EXERCISE XXXIX.

A NIGHT IN THE DESERTS OF THE NEW WORLD.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

1. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara. Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World. An hour after sunset, the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales.

2. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

3. The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and re-appeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf.

4. A few birches agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while in the distance, at intervals, the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which,

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prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

5. The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields does the imagnation seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men, but, in those savage regions, the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.

EXERCISE XL.

1. THE BEAU-IDEAL is the idea, or conception of what is perfect; an image, in the mind, of beauty without blemish or deformity of any kind.

2. THE VENUS OF FLORENCE is a celebrated statue of the goddess Venus, in the imperial gallery at Florence. Though small, it is of beautiful proportions and exquisite finish, but with a face of little expression, as observed in the piece below.

PLAINNESS *versus* BEAUTY.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. The very admiration we bestow on beauty tends to diminish its title to esteem. The possessor of the quality becomes puffed up with the homage of our gaze, and deems nothing else to be necessary to secure approbation. But though this is the usual and plain-sailing way of accounting for the inferiority of character, which too often attends good looks, there is, perhaps, another and better reason for our never attaching the idea of intellectual or moral excellence to beauty.

2. There is considerable reason for supposing that the beau-ideal[1] of beauty is also the beau-ideal of insipidity, and that it is only in certain degrees of departure from the former property, that we find certain degrees of exemption from the latter. Thus, the exquisite Venus of Florence,[2] the wonder

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and the passion of the world, is not less remarkable for the absence of every appearance of mental charm, than for the possession of every animal grace.

3. And, if we cast back upon all the faces we have most admired, we will be apt to confess, in regard to most of them, that it was not perfect beauty, but only some approach to it, that we were delighted with. There seems to be a mysterious sense, either the result of frequent observation, or an in nate and instinctive faculty, which leads us to attach ideas of uncertainty and emptiness to beauty, even at the moment our eye is gratified with the sight of it. It is only considered as a tincture, a rainbow in the heaven of the human face, a finery which is presently to pass away, leaving something tawdry behind. Plain looks are something in the regular course of things—a consistent, uniform peculiarity; but beauty is a mere accident.

4. It is in the female face that beauty is most advantageous and least harmful. It is natural there; we look for it; and, when we find it in a certain degree, it usually conveys a pleasing impression. Even here, however, we still allow it only the admiration due to a thing affecting the physical surface, and are apt to look with more expectation to a plain face for those inner qualities which are most entitled to esteem. We look on beauty as we look upon the rose—the fairest of flowers while it lasts, but proverbially short-lived and easily blighted.

5. Plainness, on the other hand, is the unpretending evergreen which is to adorn our garden with a certain steady amount of good looks all the year round. Beauty seems to have an unfortunate effect upon the most of females, filling them with affectation and conceit. Hence, it often happens that men retire with contempt and indignation from the temple of vain beauty, and unite themselves with homely good sense and true unpretending gentleness.

6. Look around both the natural and the artificial world, and it will be found that similar associations are every where

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awakened. Whatever is most beautiful in the sky, on the ground, in the tribes of animated nature, carries to us the impression of *brevity of duration* and *insolidity of substance.* I might except the heavenly bodies, if I thought it strictly proper to style those objects beautiful. The blossom passes away before the leaf, and the leaf falls, while the tree, the least beautiful of the whole, remains. The goldfinch is the creature of a few summers, while the raven lives a century.

7. The air fills in an hour with creatures that seem shed prismatically from sunbeams, but which, in another hour, sink back into their real nativity, the dust. The gay poppy is but a weed; the food of man is found in the bristling and repulsive corn. In the artificial world we habitually expect the sound and plain to go together.

8. A gaudy-colored dress is usually a thin thing of gingham and gauze, designed only to be worn for a few sunshiny forenoons. The most valuable articles of attire are generally simple in form and hue; and so accustomed are we to judge accordingly, that to make an unsubstantial thing sober in color, would be the surest way to gain for it some share of sincere esteem.

EXERCISE XLI.

THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

1. O! the old, old clock of the household stock,
   Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
   Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
   And its chimes rang still the sweetest;
   'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
   Yet they lived, though nations altered;
   And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
   When the voice of friendship faltered;
(") "Tick! tick!" it said, "quick, quick to bed;
   For ten I 've given warning;

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Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You 'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"

2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air looked coldly:
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick out of bed;
For five I 've given warning;
You 'll never have health, you 'll never have wealth,
Unless you 're up soon in the morning!"

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
(*pl.*) And the old friends lost for ever!
Its heart beats on,—though hearts are gone,
That beat like ours, though stronger;
Its hands still move,—though hands we love,
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick! tick!" it said, "to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning:
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

EXERCISE XLII.

1. PROMETHEAN, pertaining to Prometheus; who, according to the old mythology of the Greeks, was exposed to the wrath of Jupiter, on account of his having taught mortals the arts, and especially the use of fire: stealing it, for that purpose, from heaven, and concealing it in a pipe, or hollow staff.

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NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

ELIZA COOK.

I.

Whom do we dub as gèntleman? The knàve, the foòl, the brùte,
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line,—the ribbon at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree!

II.

But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She molds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting: "Who can make a gentleman like mine?

III.

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart.
She may not choose ancestral fame, his pathway to illume;
The sun that sheds the brightest day, may rise from mist and gloom.

IV.

Should Fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round:
The treasure sent, is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman,—the good,—the just,—the kind.

V.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where Sorrow's offspring dwell,
He 'll greet the peasant in his hut, the culprit in his cell,
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.

VI.

The orphan child,—the friendless one,—the luckless or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door.

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His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe,
An honest name his jeweled star, truth his ermine robe.

VII.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control:
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or heed the brawling strife.

VIII.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue;
He 's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young.
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

IX.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He 'll suit his bearing to the hour,—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.

X.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed.
Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is,—"If the heart mean well, may all else be for given!"

XI.

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts, too oft are found, all gross, corrupt and dark,
Yet, yet, some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark.

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XII.

There are some spirits, nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still, when dashed by adverse tide;
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the falling inflection on *gentleman*, first line, first stanza? 2. Why the falling on the *knave, fool*, and *brute*, same line? See Rule II. page 27. 3. On what principle is the word *her* emphatic, in the second and twelfth stanzas? See Note VII. p. 22.

EXERCISE XLIII.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOW

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;

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A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,

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In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

EXERCISE XLIV.

TRUE ESTIMATE OF CHARACTER.

TATTLER.

1. It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behavior, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For, if a man be loaded with riches and honors, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labor, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself?

2. Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. "It is not," says he, "to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar,

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but who acts prince or beggar best." The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behavior in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction.

3. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world; for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behavior to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

4. This sense of mankind is so far from a leveling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

EXERCISE XLV.

NOVELTY.

HENRY GROVE.

1. One advantage of our inclination for novelty is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee! Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor; to him that is accustomed to them, they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images or

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more sublime satisfactions, than the plain man may have, whose small estate will just enable him to support the charge of a simple, unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds.

2. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when, by custom, a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

3. To add no more—is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for; for there can not be a greater instance of vanity than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction.

4. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of: "Surely," say I to myself, "life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who, from the vanity of life, can not gather that he is designed for immortality."

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EXERCISE XLVI.

A PITIABLE PATIENT.

PHYSICIAN AND LADY.

Phys. Madam, you look exceedingly well this morning: I hope you feel yourself recovered from your indisposition.

Lady (*rather warmly*). I am astonished, sir, that a gentleman of your skill should be deceived by appearances: I was never worse in my life.

Phys. (*smiling*). Indeed! will you favor me with some account of the symptoms of your illness?

Lady. Really, I can do no such thing: all I feel assured of is, that I am altogether in a state of torture.

Phys. What! madam, are you in bodily pain?

Lady. No. I have a horrid freedom from *any* pain.

Phys. Some painful object, perhaps, affects your mind?

Lady. No, sir. My agony is, that I have not one subject which can, in the smallest degree, interest me: I would give a hundred pounds for some serious cause of grief, something over which I could weep profusely.

Phys. Your case is certainly pitiable, but I hope not without remedy. Will you allow me to ask you, madam, how you have spent the last week?

Lady. Upon my word, sir, it is out of my power to comply with your request. I really keep no journal, and my memory has not such a prodigious tenacity as you suppose. I will endeavor to give you an account of the last two days. Aye—this is Wednesday. Well, sir, I rose on Monday morning, and—

Phys. May I ask at what hour you rose?

Lady (*with a slight blush*). It was rather late: two o'clock, I believe; but I had been at a party during almost the whole of the preceding night. As soon as I was dressed, I rode to the Park.

Phys. You have not mentioned your breakfast. I hope you did not omit that essential meal.

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Lady (*a little vexed*). I—I took my breakfast in bed. Well, sir, the Park was so crowded that my carriage could hardly move along: this would not have annoyed me much, but unfortunately it was a very cold day, and, having a slight rheumatism in my face, I could not venture to put down the window; so that, sir, I had no opportunity of showing my new French head-dress and shawl. You will allow, sir, that this was a very mortifying circumstance.

Phys. Be assured, madam, of my sympathy.

Lady. Well, sir: I returned home in expectation of finding Professor B——, who had promised to dedicate a concerto to me: the traitor was not there, but in his stead a letter of apology, in which he pretended to recollect that he was under a previous obligation to dedicate the thing to Lady Belville; but I understand the whole affair—she has been bribing him.

I flung away the letter in contempt; but what was I to do with my spare time? It wanted nearly three hours to dinner, and as my toilet only occupies two, I had an hour upon my hands. It was impossible to have recourse to my music, having been so recently ill treated by one of its professors; books I cannot read; even French tales have become insipid. Luckily I fell asleep.

In the evening, I went to Mrs. Merton's rout; but, such is my ill fortune, that I really think that there is a conspiracy to reduce me to a state of apathy. Would you believe it, sir, that, although I played till three o'clock in the morning, I could neither win nor lose, though I made every effort in my power by extravagant betting and careless playing. You see that my case is hopeless.

Phys. Tolerably bad; but I trust not incurable.

Lady. You will change your opinion when you hear more. I was determined yesterday morning to indemnify myself for the vexations of the preceding day: I ordered my carriage by two o'clock, and had already put on my favorite French bonnet and shawl, when a servant came in and announced my mischievous cousin, Lady Courton.

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It was no slight evil to be interrupted just as I was going on my morning expedition; but what was my horror, when Lady Courton entered with a shawl twice as beautiful as my own! I nearly fainted: she saw my distress, and instantly discovered the cause of it; but, with her usual malice, began to tease me by desiring me to admire it, and to guess its value.

After harassing me for half an hour, she observed that she would not detain me, as I appeared to be going out. We went down stairs together; but, to my astonishment, I could not see her carriage. "What's the matter, my dear cousin?" she exclaimed. "Where's your carriage?" I asked. "Is that all?" she said, laughing: "O—I sent it away; for you must know that I intended to lounge away the morning with you at your pianoforte; but, as you are for a ride, I'll accompany you." Was ever any thing so consummately ill-natured? You know, sir, it was quite impossible that I could take her into my chariot, and make myself a foil to show her finery. I felt a sudden giddiness, and declined going out.

Phys. It certainly was a matter of much embarrassment, but I doubt whether it amounted to a physical or moral impossibility.

Lady. The case, sir, is so peculiarly feminine, that I can not allow you to be an adequate judge of it.

Phys. Your reproof is very just. But how did you spend the remainder of the day, which began so miserably?

Lady. Worse and worse. My cousin tormented me till nine o'clock, when I left her and went to the opera.

Phys. Here, madam, you received, no doubt, some pleasurable compensation for the troubles of the day.

Lady. Quite the contrary. I was tired to death. How could it be otherwise, when I heard only one tolerable song, and saw only one tolerable dancer. I was engaged to a supper party at Lady Belville's; but as I knew that treacherous professor would be there, I would not go to swell her insolent triumph: so I drove home, and went to bed. Now, sir,

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you have heard my case, what remedy do you suggest for my miseries?

Phys. My remedy, I am afraid, will not be very palatable; but I will stake my reputation on its efficacy. In the first place, madam, I must positively insist that you go but to one rout in a week, if to any.

Lady. Monstrous and impossible!

Phys. It may be so, madam; but you must vanquish the monster, and make "impossibility slight work." In the next place, you must never breakfast in bed, but must rise—let me see, I will not be too harsh—at eight o'clock, under penalty of—

Lady. What penalty, sir?

Phys. Under penalty, madam, of losing that cheerful bloom of your complexion, and that elastic elegance of your limbs, for which you are now so justly celebrated.

Lady. Sir, you seem a judicious person, but your prescription is very rigid.

Phys. In the third place, you must become more independent of your dress. I see, madam, and understand that contemptuous frown; but hear me further. While you rely for fame on the splendor or beauty of your dress, you are likely to be perpetually worsted by the lucky purchaser of some more exquisite ornament, or the ingenious propagator of some new fashion. Surely, madam, it will be better to trust to the irresistible graces of your person—I speak, madam, merely professionally—to the enchanting character of your conversation, than to a French bonnet or a French shawl. You will thus be sure of perpetual admiration; for I can not learn that you need fear any competitors on this score.

Lady (*smiling most graciously*). I am sure, sir, you will never find me an intractable patient: you know, sir, I always had the utmost confidence in your judgment.

Phys. You do me honor, madam. In the fourth place, you must not give up your music, because a mean-minded professor has so shamefully affronted you. I presume, madam, that

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you have no cause of complaint against Mozart; he can not have been so ungrateful as to offend a lady who adds grace to his most consummate harmonies.

Lady (*affecting to laugh*). You are very pleasant this morning, sir; and really your advice seems very reasonable: I shall consider it very seriously. But come, sir, I feel as if I were much better. The carriage, I see, is at the door; and you must allow me to ask your company to Johnson's, where I want your judgment on a picture which I think of purchasing. Your carriage can follow.

Phys. I have not much time for viewing pictures, but I shall be proud to attend you for a short time. I am glad to see you so much better.

Lady. My spirits are much less depressed than they were.

Phys. If you follow my advice, you will continue to be equally cheerful as now.

Lady. We will talk more about that as we ride along. You must not administer your remedy all at one time. But come, sir, the carriage is ready.

Phys. I attend you, madam. (*Aside.*) O Flattery! were you never used for worse purposes, a flatterer might become, in some sense, a benefactor of the race.

EXERCISE XLVII.

About ten miles to the south of Dublin, and just on the borders of the county of Wicklow, is situated a very beautiful and romantic glen, called "the Dargle," the joint property of Lord Monk, and the Hon. James Grattan, son of the late celebrated orator. To this chosen spot many a gay and happy party repair from the noise and bustle of the city, to enjoy its delightful scenery, a cold dinner in "Grattan's Cottage," and a dance at evening on the grass. A rock, which is called the "Lover's Leap, rises to a considerable hight above the glen. The circumstance which gave it that name, is detailed in the following little poem, which is supposed to be recited near the spot.

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THE LOVER'S LEAP.

LITERARY MAGNET.

1 Behold yon beetling rock, whose brow
Hangs pending o'er the glen below;
A tale, not easily forgot,
Is told of that same fearful spot;
And thus it runs:—One summer's day,
A bridal party blithe and gay,
Came hither to enjoy the scene,
And dance at evening on the green.
Maria was the gentle bride,
Her husband's joy, her parents' pride,
That morning sun arose, to shed
Its luster on her happy head,
But ere its parting beams glanc'd down,
On valley green, and mountain brown,
A mourning bride she was!———

2. They laugh'd and revel'd till the sun
In heav'n his mid-day course begun,
When, to avoid the scorching heat,
In groups they sought some cool retreat.
Maria, with her bosom friend,
In yonder grove, retir'd to spend
An hour of confidence, and share
The breezes that were sporting there;
While William, full of hope and joy,
His happy moments to employ,
Wound through that rocky path to gain
A prospect of the neighb'ring plain,
Which, bounded by the distant skies,
In variegated beauty lies.

3. His steps were watch'd, his way pursued,
By one who thirsted for his blood,

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Inflam'd by jealousy and fir'd
By fiendish rage, he but desir'd
To live to strike a deadly blow,
And lay his hated rival low.
He lov'd Maria, and he strove,
By every stratagem of love,
To captivate her gentle heart;
But vain he found his ev'ry art,
That undivided realm to share,
For William rul'd supremely there.

4. Enraged and stung, his hair he tore,
A deep and deadly vengeance swore.
And, to fulfill his dark intent,
The bridal morn he chose to vent
His smother'd rage. He trac'd his way,
Like blood-hound hov'ring on his prey,
Silent and sure. (″) While gay and light,
The happy bridegroom climbed the hight,
Borne on the wings of bliss—elate,
And thoughtless of impending fate,
He just had gain'd the dizzy place,
And felt the fresh breeze fan his face,
(℅) When pale and trembling in his ire,
With quiv'ring lip, and eye of fire,
His foe sprung on the fatal spot—
Their conference was brief and hot:

5. Insult began, (=) defiance flash'd,—
A rash and sudden blow was dash'd—
They grasp'd, they strove, they strain'd for breath
Their struggle was the strife of death.
Twice to the dizzy ledge they roll'd,
Clasp'd in each other's deadly fold,
And twice they backward fell, and then
Renew'd the fatal fight again;

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The aim of each was now to throw,
His rival on the rocks below.

6. To compromise they bade adieu,
And nothing short of death would do.
They spoke no word of rage or hate,
But, in each fearful pause of fate,
Panting for breath, pale, parch'd, and spent,
Their looks still gave defiance vent.
(*p.*) No sound was heard, no hand was nigh,
To hold an olive-branch; the sky,
As if it smiled upon the fight,
Was still, blue, beautiful, and bright.

7. Again the frightful steep they eye'd,
And, struggling hard, again they tried
To fling each other down. At length,
William's activity and strength,
Had work'd his now exhausted foe,
Just to the grave that yawned below;
One effort more, and he was free,—
But, in this dire extremity,
His rival drew a deadly blade,
One sure and fatal plunge he made,
The weapon pierc'd young William's breast,
A groan and struggle marked the rest.

8. The victor's eye no longer flash'd,
The cold drops from his brow he dash'd,
(*ai.* o) And slowly rose; his haggard look
Betray'd his soul. He shudder'd, shook,
And glanc'd around, with timid eye,
To see no evidence was nigh;
Then dragged the body to the edge,
And from the steep and dizzy ledge,

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He hurl d it over rocks and all;
'Twas dash'd to pieces from the fall.

9. And then he silently withdrew.
The bloody story no man knew:
The mangled limbs were found, and all
Lamented William's luckless fall.
'Twas thought, in clambering the hight
And turning, that his brain grew light:
Or that some faithless crag gave way,
And hurl'd him from the sight of day,
To instant death. Maria's grief
Was silent, but beyond relief.

10. Deep in a gloomy solitude,
She kept her maiden widowhood,
For three sad years; and, when, at last,
Her lonely boundary she passed,
To mingle in the world again,
All friendly efforts were in vain
Her pensive moments to beguile,
Or raise one melancholy smile.

11. At last she died, and time roll'd on,
Till years were counted twenty-one
Since that sad bridal-day—the steep
Had long been named—"the Lover's Leap."
Although the dismal story then
Was fading from the minds of men,
When, writhing on his bed of death,
The murd'rer, with his dying breath,
In deepest agony revealed
The fearful tale so long conceal'd,
And then he raving—DIED!

QUESTION.—1. What pause is required for a just reading of the last line? See page 43.

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EXERCISE XLVIII.

THE WHIRLWIND.

MISS JULIET H. LEWIS

1. The whirlwind "would take a walk one day,"
(And a very fast "walker is he,")
So bustling about,
He at length set out,
With a step right blithe and free.

2. 'Twas plainly seen, as he rushed along,
He was bent on frolic that day;
(") He whistled with glee,
Or sung merrily,
For his heart was glad and gay.

3. His path lay straight through the dark green wood,
And away o'er the mountain's broad brow;
His track you might trace,
In every place;
For he left his mark, I trow.

4. The aspen was first to hear his voice,
And she shook through each branch at the sound;
The timid young tree
Trembled fearfully,
As she sank upon the ground.

5. The hickory heard his sister fall,
And exclaimed, with an ill-natured sneer,
"She 's nervous to-day,
And doth fade away;
Such weakness can't flourish here."

6. As onward the whirlwind came, he heard
The rude scoffer unfeelingly jest;

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So wrenching about
His old trunk, so stout,
The strong one was laid to rest.

7. The pine saw the hickory's shivered trunk,
And bowed low as the wind whistled past;
But the courtesy
Of the nodding tree
Did save her from the blast.

8. The oak, in defiance, tossed his head;
For a veteran right bold was he;
But a single stroke
Felled the mighty oak;
Alas! for the proud old tree!

9. On! (<) onward still! and his mighty breath
Sings an anthem of glad triumph now,
And he laughs to see
Each old forest tree,
At his coming, meekly bow.

10. The blooming rose heard the whirlwind's voice,
And it filled her with weighty alarms;
But he loved the blush
Of the flowering bush,
And bore her off in his arms.

11. On! (<) onward still! o'er the land he sweeps,
With wreck, and ruin, and rush, and roar,
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
But speeds to the spoils before!

QUESTION.—1. How, according to the notation marks, should 9th and 11th stanzas be read?

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EXERCISE XLIX.

KNOW BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. Amongst the petty dishonesties of common life, there are some more hurtful, but, perhaps, none more paltry, than that of pretending to know where one is ignorant. It is a fault into which many not ill-meaning persons are drawn, from a false shame which would probably be checked, if any immediate evil consequences seemed likely to flow from it. They dislike to appear at a loss, or defeated, or under a short-coming about any thing; and thus are tempted either to affect knowledge where they have it not, or in some way to allow it to be supposed, that they are not ignorant. For example; some one adverts to a fact in science with which he is familiar.

2. Perhaps it is brought forward for the instruction or entertainment of the rest,—perhaps to show his own knowledge,—perhaps only in the fair course of conversation; no matter how it may be in this respect—the point, at present, in question, is the want of candor in the persons whom he is addressing, in hearing as if they understood that and all the related facts, putting on an intelligent look, assenting to the proposition as if convinced of its soundness, and, perhaps, even hazarding some remarks, that may favor the supposition of their being as well informed on the subject as the first speaker. Or, perhaps, a passage of a classic or foreign author is quoted — pedantically or otherwise, it matters not; what I have to remark is the unconscientiousness of the rest of the company, or of particular members of it, in letting the thing pass as an intelligible part of the discourse, and appearing to sanction its appositeness, when, in reality, they are either altogether ignorant of the language, in which it is written, or have been unable to follow the sense of the passage with any degree of clearness.

3. When any rational and well-meaning person feels his

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self tempted into such courses, let him only consider how absurd it is to suppose, that there can be any real disgrace in being ignorant of any particular fact whatever. Science is a vast field,—so is learning,—insomuch that there can be no man in existence acquainted with the whole of either. The most eminent in both scientific knowledge and learning know only a part, and are liable to be found ignorant of much. This is well known, and universally acknowledged.

4. When, therefore, any ordinary person is found unacquainted with some particular fact, or even with some entire science, or some whole language, there is no reason why he should be deemed a generally ignorant man. It may be presumed that, if he is ignorant of one thing, he is conversant with another, *as is the case with the most eminent students;* and thus he may pass very well, though openly acknowledging that, on the point in question, he is blank as a new-born babe. These considerations apply with particular force to the last of the above classes of cases. The knowledge is there of a kind which no rational person attempts to make himself master of. It is rather discreditable, in some little measure, to be too well read in such facts. And how well may a man fulfill his duties in the world, and how well informed may he be in what is useful and serviceable, although he does not know one fact in the topography of Ceylon!

5. If these considerations fail, let us only reflect for a moment on the disgrace of being detected in an attempt to conceal ignorance. There is a story of Sheridan having once apparently quoted a passage from a Greek poet in the House of Commons, when in reality he only uttered a gabble resembling Greek. An honorable gentleman, who spoke after him, fully assented to the application of the passage to the case in question. How ineffably ridiculous must that man have appeared when Sheridan disclosed the trick! This is a dishonor, to which every one is exposed who, in any way, however slight or negative, affects to appear knowing where he is ignorant.

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6. The practice is also to be regarded as very injurious to conversation. Indeed, when one remembers how much of the time of most social assemblages is occupied in the vaporings of those who would fain be thought knowing, or in worrying down the assertions hazarded by ignorant effrontery, or in allowing those who know nothing, on the point in question, to speak of something else not called for, merely that they may seem to know something; and when he contrasts this uninstructive jabber with the comparatively well-authenticated statements to be found in books, he might almost be tempted to think that a page well read is worth a whole evening of ordinary conversation. Perhaps it would really be so, if there were not in conversation a gratification to a different part of the mental nature, the social feelings, and, also, an excitement which occasionally scintillates new and original ideas, and leads to profitable trains of thought and inquiry for the future.

7. Speaking vaguely in ignorance, and then defending what has been said, is another of the great banes of conversation in all except highly-accomplished circles; and I have often wished for the presence of some one who, having committed a whole encyclopædia, almanac, and ready-reckoner to his mind, would be able to correct all wide and false speaking, and thus check long endless discussions in the outset. I once witnessed the good effects of such a monitor, in the course of an excursion in an Irish steamer. Some young men were delivering their ideas about a variety of matters in the usual loose way, and one of them, at length, remarked of the pyramids, that they were so very high, that he verily believed the Wicklow hills were a joke to them.

8. "I should think not," said a solemn, quiet-looking man. "The pyramids are known to be very much less than the Wicklow mountains."

"And did you ever see the py'ramids, then?"

"No, sir."

"But *I* have; and I can tell you, the Wicklow hills are nothing at all beside them."

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9. "I am sorry, sir," resumed the solemn man, "that I can not join you in that opinion. Although I have not seen the pyramids, I know their measure by the accounts of the best authors. The largest is now fixed at five hundred and forty-three feet high. But the Wicklow hills are generally from two to three thousand feet. Besides, pyramids are only the one-third of prisms of equal base and hight, and the solidity is as one-third of the area of the base by the hight; while the Wicklow hills, being of a swelling form, must, in proportion to hight, give more solid contents."

10. Here was one assertion of loud ignorance completely put down. But another was not long wanting.

"What sad accounts these are for the ladies!" remarked one of the young men; "I mean the accounts which are published of the greater number of women than men in our principal cities, as ascertained by the late census."

11. "What can it be owing to?" inquired another.

"Why, I suppose it must be owing to a vast number of men being taken away as emigrants, soldiers, and sailors, and to so many of them getting killed in battle and otherwise."

"I should rather think there must be more women born than men."

"Oh, not at all; the numbers must be equal at first, you know."

"I know nothing of the kind. There can not be so very many men carried away to the colonies and the army. It must be owing to the greater number of girls born. Why, nearly every family I know has more girls than boys."

12. "Well, for my part, I can not see how the sexes should not be equal at first."

"But they can not be equal, I tell you!"

Thus commenced a dispute which was kept up stoutly on both sides for a quarter of an hour, without one particle of real information on either; when, at length, one of the con-

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tending parties asked the solemn man, if he did not think his view of the question right.

13. "No; I don't," said the solemn man, "neither of you is right. On the average of European countries, a hundred and six boys are born for every hundred girls. If, therefore, the two sexes had an equal chance of life, and remained in equal circumstances, there should be a preponderance of males to that extent. To account for the opposite being the case, we may chiefly look to the ascertained greater value of female than male life.

14. "A man at forty has the expectation of twenty-seven more years; but a woman of forty has the expectation of thirty-one years; and so on in proportion at other ages. The superiority of female to male life is partly, no doubt, owing to the comparative exemption of women from the severer hardships of life, and from warfare; but it is probably owing, in most part, to the superior adaptation of their constitutions to the existing general circumstances of society, as the excess of male mortality is greatest in infancy: the deaths of boys in the first year in Europe being as about four to three of girls.

15. It was, of course, pedantic to have so much out-of-the-way knowledge at command; but its effect in the present case, in stopping short what would probably have been an incessant wrangle for the remainder of the voyage, made me truly thankful, that the solemn man had chanced to be of our company. I am no advocate for all men being crammed with facts such as those which this individual could bring forth so readily; but it is surely no unreasonable demand that, when men are totally ignorant of any subject, they will refrain from disputing about it; that, in short, they should KNOW BEFORE THEY SPEAK.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *pyramid*, and the falling on *No*, 8th paragraph? See Rule I., page 26. 2. What kind of emphasis on *I*, same paragraph? See Note vii., page 22.

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EXERCISE L.

THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

J. HOGG.

1. It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was endowed with a better half, so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant —but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offenses visited upon a scape-goat.

2. This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

3. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

4. Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There

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were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his mis-shapen frame.

5. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his mid-day repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez, and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

6. One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon, and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary, or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

7. Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life He never anticipated fame or fortune; the hight of his ambition, or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

8. Now, alas! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words

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of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber.

9. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want, if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance?

10. An idea seemed, at last, to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art, collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination, after his death.

11. Something whispered the weary Duhobret, that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture-dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

12. "What do you call your picture?" at length, said he

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carefully looking at it. "It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

13. The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret. "Hem! it is too *odd* to please, I should think; I can promise you no more than three thalers."

14. Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

15. The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he, despondingly to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale. "What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

16. "Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer, to whom he had first thought of applying.

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17. "Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers," at length, thundered the picture-dealer.

18. "Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

19. "Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture-dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—"Twenty thousand!"

20. His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!" The crestfallen picture-dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

21. How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, "After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!" When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

22. The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his

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thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and he again rubbed his eyes.

23. The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

24. Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas, for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback, and afterwards passed into the possession of the king of Bavaria.

EXERCISE LI.

MORTALITY.

KNOX.

1. Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
(') Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
(>) He passes from life to his rest in the grave!

2. The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

3. The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother *that* infant's affection that proved,
The husband *that* mother and infant that blest—
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

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4. The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and prais'd,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

5. The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

6. The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

7. The saint that enjoy'd the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

8. So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even there we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

9. For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

10. The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
The life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

11. They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
(o) They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;

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They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joy'd—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

12. They died! (*pl.*) aye, they died; and we things that *are* now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

13 Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

14. 'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

QUESTIONS.—1. How, according to the notation, should the first stanza be read? 2. How the eleventh and twelfth stanzas? 3. What direction is given for securing the distinct articulation of such words as *fast-flitting, fast-flying*, second line, first stanza? See Remark, page 15.

EXERCISE LII.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlit forests broke;
"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come;"
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth—a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble.

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2. Fiercelv bright,
And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and, with a fitful glow,
Lighting the victim's face. But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to Heaven that hour?

3. Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That his full image, pictured to his eye,
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day! and he might see the band
Of his young sisters, wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnums drooped; or haply binding
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face,
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled!

4. Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "Good-night!" might breathe from boyhood gone!
He started and looked up; thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy fire-light; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested, and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom;
(a) Oh, what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England! Idle fèar!
Would the winds tell ít?—who might dream or hear
The secrets of the forèsts?

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5. (*sl.*) To the stake
They bound him; and the proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts!—the fondly-reared—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there,
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.

6. He thought upon his God. (*p.*) Hush! hark! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity;
A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing, unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For *hers* had mourned a playmate brother dead.

7. She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms, to shield it, wound
Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice, that said, (*ff.*) "*He shall not die!*"

8. "He shall not die!" the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.

9. They gazed, their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,

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Something o'ermastered them from that young mien,
Sometning of Heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And, seeming to their child-like faith a token,
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
(*st.*) They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress-tree;
(*ff.*) "AWAY!" they cried, "*young stranger*, THOU ART FREE!"

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the falling inflection on *fear*, 4th stanza? See Rule VIII., page 31. 2. What rule for the rising inflection on *it*, 4th stanza? 3. What, for the falling on *forests*, 4th stanza?

EXERCISE LIII.

HONOR TO WOMEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

1. Honor to women! entwining and braiding,
Life's garland with roses forever unfading,
In the vail of the graces all modestly kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they blessed;
And, tending with hands ever pure, have caressed
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

2. Ever truth's bright bounds out-ranges
Man, and his wild spirit strives,
Ever with each thought that changes
As the storm of passion drives;
With heart appeased, contented never,
Grasps he at the future's gleam,
Beyond the stars pursuing ever
The restless phantom of his dream.

3. But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing

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A link round the present, that binds like a spell;
In the neat cottage-home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell!

4. (″) Man is ever warring, rushing
Onward through life's stormy way,
Wild his fervor, fierce and crushing,
Knows he neither rest nor stay;
Creating, slaying—day by day
Urged by passion's fury brood,
A hydra band, whose heads, for aye
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

5. But women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,
More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavor
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

6. Strong, and proud, and self-commending,
Man's cold heart doth never move
To a gentler spirit bending,
To the godlike power of love;
Knows not soul-exchange so tender,
Tears, by others' tears confessed;
Life's dark combats steel, and render
Harder his obdurate breast!

7. Oh! wakened like harp, and as gently resembling
Its murmuring chords, to the night-breezes trembling,
Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too;
Touched lightly, touched deeply, oh, ever she borrows
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

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8. Man, of power despotic lord,
In power doth insolently trust;
Scythia argues with the sword,
Persia, crouching, bites the dust.
In their fury-fights engaging,
Combat spoilers, wild and dread,
Strife, and war, and havoc raging
Where the charities have fled.

9. But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the graces around her are smiling,
Calming down the fierce discord of hatred and pride;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,
To unite in one bond, and with her, and forever,
All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

EXERCISE LIV.

THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made, but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day, It may be doubted whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men as large as a regiment.

2. It was the *people*, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands. Such a spectacle is the hight of the moral sublime, when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause, and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources.

3. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the

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dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army.

4. It is hard to say, who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people, on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

5. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others, but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed.

6. In this, they conquer. The people *always* conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

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7. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisades, and nature—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

EXERCISE LV.

THE END OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

HANNAH MORE.

1. To woman, therefore, whatever be her rank, I would recommend a predominance of those more sober studies, which, not having display for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists; the exercise of which may not bring celebrity, but will improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth; which will lead her to be intent upon realities, will give precision to her ideas, will make an exact mind.

2. She should cultivate every study which, instead of stimulating her sensibility, will chastise it; which will neither create an excessive nor a false refinement; which will give her definite notions; will bring the imagination under dominion; will lead her to think, to compare, to combine, to methodize; which will confer such a power of discrimination, that her judgment shall learn to reject what is dazzling, if it be not solid; and to prefer, not what is striking, or bright, or new, but what is just. That kind of knowledge which is rather fitted for home consumption than foreign exportation, is peculiarly adapted to woman.

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3. There have not been wanting ill-judging females, who have affected to establish an unnatural separation between talents and usefulness, instead of bearing in mind that talents are the great appointed instruments of usefulness; who have acted as if knowledge were to confer on woman a kind of fantastic sovereignty, which should exonerate her from the discharge of female duties; whereas, it is only meant the more eminently to qualify her for the performance of them.

4. A woman of real sense will never forget that, while the greater part of her proper duties are such as the most moderately gifted may fulfill with credit—since Providence never makes that to be very difficult which is generally necessary; yet that the most highly endowed are equally bound to fulfill them; and let her remember that the humblest of these offices, performed on Christian principles, are wholesome for the minds, even of the most enlightened, as they tend to the casting down of those "high imaginations" which women of genius are too much tempted to indulge.

5. For instance, ladies whose natural vanity has been aggravated by a false education, may look down on *economy* as a vulgar attainment, unworthy of the attention of a highly cultivated intellect; but this is the false estimate of a shallow mind. Economy, such as a woman of fortune is called on to practice, is not merely the petty detail of small daily expenses, the shabby curtailments and stinted parsimony of a little mind, operating on little concerns; but it is the exercise of a sound judgment exerted in the comprehensive outline of order, of arrangement, of distribution; of regulations, by which alone well-governed societies, great and small, subsist. She who has the best-regulated mind, will, other things being equal, have the best-regulated family.

6. As, in the superintendence of the universe, wisdom is seen in its *effects;* and as, in the visible works of Providence, that which goes on with such beautiful regularity, is the result not of chance, but of design; so that management which seems

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the most easy, is commonly the consequence of the best-concerted plan; and a well-concerted plan is seldom the offspring of an ordinary mind. A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

7. The truth is, women who are so puffed up with the conceit of talents, as to neglect the plain duties of life, will not frequently be found to be women of the best abilities. And here may the author be allowed the gratification of observing, that those women of real genius and extensive knowledge, whose friendship has conferred honor and happiness on her own life, have been, in general, eminent for economy and the practice of domestic virtues; and have risen superior to the poor affectation of neglecting the duties and despising the knowledge of common life, with which literary women have been frequently, and not always unjustly, accused.

EXERCISE LVI.

LOVE THE AGED.

L. VIRGINIA SMITH

1. I love the old—to lean beside
The antique easy-chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair.
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The "light of other days."

2. To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head

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Has lain so tenderly, the while
The evening prayer was said;
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore,
The chronicles of eld.

3. O Youth! thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So *many* hopes—Age has but *one*—
The hope of bliss above.
Then turn awhile from these away
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-spring with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

4. Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul
Springs proudly on, as though it mocked
At Time's unfelt control.
But they have marched a weary way,
Upon a thorny road:
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits, ere
They pass away to God.

5. Yes, love the aged—bow before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Aye, love them; let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to Heaven,
Regard and love the old.

QUESTION.—1. What kind of emphasis on *many* and *one*, third stanza?

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EXERCISE LVII.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

LITERARY MAGNET.

1. O! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

2. For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind,
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

3. But now the blood, the blood returns,
(=) With rapturous pulses through my veins;
My heart, new-born within me, burns,
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains;
Rekindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

4. I long to climb those old gray rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep;
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depths of ether sing.

5. O Eàrth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O Eàrth! Eàrth! Eàrth! for man's offeuse,
Doom'd to dishonor in thy prime;

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Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss was left!

6. The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labor, man's punishment, is nurse
To halcyon joys at sunset hours:
Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

7. And Death himself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke,—
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke;
Yes, his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

8. Life, life, with all its burdens dear!
Friendship is sweet—Love sweeter still:
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill?
Home, kindred, country!—these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

9. But these have angels never known,
Unvex'd felicity their lot:
Their sea of glass before the throne,
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not:
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased—are troubled soon.

10. Well, I will bear what all have borne,
Live my few years, and fill my place;
O'er old and young affections mourn,
Rent one by one from my embrace,

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Till suffering ends, and I have done
With all delights beneath the sun.

11. Whence càme I?—Mèmory can not say;
What àm I?—Knòwledge will not show;
Bound whìther?—Ah! awày, awày,
Far as eternity can gò:—
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God! thyself my helper be.

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the falling inflection on *earth*, fifth stanza? 2. What rule for the inflections as marked in the eleventh stanza?

EXERCISE LVIII.

1. RES-TO-RA'-TION, in English History, is applied to the act of re-establishing the monarchical form of government, after the close of the interval from Jan. 30, 1649, when Charles I. was beheaded, to May 29th, 1660, when Charles II. acceded to the throne

2. PER-I-CLES, a celebrated Athenian orator, warrior, and statesman, born about 500 B. C. For forty years he was the leading spirit in Athens, which city, in many ways, he embellished and made glorious.

3. AU-GUS'-TUS, a Roman emperor, born B. C. 63, and died A. D. 14. He gave great encouragement to the cultivation of literature and the arts.

4. LEO X. became Pope of Rome in 1513, in the 38th year of his age He was a munificent patron of learning and the arts.

5. LOUIS XIV., of France, was born Sept. 5th, 1638. His reign was long, and adorned with men of celebrity in almost every walk of life. He gave great encouragement to the arts and sciences.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

1. There never was, any where, any thing like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, to the period of the Restoration.[1] In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles,[2]

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nor the age of Augustus,[3] nor the times of Leo X.,[4] nor of Louis XIV.,[5] can come at all into comparison.

2. For, in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced—the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sydney—and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh—and Napier, and Milton, and Cudworth, and Hobbes, and many others; men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings, but making vast and substantial additions to the materials, upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging, to an incredible and unparalleled extent, both the stores and the resources of the human faculties.

3. Whether the brisk concussion which was given to men's minds by the force of the Reformation, had much effect in producing this sudden development of British génius, we can not undertake to dètermine. For our own part, we should be rather inclined to hold, that the Reformation itself was but one symptom or effect of that great spirit of progression and improvement, which had been set in operation by deeper and more general causes, and which afterwards blossomed out into this splendid harvest of authorship.

4. But whatever may have been the causes that determined the appearance of those great works, the fact is certain, not only that they appeared together in great numbers, but that they possessed a common character, which, in spite of the great diversity of their subjects and designs, would have made them be classed together as the works of the same order or description of men, even if they had appeared at the most distant intervals of time.

5. They are the works of giants, in short—and of giants of one nation and family; and their characteristics are, great force, boldness, and originality, together with a certain raciness

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of English peculiarity, which distinguishes them from all those performances that have since been produced among ourselves, upon a more vague and general idea of European excellence.

6. Their sudden appearance, indeed, in all this splendor of native luxuriance, can only be compared to what happens on the breaking up of a virgin soil, where all the indigenous plants spring up at once with a rank and irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar or excellent in their nature, on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent.

7. The crops are not, indeed, so clean as where a more exhausted mold has been stimulated by systematic cultivation; nor so profitable as where their quality has been varied by a judicious admixture of exotics, and accommodated to the demands of the universe by the combinations of an unlimited trade. But of those whose chief object of admiration is the living power and energy of vegetation, and who take delight in contemplating the various forms of her unforced and natural perfection, no spectacle can be more rich, splendid, or attractive.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *genius*, 3d paragraph? See Rule V., page 29. 2. Why the rising inflection on *splendid*, last paragraph? See Rule VII., page 31.

EXERCISE LIX.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

ROBERT HALL.

1. It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the *dew of her youth* so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty.

2. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that,

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while she contemplated its pre-eminent luster in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur.

3. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compose the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations.

4. Fired with the ambition of equaling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations.

5. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amid the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country.

6. But, alas! (*pl.*) these delightful visions are fled, and what do we behold in their room but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands, ***to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.***

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EXERCISE LX.

This and the following piece should be read quite slow, and in a pathetic tone of voice.

THE DEATH-BED

THOMAS HOOD.

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
(*p.*) Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

2. So silently we seem'd to speak,—
(*pl.*) So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out!

3. Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her *dying* when she slept,
And *sleeping* when she died!

4. For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

QUESTIONS.—1. What kind of pause at the dash, 4th stanza? See Remarks, page 43. 2. What kind of emphasis on the words italicised, 3d stanza? See Note VII., page 22.

EXERCISE LXI.

A DIRGE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

1. Softly, peacefully,
(*pl.*) Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast;

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Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed,
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head.

2. Plant a young willow
Close by her grave;
Let its long branches
Soothingly wave;
Twine a sweet rose-tree
Over the tomb;
Sprinkle fresh buds there,—
Beauty and bloom.

3. Let a bright fountain,
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its music,
Smile through a tear;
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies,—
Brilliant and starry,
Like angels' eyes.

4. Then shall the bright birds
On golden wing,
Lingering ever,
Murmuring sing:
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh,—
Bearing rich fragrance
And melody by.

5. Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.

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Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

EXERCISE LXII.

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.

WILLIAM LEGGETT

1. If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom Death hath torn asunder here,—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar,—
Mixed soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

2. But O, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!—
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That Death's cold hand alone can sever!
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

3. It can not be; each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chair,—
'Tis Heaven that whispers,—"Dry thy tears;
THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN."

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EXERCISE LXIII.

LIFE ENDEARED BY AGE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

2. Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life, which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

3. Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarcely worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil?

4. Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene

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of misery; but, happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time, when it could be only prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

5. Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. Hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

6. Chinvang, the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and in darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress.

7. "As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun, to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from which you were pleased to release me."

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8. The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded.

9. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise. Yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

EXERCISE LXIV.

ESTIMATE OF LIFE.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

1. It is little, it is short, it is not worth having—if we take the last hour, and leave out all that has gone before, which has been one way of looking at the subject. Such calculators seem to say, that life is nothing when it is over; and that may, in their sense, be true. If the old rule—*Respice finem**—were to be made absolute, and no one could be pronounced fortunate till the day of his death, there are few among us whose existence would, upon such conditions, be much to he envied.

2. But this is not a fair view of the case. A man's life is his whole life, not to the last glimmering snuff of the candle; and this, I say, is considerable, and not a *little matter*, whether

* *Respice finem*—Regard the end.

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we regard its pleasures or its pains. To draw a peevish conclusion to the contrary, from our own superannuated desires of forgetful indifference, is about as reasonable as to say, a man never was young, because he has grown old, or never lived, because he is now dead.

3. The length or agreeableness of a journey does not depend on the few last steps of it, nor is the size of a building to be judged of from the last stone that is added to it. It is neither the first nor the last hour of our existence, but the space that parts these two—not our exit, nor our entrance upon the stage, but what we do feel, and think while there—that we are to attend to in pronouncing sentence upon it.

4. Indeed, it would be easy to show that it is the very extent of human life, the infinite number of things contained in it, its contradictory and fluctuating interests, the transition from one situation to another, the hours, months, years, spent in one fond pursuit after another; that it is, in a word, the length of our common journey, and the quantity of events crowded into it, that, baffling the grasp of our actual perception, make it slide from our memory, and dwindle into nothing in its own perspective.

5. It is too mighty for us, and we say it is nothing! It is a speck in our fancy, and yet what canvas would be big enough to hold its striking groups, its endless objects! It is light as vanity; and yet, if all its weary moments, if all its head and heart-aches were compressed into one, what fortitude would not be overwhelmed with the blow!

6. What a huge heap, a "huge dumb heap," of wishes, thoughts, feelings, anxious cares, soothing hopes, loves, joys, friendships, it is composed of! How many ideas and trains of sentiment, long, deep, and intense, often pass through the mind in one day's thinking or reading, for instance!

7. How many such days are there in a year, how many years in a long life, still occupied with something interesting —still recalling some old impression—still recurring to some

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difficult question, and making progress in it, every step accompanied with a sense of power, and every moment conscious of "the high endeavor or the glad success;" for the mind seizes only on that which keeps it employed, and is wound up to a certain pitch of pleasurable excitement by the necessity of its own nature.

EXERCISE LXV.

RAVAGES OF TIME.

WALTER SCOTT.

1. Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hàll,
   Thou aged carle so stern and gràу?
   Dost thou its former pride recáll,
   Or ponder how it passed awáy?

2. "Knowest thou not mé?" the Deep Voice cried,
   "So long enjoyed, so oft misúsed,
   Alternate, in thy fickle príde,
   Desired, neglected, and accúsed?

3. "Before my breath, like blazing flax,
   Man and his marvels pass away;
   And changing empires wane and wáx,
   Are foùnded, floúrish, and decày.

4. "Redeem mine hours—the space is brief,—
   While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
   And measureless thy joy or grief,
   When Time and thou shall part forever!"

QUESTIONS.—1. What rules for the inflections as marked in the first and second stanzas? 2. Why the rising inflection on *flourish*, third stanza? See Rule VII., page 31.

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EXERCISE LXVI.

PASSING AWAY.

MISS JEWSBURY.

1. I asked the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty, and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

2. "We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we things of time and dust;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is—'PASSING AWAY.'

3. "We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
Though worshiped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—'PASSING AWAY.'"

4. From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,—
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—"PASSING AWAY."

5. "Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep in their course by vale and hill;
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust—"PASSING AWAY."

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EXERCISE LXVII.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

AMANDA M. EDMONDS

1 I asked a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.
I cross'd her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
(") "Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

2. I asked a maiden, back she flung
The tresses of her hair;
A whisper'd name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hover'd there.
A flush pass'd o'er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit's sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "O no, not *now!*
Youth is no time to die."

3. I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently, on her tender breast,
She hush'd her babe's alarms.
In quiv'ring tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
"My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years!"

4. I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrow'd not by time,
Or dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,—
And gleam'd with scorn his eye,

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"Talk not to *me* of death," he cried;
"For only *age* should die."

5. I questioned Age; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared,
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flash'd high, as thus he cried,
(*f.*) "*Life*, only *life* is my desire!"
(>) Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

6. I asked a Christian,—"Answer thou
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul,—
"*My Master's time is mine!*"

QUESTIONS.—1. On what principle are *me* and *age* emphatic, 4th stanza? See Note VII., page 22. 2. What kind of emphasis on *life*, 5th verse?

EXERCISE LXVIII.

HISTORICAL READING.

MACAULAY.

1. The effect of historial reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted, as if they had never stirred from their own market-town.

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2. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles, and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a knight of the garter installed; has cantered along Regent street; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions, and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England.

3. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly, must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days.

4. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business, and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery.

5. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages, must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns, who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

6. The perfect historian is he, in whose work the character and spirit of an age are exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narra-

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tive, a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire.

7. But the scale on which he represents them, is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation.

8. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

EXERCISE LXIX.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

ALISON.

1. The Italian lakes partake, in some measure, in the general features which have been mentioned as belonging to the valleys on the southern side of the Alps; but they are characterized, also, by some circumstances which are peculiar to themselves. Their banks are almost everywhere formed of steep mountains, which sink at once into the lake without any meadows or level ground on the water side.

2. These mountains are generally of great hight, and of the most rugged forms; but they are clothed to the summit with luxuriant woods, except in those places where the steepness of the precipices precludes the growth of vegetation. The continued appearance of front and precipice which they exhibit, would lead to the belief that the banks of the lake

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are uninhabited, were it not for the multitude of villages, with which they are everywhere interspersed.

3. These villages are so numerous and extensive, that it may be doubted whether the population anywhere in Europe is denser than on the shores of the Italian lakes. No spectacle in nature can be more beautiful than the aspect of these clusters of human habitations, all built of stone, and whitewashed in the neatest manner, with a simple spire rising in the center of each, to mark the number and devotion of the inhabitants, surrounded by luxuriant forests, and rising one above another to the highest parts of the mountains.

4. Frequently the village is concealed by the intervention of some rising ground, or the hight of the adjoining woods; but the church is always visible, and conveys the liveliest idea of the peace and happiness of the inhabitants. These rural temples are uniformly white, and their spires are of the simplest form; but it is difficult to convey to those who have not seen them, an idea of the exquisite addition which they form to the beauty of the scenery.

5. On a nearer approach, the situation of these villages, so profusely scattered over the mountains which surround the Italian lakes, is often interesting in the extreme. Placed on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the defile of secluded valleys, they exhibit every variety of aspect that can be imagined; but, wherever situated, they add to the interest, or enhance the picturesque effect of the scene.

6. The woods, by which they are surrounded, and which, from a distance, have the appearance of a continued forest, are, in reality, formed, for the most part, of the walnuts and sweet chestnuts which grow on the gardens that belong to the peasantry, and conceal, beneath their shade, vineyards, cornfields, and orchards. Each cottager has his little domain, which is cultivated by his own family; a single chestnut, and a few mulberry trees, with a small vineyard, constitute often the whole of their humble property.

7. On this little spot, however, they find wherewithal both

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to satisfy their wants and to occupy their industry; the children take care of the mulberries and the silk-worms, which are here produced in great abundance; the husband dresses the vineyard, or works in the garden, as the season may require. On an incredibly small piece of ground, a numerous family live in what appears to them, ease and affluence; and, if they can maintain themselves during the year, and pay their rent at its termination, their desires never go beyond the space of their own employment.

8. In this simple and unambitious style of life, it may easily be conceived what the general character of the peasantry must be. Generally speaking, they are a simple, kind-hearted, honest people, grateful to the last degree for the smallest share of kindness, and always willing to share with a stranger the produce of their little domains. The crimes of murder and robbery are almost unknown, at least among the peasantry themselves, although, on the great roads in their vicinity, banditti are sometimes to be found. But, if a stranger lives in the country, and reposes confidence in the people, he will find himself as secure, and more respected, than in most other parts of the world.

9. There is one delightful circumstance which occurs in spring in the vicinity of these lakes, to which a northern traveler is but little accustomed. During the months of April and May, the woods are filled with nightingales, and thousands of these little choristers pour forth their strains every night, with a richness and melody, of which it is impossible to form a conception. In England we are accustomed frequently to hear the nightingale, and his song has been celebrated in poetry from the earliest periods of our history.

10. But it is generally a single song, to which we listen, or at most, a few only, which unite to enliven the stillness of the night. But on the banks of the lake of Como, thousands of nightingales are to be found in every wood; they rest in every tree—they pour forth their melody on the roof of every cottage. Wherever you walk during the delightful

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nights of April or May, you hear the unceasing strains of these unseen warblers, swelling on the evening gales, or dying away as you recede from the woods or thickets where they dwell.

11. The soft cadence and melodious swelling of this heavenly choir resemble more the enchanting sounds of the Eolian harp than any thing produced by mortal organs. To those who have seen the lake of Como, with such accompaniments, during the serenity of a summer evening, and with the surrounding headlands and mountains reflected on its placid waters, there are few scenes in nature, and few moments in life, which can be the source of such delightful recollections.

EXERCISE LXX.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and, in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient,† converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded

* The wreck of the American steamer Arctic, occasioned by her collision with the French steamer Vesta, occurred on the 27th day of September, 1854.

† The East.

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aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon, also, at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

4. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest.

5. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur,—home is not far away. And, every morning, it was still one night nearer home, and, at evening, one day nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it, and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

6. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument* of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's distance, unconscious, and, at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till, in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic.

* The French steamer Vesta.

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7. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (Let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect!) ordered away his boat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley* went over the ship's side, Oh! that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion: "Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved."

8. They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh! had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But apparently each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of the *sinking!*

9. (*pl.*) Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

* The first mate of the Arctic.

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EXERCISE LXXI.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A Garden before a Country House.—Enter JULIA *and* HELEN.

Hel. I like not, Julia, this your country life;
I 'm weary on 't.
Jul. Indeed? So am not *I!*
I know no other; would no other know.
Hel. You would no other know! Would you not know
Another relative,—another friend,—
Another house,—another any thing,
Because the ones you have already please you?
That's poor content! Would you not be more rich,
More wise, more fair? The song that last you learned,
You fancy well; and, therefore, shall you learn
No other song? Your virginal,* 'tis true,
Hath a sweet tone; but does it follow thence,
You shall not have another virginal?
You *may*, Love, and a sweeter one; and so
A sweeter life may find than this you lead!
Jul. I seek it not. Helen, I 'm constancy!
Hel. So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,
An owl, a bat,—where they are wont to lodge,
That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.
Thou 'rt constancy? I 'm glad I know thy name!
The spider comes of the same family,
That in his meshy fortress spends his life,
Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.
And so, thou 'rt constancy? Art proud of that?
I 'll warrant thee I 'll match thee with a snail,
From year to year that never leaves his house!
Such constancy, forsooth!—A constant grub
That houses ever in the self-same nut,

* A keyed instrument of music.

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Where he was born, till hunger drives him out,
Or plunder breaketh through his castle wall!
And so, in very deed, thou 'rt constancy!

Jul. Helen, you know the adage of the tree;
I 've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,
Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,
I 've led from infancy. Debarred from hope
Of change, I ne'er have sighed for change. The town,
To me, was like the moon, for any thought
I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled
To think it half so fair!

Hel. Not half so fair!
The town 's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night
E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town!
Their women there are queens, and kings their men;
Their houses palaces!

Jul. And what of that?
Have your town palaces a hall like this?
Couches so fragrant? walls so high adorned?
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen
As these fair vistas have? Your kings and queens!
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them!

Hel. Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step
From one to the other! Were thy constancy
A reasonable thing—a little less
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—
I should not wonder, wert thou ten years hence
The maid I know thee *now;* but, as it is,
The odds are ten to one, that this day year
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

Jul. Never! I 'm wedded to a country life.
O, did you hear what Master Walter says!
Nine times in ten, the town 's a hollow thing,
Where what things are, is naught to what they show;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be

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The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;
A heap for none that has a homely one!
Where Fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not;
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest!
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,
The passive thing that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self!

Hel. Aye: so says Master Walter. See I not
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,
To be so fond of him!

Jul. He 's fond of me.
I 've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,
That brought not Master Walter. I had those
About me then, that made a fool of me,
As children oft are fooled; but more I loved
Good Master Walter's lesson, than the play
With which they 'd surfeit me. As I grew up,
More frequent Master Walter came, and more
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,
Men of great skill and learning,—but not one
That taught like Master Walter. What they 'd show me,
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—
A word from Master Walter made as clear
As daylight! When my schooling days were o'er,—
That 's now good three years past—three years—I vow
I 'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,
When I had done with school, and all were gone,
Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I 've seen
The snow upon a level with the hedge,
Yet there was Master Walter!

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Hel. Who comes here?
A carriage, and a gay one,—who alights?
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,
A frown was like to spoil?—A gentleman!
One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now?
Would'st be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,
I wonder, comes he for?
Jul. For neither of us;
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.
Hel. Most like!
Mark him as he comes up the avenue;
So looks a clĕrk! A clerk has such a gait!
So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—
They 're very like a clĕrk's! A diamond loop
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—
O, certainly a clĕrk! A velvet cloak,
Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same;
For all the world a clĕrk! See, Julia, see
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
That he may first go in,—a very clĕrk!
I 'll learn of thee, love, when I 'd know a clĕrk!
Jul. I wonder who he is.
Hel. Would'st like to knów?
Would'st, for a fancy, ride to town with hím?
I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.
Jul. He ne'er takes me to town. Nò Hélen, nò;
To town who will—a country life for me!
Hel. We 'll see!

QUESTIONS.—1. What rules for the inflections as marked in the 3d paragraph? 2. Why is the circumflex employed in the 5th paragraph from the last? See Rule I., page 32. What adage does Julia refer to, on page 211, fourth line from top? *Ans.*—

"'Tis Education forms the human mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

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EXERCISE LXXII.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

3. "Work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

4. "Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

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5. "But why do I talk of Death,
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

7. "Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

8. "Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

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9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

10. "Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

EXERCISE LXXIII.

1. Or'-phe-us was one of the eldest of the Grecian bards. He was celebrated for the melody of his voice, and his skill in playing on a lyre with seven strings. By the sweet music of his voice and of his lyre, he is fabled to have drawn after him rocks and trees, to have tamed the beasts of the field, and even to have calmed the violence of storms and whirlwinds.

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2. AM-PHI'-ON, like Orpheus, was among the eldest of Grecian musicians. He reigned over ancient Thebes; and, when he undertook to surround the city with a wall, the very stones are said to have leaped into place at the sound of his lyre, and formed themselves into walls.

AN ADDRESS TO AN ARM-CHAIR, NEWLY CLAD.

W. SOMERVILLE.

1. My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus[1] taught the listening oaks to bend;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's[2] call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

2. True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings, and external show?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.

3. Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
Derided, shunned—the lumber of my house!
Thy robe, how changed from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd;
I know thy worth;—my friend in rags I lov'd!
I lov'd thee *more;* nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

4. With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.

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But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself; and how, this world. She bade me **rise**
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

5. Here, on thy yielding down, I sit secure;
And, patiently, what Heaven has sent, endure;
From all the futile cares of business free!
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be:*
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the **past**;
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

6. So, safe on shore, the pensioned sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies:
With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
While, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

EXERCISE LXXIV.

1. AN-THRO-POPH'-A-GI, (ANTHROPO, *man* and PHAGI, *eat,*) man-eaters, or cannibals.

2. DI-AN'-A was the goddess of hunting. She is usually represented as a maiden, active, vigorous, and handsome, but without gentleness of expression. She had a celebrated temple at Ephesus. See Acts of the Apostles, Chap. xix., verses 27 and 28.

3. SPAR'-TAN, pertaining to Sparta or Lacedæmon, a city of ancient Greece, celebrated for the martial and hardy spirit of its inhabitants.

4. DER'-VISE, (that is, poor,) is a Persian word, denoting, among the Mohammedans, a sort of *Monk.* Being strict in the observance of forms, fastings, and various acts of piety,—they are held in great respect.

5. BONZES, the name given to the priests of the religion of Fo, in Eastern Asia. They correspond, in character and customs, to monks and dervises.

6. CAR-THU'-SI-AN is the name of a religious order founded in 1086.

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They practiced the greatest abstinence, wore coarse garments, and lived upon vegetables and the coarsest bread.

7. BAC-CHA-NA'-LI-AN, pertaining to the festivals of Bacchus, the god of wine, which were celebrated by a triumphal procession, wherein men and women went about rioting, dancing, and indulging in all sorts of licentious extravagance.

FASHION.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. To break the shackles of oppression, and assert the native rights of man, is esteemed by many among the noblest efforts of heroic virtue. But vain is the possession of political liberty, if there exists a tyrant of our own creation, who, without law or reason, or even external force, exercises over us the most despotic authority; whose jurisdiction is extended over every part of private and domestic life, controls our pleasures, fashions our garb, cramps our motions, fills our lives with vain cares and restless anxiety. The worst slavery is that which we voluntarily impose upon ourselves; and no chains are so cumbrous and galling as those which we are pleased to wear by way of grace or ornament.

2. Musing upon this idea gave rise to the following dream, or vision: Methought I was in a country of the strangest and most singular appearance I had ever beheld; the rivers were forced into *jets d'eau*,* and wasted in artificial water-works; the lakes were fashioned by the hand of art; the roads were sanded with spar and gold dust; the trees all bore the marks of the shears—they were bent and twisted into the most whimsical forms, and connected together by festoons of ribbon and silk fringe; the wild flowers were transplanted into vases of fine china, and painted with artificial white and red.

3. The disposition of the ground was full of fancy, but grotesque and unnatural in the highest degree; it was all highly cultivated, and bore the marks of wonderful industry. But among its various productions, I could hardly discern one that was of any use.

* Spouts of water.

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4. My attention, however, was soon called off from the scenes of inanimate life, by the view of the inhabitants, whose form and appearance were so very preposterous, and, indeed, so unlike any thing human, that I fancied myself transported to the country of

> "The anthropophagi,[1] and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

for the heads of many of these people were swelled to an astonishing size, and seemed to be placed in the middle of their bodies.

5. Of some, the ears were distended till they hung upon the shoulders; and of others, the shoulders were raised till they met the ears. There was not one free from some deformity; or monstrous swelling, in one part or other. Some had no necks; others had necks that reached almost to their waists; the bodies of some were bloated up to such a size that they could scarcely enter a pair of folding doors; and others had suddenly sprouted up to such a disproportionate hight, that they could not sit upright in their loftiest carriages.

6. Many shocked me with the appearance of being nearly cut in two, like a wasp; and I was alarmed at the sight of a few, in whose faces, otherwise very fair and healthy, I discovered an eruption of black spots, which I feared was the fatal sign of some pestilential disorder.

7. The sight of these various and uncouth deformities inspired me with much pity, which, however, was soon changed into disgust, when I perceived, with great surprise, that every one of these unfortunate men and women was exceedingly proud of his or her own peculiar deformity, and endeavored to attract my notice to it as much as possible. A lady, in particular, who had a huge swelling under her throat, and which, I am sure, by its enormous projection, prevented her from seeing the path she walked in, brushed by me with an air of the greatest self-complacency, and asked me, if she was not a charming creature.

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8. But, by this time, I found myself surrounded by an immense crowd, who were all pressing along in one direction, and I perceived, that I was drawn along with them by an irresistible impulse, which grew stronger every moment. I asked whither we were hurrying with so eager steps, and was told, that we were going to the court of Queen Fashion, the great Diana[2] whom all the world worshipeth. I would have retired, but felt myself impelled to go on, though without being sensible of any outward force.

9. When I came to the royal presence, I was astonished at the magnificence which I saw around me. The queen was sitting on a throne elegantly fashioned in the form of a shell, and inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl. It was supported by a chameleon, formed of a single emerald.

10. She was dressed in a light robe of changeable silk, which fluttered about her in a profusion of fantastic folds, that imitated the form of clouds, and, like them, were continually changing their appearance. In one hand she held a rouge-box, and in the other, one of those optical glasses which distort figures in length or in breadth, according to the position, in which they are held.

11. At the foot of the throne was displayed a profusion of the richest productions of every quarter of the globe,—tributes from land and sea, from every animal and plant; perfumes, sparkling stones, drops of pearl, chains of gold, webs of the finest linen, wreaths of flowers, the produce of art, which vied with the most delicate productions of nature; forests of feathers, waving their brilliant colors in the air and canopying the throne; glossy silks, network of lace, silvery ermine, soft folds of vegetable wool, rustling paper, and shining spangles; the whole intermixed with pendants and streamers of the gayest tinctured ribbon.

12. All these together made so brilliant an appearance, that my eyes were at first dazzled; and it was some time, before I recovered myself enough to observe the ceremonial of the court. Near the throne, and its chief supports, stood

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the queen's two prime ministers,—Caprice on one side, and Vanity on the other.

13. Two officers seemed chiefly busy among the attendants. One of them was a man with a pair of shears in his hand, and a goose by his side,—a mysterious emblem, of which I could not fathom the meaning; he sat cross-legged, like the great Lama* of the Tartars. He was busily employed in cutting out coats and garments,—not, however, like Dorcas,† for the poor;—nor, indeed, did they seem intended for any mortal whatever,—so ill were they adapted to the shape of the human body.

14. Some of the garments were extravagantly large, others as preposterously small; of others, it was difficult to guess to what part of the person they were meant to be applied. Here were coverings, which did not cover; ornaments, which disfigured; and defenses against the weather, more slight and delicate than what they were meant to defend; but all were eagerly caught up, without distinction, by the crowd of votaries who were waiting to receive them.

15. The other officer was dressed in a white succinct linen garment, like a priest of the lower order. He moved in a cloud of incense more highly scented than the breezes of Arabia; he carried a tuft of the whitest down of the swan in one hand, and, in the other, a small iron instrument, heated red-hot, which he brandished in the air. It was with infinite concern, I beheld the graces bound at the foot of the throne, and obliged to officiate as handmaids, under the direction of these two officers.

16. I now began to inquire by what laws this queen governed her subjects, but soon found her administration was that of the most arbitrary tyrant ever known. Her laws are exactly the reverse of those of the Medes and Persians; for they are changed every day and every hour; and, what makes the matter still more perplexing, they are in no written

* The sovereign pontiff, or rather the god of the Asiatic Tartars.

† See Acts, chap. ix., verse 39.

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code, nor ever made public by proclamation; they are only promulgated by whispers, an obscure sign, or turn of the eye, which those only who have the happiness to stand near the queen, can catch with any degree of precision. Yet the smallest transgression of the laws is severely punished; not indeed by fines or imprisonment, but by a sort of interdict, which operated in such a manner, that no one would eat, drink, or associate with the forlorn culprit, and he was almost deprived of the use of fire and water.

17. This difficulty of discovering the will of the goddess occasioned so much crowding to be near the throne,—such jostling and elbowing of one another,—that I was glad to retire and observe what I could among the scattered crowd, and the first thing I took notice of, was various instruments of torture which every where met my eyes. Torture has, in most other governments of Europe, been abolished by the mild spirit of the times, but it reigns here in full force and terror.

18. I saw officers of this cruel court employed in boring holes, with red-hot wires, in the ears, nose, and various parts of the body, and then distending them with the weight of metal chains, or stones, cut into a variety of shapes: some had invented a contrivance for cramping the feet in such a manner, that many are lamed by it for their whole lives. Others, I saw, slender and delicate in their form, and naturally nimble as the young antelope, who were obliged to carry constantly about with them a cumbrous, unwieldly machine, of a pyramidal form, several ells in circumference.

19. But the most common, and one of the worst instruments of torture, was a small machine armed with fishbone and ribs of steel, wide at the top, but extremely small at the bottom. In this detestable invention the queen orders the bodies of her female subjects to be inclosed; it is then, by means of silk cords, drawn closer and closer at intervals, until the unhappy victims can scarcely breathe, and have found the exact point that can be borne without fainting,—

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which, however, not unfrequently happens. The flesh is often excoriated, and the very ribs bent, by this cruel process. Yet, what astonished me more than all the rest, these sufferings are borne with a degree of fortitude which, in a better cause, would immortalize a hero, or canonize a saint.

20. The Spartan[3] who suffered the fox to eat into his vitals, did not bear pain with greater resolution; and, as the Spartan mothers brought their children to be scourged at the altar of Diana, so do the mothers here bring their children,—and chiefly those whose tender sex, one would suppose, excused them from such exertions—and early inure them to this cruel discipline. But neither Spartan, nor Dervise,[4] nor Bonze,[5] nor Carthusian[6] monk, ever exercised more unrelenting severities over their bodies, than these young zealots; indeed, the first lesson they are taught, is a surrender of their own inclinations, and an implicit obedience to the commands of the Goddess.

21. But they have, besides, a more solemn kind of dedication, something similar to the rite of confirmation. When a young woman approaches the marriageable age, she is led to the altar; her hair, which before fell loosely about her shoulders, is tied up in a tress; sweet oils drawn from roses and spices are poured upon it; she is involved in a cloud of scented dust, and invested with ornaments, under which she can scarcely move. After this solemn ceremony, which is generally concluded by a dance round the altar, the damsel is obliged to a still stricter conformity than before to the laws and customs of the court, and any deviation from them, is severely punished.

22. The courtiers of Alexander, it is said, flattered him by carrying their heads on one side, because he had the misfortune to have a wry neck; but all adulation is poor, compared to what is practiced in this court. Sometimes the queen will lisp and stammer; and then none of her attendants can "speak plain;" sometimes she chooses to totter as she walks, and then they are seized with sudden lameness. According

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as she appears half-undressed, or vailed from head to foot, her subjects become a procession of nuns, or a troop of Bacchanalian nymphs. I could not help observing, however, that those who stood at the greatest distance from the throne, were the most extravagant in their imitations.

EXERCISE LXXV.

1. Soc'-ra-tes, the most eminent of the Grecian philosophers for wisdom and virtue, was born B. C. 470.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

ADDISON.

1. It is a celebrated thought of Socrates,[1] that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species, marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady, of thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe,

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embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

4. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a parcel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

5. There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy-laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

6. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real.

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7. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But, what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

8. I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty, instead of his ignorance.

9. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the Phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

10. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mor-

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tal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

11. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap, with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

12. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public: A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead; but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and ease against pain.

13. The female world were busy among themselves, in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that any evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

14. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My

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friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for, as I bent to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip! Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

15. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the Phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear.

16. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased, that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

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17. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

PRIDE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1 Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride,—the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!

2. For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe.

3. A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the hights of Arts,

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While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

4. So, pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

EXERCISE LXXVII.

JENNY LIND'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose banner of stars o'er the world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,—
Where the sons of the mighty from slumber awake,
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

2. Thou cradle of empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For song has a home in the hearts of the free!
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And peace shed her light on thy banner of stars.

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EXERCISE LXXVIII.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.*

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

1. O maiden! heir of kings!
A king has left his place;
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the Glory for the Rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.
She heard and wept,—
She wept to wear a crown!

2. They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at her palace gate,
(*f.*) "A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town,
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown!

3. She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while her heralds played their part,
Those million shouts to drown,—

* When Queen Victoria was informed of her accession to the throne, on the death of her uncle, she was so affected with the consciousness of the heavy responsibilities which had in a moment fallen upon her, that she wept.

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"God save the Queen," from hill to mart,
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

4. God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's scepter can not move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants can not own,—
The love that guardeth liberties!
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear a crown!

5. God bless thee, weeping Queen!
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,—
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see!
Thou wilt *not* weep
To wear that heavenly crown!

EXERCISE LXXIX.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

HOOK.

1. Coriolanus was a distinguished Roman Senator and general, who had rendered eminent services to the Republic. But these services were no security against envy and popular prejudice. He was, at length, treated with great severity

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and ingratitude, by the senate and people of Rome; and obliged to leave his country to preserve his life. Of a haughty and indignant spirit, he resolved to avenge himself; and, with this view, applied to the Volscians, the enemies of Rome, and tendered them his services against his native country.

2. The offer was cordially embraced, and Coriolanus was made general of the Volscian army. He recovered from the Romans all the towns they had taken from the Volsci; carried by assault several cities in Latium; and led his troops within five miles of the city of Rome. After several unsuccessful embassies from the Senate, all hope of pacifying the injured exile, appeared to be extinguished; and the sole business of Rome was to prepare, with the utmost diligence, for sustaining a siege.

3. The young and able-bodied men had instantly the guard of the gates and trenches assigned to them; while those of the veterans who, though exempt by their age from bearing arms, were yet capable of service, undertook the defense of the ramparts. The women, in the mean while, terrified by these movements, and the impending danger, into a neglect of their wonted decorum, ran tumultuously from their houses to the temples. Every sanctuary, and especially the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus,* resounded with the wailings and loud supplications of women, prostrate before the statues of their divinities.

4. In this general consternation and distress, Valeria (sister of the famous Valerius Poplicola), as if moved by a divine impulse, suddenly took her stand upon the top of the steps of the temple of Jupiter, assembled the women about her, and, having first exhorted them not to be terrified by the greatness of the present danger, confidently declared, "That there was yet hope for the republic; that its preservation depended upon them, and upon their performance of the duty they owed their country."

* So called from his temple on Mount Capitolinus.

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5. "Alas!" cried one of the company, "what resource can there be in the weakness of wretched women, when our bravest men, our ablest warriors themselves, despair?" "It is not by the sword, nor by strength of arms," replied Valeria, "that we are to prevail; these belong not to our sex. Soft moving words must be our weapons and our force. Let us all, in our mourning attire, and accompanied by our children, go and entreat Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, to intercede with her son for our common country. Veturia's prayers will bend his soul to pity. Haughty and implacable as he has hitherto appeared, he has not a heart so cruel and obdurate as not to relent, when he shall see his mother, his revered, his beloved mother, a weeping suppliant at his feet."

6. This motion being universally applauded, the whole train of women took their way to Veturia's house. Her son's wife, Volumnia, who was sitting with her when they arrived, and greatly surprised at their coming, hastily asked them the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance. "What is it," said she, "what can be the motive that has brought so numerous a company of visitors to this house of sorrow?"

7. Valeria then addressed herself to the mother: "It is to you, Veturia, that these women have recourse in the extreme peril, with which they and their children are threatened. They entreat, implore, conjure you to compassionate their distress, and the distress of our common country. Suffer not Rome to become a prey to the Volsci, and our enemies to triumph over our liberty. Go to the camp of Coriolanus; take with you Volumnia and her two sons; let that excellent wife join her intercession to yours. Permit these women, with their children, to accompany you: they will all cast themselves at his feet. O Veturia, conjure him to grant peace to his fellow-citizens!

8. "Cease not to beg till you have obtained. So good a man can never withstand your tears: our only hope is in you. Come, then Veturia; the danger presses; you have no

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time for deliberation; the enterprise is worthy of your virtue; Heaven will crown it with success; Rome shall once more owe its preservation to our sex. You will justly acquire to yourself an immortal fame, and have the pleasure to make every one of us a sharer in your glory."

9. Veturia, after a short silence, with tears in her eyes, answered: "Weak, indeed, is the foundation of your hope, Valeria, when you place it in the aid of two miserable women. We are not wanting in affection to our country, nor need we any remonstrance or entreaties to excite our zeal for its preservation. It is the power only of being serviceable that fails us. Ever since that unfortunate hour, when the people in their madness so unjustly banished Coriolanus, his heart has been no less estranged from his family than from his country.

10. "You will be convinced of this sad truth by his own words to us at parting. When he returned home from the assembly, where he had been condemned, he found us in the depth of affliction, bewailing the miseries that were sure to follow our being deprived of so dear a son, and so excellent a husband. We had his children upon our knees. He kept himself at a distance from us; and, when he had awhile stood silent, motionless as a rock, his eyes fixed, and without shedding a tear: 'Tis done,' he said. 'O mother, and thou, Volumnia, the best of wives, to you Marcius is no more!

11. "'I am banished hence for my affection to my country, and the services I have done it. I go this instant; and I leave forever a city where all good men are proscribed. Support this blow of fortune with the magnanimity that becomes women of your high rank and virtue. I commend my children to your care. Educate them in a manner worthy of you, and of the race from which they come. Heaven grant they may be more fortunate than their father, and never fall short of him in virtue; and may you in them find your consolation!—Farewell"

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12. "We started up at the sound of this word, and, with loud cries of lamentation, ran to him to receive his last embraces. I led his elder son by the hand; Volumnia had the younger in her arms. He turned his eyes from us, and, putting us back with his hand, 'Mother,' said he, 'from this moment you have no son; our country has taken from you the stay of your old age. Nor to you, Volumnia, will Marcius be henceforth a husband; mayst thou be happy with another, more fortunate! My dear children, you have lost your father!'

13. "He said no more, but instantly broke away from us. He departed from Rome without settling his domestic affairs, or leaving any orders about them; without money, without servants, and even without letting us know to what part of the world he would direct his steps. It is now the fourth year since he went away; and he has never inquired after his family, nor, by letter or messenger, given us the least account of himself: so that it seems as if his mother and his wife were the chief objects of that general hatred which he shows to his country.

14. "What success, then, can you expect from our entreaties to a man so implacable? Can two women bend that stubborn heart which even all the ministers of religion were not able to sóften? And, indeed, what shall I say to hìm? What can I reasonably desire of hìm?—that he would pardon ungrateful citizens, who have treated him as the vilest crìminal?—that he would take compassion upon a furious, unjust populace, which had no regard for his innocence? and that he would betray a nation, which has not only opened him an asylum, but has even preferred him to her most illustrious citizens in the command of her armies?

15. "With what face can I ask him to abandon such generous protectors, and deliver himself again into the hands of his most bitter enemies? Can a Roman mother, and a Roman wife, with decency, exact from a son and a husband, compliances which must dishonor him before both gods and

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men? Mournful circumstance, in which we have not power to hate the most formidable enemy of our country! Leave us, therefore, to our unhappy destiny; and do not desire us to make it more unhappy by an action that may cast a blemish upon our virtue."

16. The women made no answer, but by their tears and entreaties. Some embraced her knees; others beseeched Volumnia to join her prayers to theirs; all conjured Veturia not to refuse her country this last assistance. Overcome, at length, by their urgent solicitations, she promised to do as they desired. The very next day, all the most illustrious of the Roman women repaired to Veturia's house. There they presently mounted a number of chariots, which the consuls had ordered to be made ready for them; and without any guard, took the way to the enemy's camp.

17. Coriolanus, perceiving from afar that long train of chariots, sent out some horsemen to learn the design of it. They quickly brought him word that it was his mother, his wife, and a great number of other women, and their children, coming to the camp. He, doubtless, conjectured what views the Romans had in so extraordinary a deputation; that this was the last expedient of the Senate; and, in his own mind, he determined not to let himself be moved.

18. But he reckoned upon a savage inflexibility that was not in his nature; for, going out with a few attendants to receive the women, he no sooner beheld Veturia, attired in mourning, her eyes bathed in tears, and with a countenance and motion that spoke her sinking under a load of sorrow than he ran hastily to her; and, not only calling her mother but adding to that word the most tender epithets, embraced her, wept over her, and held her in his arms to prevent her falling. The like tenderness he presently after expressed to his wife, highly commending her discretion in having constantly remained with his mother since his departure from Rome. And then, with the warmest paternal affection, he caressed his children.

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19. When some time had been allowed to those silent tears of joy, which often flow plenteously at the sudden and unexpected meeting of persons dear to each other, Veturia entered upon the business she had undertaken. After many forcible appeals to his understanding and patriotism, she exclaimed: "What frenzy, what madness of anger transports my son! Heaven is appeased by supplications, vows, and sacrifices; shall mortals be implacable? Will Marcius set no bounds to his resentment?

20. "But, allowing that thy enmity to thy country is too violent to let thee listen to her petition for peace; yet be not deaf, my son, be not inexorable to the prayers and tears of thy mother. Thou dreadst the very appearance of ingratitude toward the Volsci; and shall thy mother have reason to accuse thee of being ungrateful? Call to mind the tender care I took of thy infancy and earliest youth; the alarms, the anxiety I suffered on thy account, when, entered into the state of manhood, thy life was almost daily exposed in foreign wars; the apprehensions, the terrors I underwent, when I saw thee so warmly engaged in our domestic quarrels, and, with heroic courage, opposing the unjust pretensions of the furious plebeians.

21. "My sad forebodings of the event have been but too well verified. Consider the wretched life I have endured, if it may be called life, during the time that has passed since I was deprived of thee. O Marcius, refuse me not the only request I ever made to thee; I will never importune thee with any other. Cease thy immoderate anger; be reconciled to thy country: this is all I ask; grant me but this, and we shall both be happy.

22. "Freed from those tempestuous passions which now agitate thy soul, and from all the torments of self-reproach, thy days will flow smoothly on in the sweet serenity of conscious virtue; and, as for me, if I carry back to Rome the hopes of an approaching peace, an assurance of thy being reconciled to thy country, with what transports of joy shall I

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be received! In what honor, in what delightful repose, shall I pass the remainder of my life! What immortal glory shall I have acquired!"

23. Coriolanus made no attempt to interrupt Veturia while she was speaking; and when she had ceased, he still continued in deep silence. Anger, hatred, and desire of revenge, balanced in his heart those softer passions which the sight and discourse of his mother had awakened in his breast. Veturia, perceiving his irresolution, and fearing the event, thus renewed her expostulation:

24. "Why dost thou not answer me, my son? Is there, then, such greatness of mind in giving all to resentment? Art thou ashamed to grant any thing to a mother who thus entreats thee, thus humbles herself to thee? If it be so, to what purpose should I longer endure a wretched life!" As she uttered these last words, interrupted by sighs, she threw herself prostrate at his feet. His wife and children did the same; and all the other women, with united voices of mournful accent, begged and implored his pity.

25. The Volscian officers, not able, unmoved, to behold this scene, turned away their eyes; but Coriolanus, almost beside himself to see Veturia at his feet, passionately cried out: "Ah! móther, what art thou doing?" And, tenderly pressing her hand, in raising her up, he added, in a low voice: "Rome is saved, but thy son is lost!"

26. Early the next morning, Coriolanus broke up his camp, and peaceably marched his army homeward. Nobody had the boldness to contradict his orders. Many were exceedingly dissatisfied with his conduct; but others excused it, being more affected with his filial respect to his mother than with their own interests.

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the rising inflection on *soften*, fourteenth paragraph? 2. Why the rising inflection on *criminal*, and the falling on *him*, same paragraph? 3. What rule for the rising inflection on *mother*, twenty-fifth paragraph?

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EXERCISE LXXX.

AUTHORS,—THE UNDYING BENEFACTORS OF MANKIND.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. How shall we fitly estimate the vast inheritance of the world's intellectual treasures, to which all are born heirs? What words can declare the immeasurable worth of books,—what rhetoric set forth the importance of that great invention which diffused them over the whole earth to glad its myriads of minds? The invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, in a most especial sense, the brain and not the arm, the thinker and not the soldier, books and not kings, were to rule the world; and weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-ax.

2. The conflicts of the world were not to take place altogether on the tented field; but IDEAS, leaping from a world's awakened intellect, and burning all over with indestructible life, were to be marshaled against principalities and powers. The great and the good, whose influence before had been chiefly over individual minds, were now to be possessed of a magic, which, giving wings to their thoughts, would waft them, like so many carrier doves, on messages of hope and deliverance to the nations.

3. Words, springing fresh and bright from the soul of a master-spirit and dropping into congenial hearts, like so many sparks of fire, were no longer to lose this being with the vibrations of the air they disturbed, or molder with the papyrus on which they were written, but were to be graven in everlasting characters, and rouse, strengthen, and illumine th minds of all ages.

4. There was to be a stern death-grapple between Might and Right,—between the heavy arm and the ethereal thought,—between that which *was* and that which *ought to be;* for there was a great spirit abroad in the world, whom dungeons could not confine, nor oceans check, nor persecutions subdue.

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whose path lay through the great region of ideas, and whose dominion was over the mind.

5. If such were the tendency of that great invention which leaped or bridged the barriers separating mind from mind, and heart from heart, who shall calculate its effect in promoting private happiness? Books,—light-houses erected in the great sea of time,—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius; books by whose sorcery times past become times present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes; *these* were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor.

6. Could we have Plato, and Shakspeare, and Milton, in our dwellings, in the full vigor of their imaginations, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time.

7. Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

8. A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia* to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of

* A country of ancient Greece, in the center of the Peloponnesus

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Paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has thought, all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

9. There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good. We despise only the despicable; we honor only the honorable.

10. In that world, no divinity hedges a king; no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce, or shields a knave. There, and almost only there, do our affections have free play. We can select our companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, or sickness, or disgrace.

11. When every thing else fails,—when fortune frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us,—when this great world of forms and shows appears a "two-edged lie, which *seems* but *is* not,"—when all our earth-clinging hopes and ambitions melt away into nothingness,

> "Like snow-falls on a river,
> One moment white, then gone forever,"—

we are still not without friends to animate and console us,—friends, in whose immortal countenances, as they look out upon us from books, we can discern no change; who will dignify low fortunes and humble life with their kingly presence; who will people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces; who will consecrate sorrow and take the sting from care; and who, in the long hours of despondency and weakness, will send healing to the sick heart, and energy to the wasted brain.

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12. Well might Milton exclaim, in that impassioned speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life: "Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life!"

EXERCISE LXXXI.

ELLEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

WALTER SCOTT.

1. But scarce again his horn he wound,
When, lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel, guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.

2. The boat had touched this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,

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In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

3. And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown?
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hues so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace?
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain-tongue—
(*p.*) Those silvery sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

4. A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven 's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen 's eye;

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5. Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame,—
O, need I tell that passion's name?

EXERCISE LXXXII.

THE ITALIAN EXILE.

1. When the minstrel is sorrowful, sad is the lay,
You may smile on his song, but his soul is away;
For no theme can excite this cold fancy of mine,
So far from the land of the olive and vine.

2. There passion breathes out from the lyre and the lute,
And the voice of their melody never is mute;
Love stamps on the forehead of Beauty its seal,
On cheeks that can burn and on hearts that can feel.

3. Years vanish,—their trace on my brow you behold,
And my heart has to beauty grown careless and cold;
Yet of all sweet impressions that linger there yet,
The daughters of Florence it last will forget.

4. Ye Pilgrims of Beauty, from barbarous lands,
Behold where the model* of loveliness stands;

* The Venus de Medici. See Note, page 141.

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Go, kneel by the marble, if marble it seem,
And love, with its torch, will illumine your dream.

5. Lost thoughts of your youth will that statue renew;
You will muse on the home of the faithful and true,
Where never can come disappointment or care,
And the beings are pure as that image is fair.

6. Italy! Italy! never again
May the minstrel revisit thy mountain and plain,
Yet a vision of bliss on his slumber there breaks,
But to dream of thy shores, though an exile, he wakes.

7 Thy present is beautiful; great was thy past;
May thy future restore thee to greatness at last!
The home of my fathers! the land of the sun!
Honored, though distant, and dear, though undone.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.

ADVERSITY, WITH INTERJECTIONS BY THE READER.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1. Adversity!—daughter of Jove—relentless power—tamer of the human breast—companion and nurse of virtue—such are the terms in which a philosophical poet has spoken of it. In similar language have almost all the poets and philosophers of all ages eulogized adversity; without which, some of them say, it is impossible for any one to know what sterling qualities he may possess, or what great things he may accomplish. [A very good thing for all people besides ourselves, I suppose.] To see a brave man, says Seneca, struggling against evil fortune—

"Still buoyant 'midst the waves of adverse fate,"

is the finest sight the world can show. The gods might be

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expected to look down with satisfaction on such a spectacle. [All very true, perhaps; but this is apparently a drama which would expire for want of actors, if men had their own choice.]

2. The corrupting tendency of prosperity has always been fully acknowledged. Men are then apt to be extremely puffed up and forgetful of themselves. They begin to look on their fellow-creatures as beings of an inferior nature, whom they are at liberty to use for their own purposes. Old friends are forgotten; nay, even those who may have conferred benefits upon them in their less fortunate days. Often, in the wantonness of prosperity, men will trample the most sacred principles under foot.

3. In short, it has ever been regarded as a most dangerous thing for a frail mortal to be exposed to the demoralizing influences which attend a large measure of the good things of this life. [All nonsense. I know many good fellows who have feathered their nests by railway speculations. They never used to give dinners, because they said they could not afford it. Now, they ask you every fortnight. Forget old friends! They never could remember them till now. And as for trampling sacred principles under foot—why, you will see their names opposite good sums in all the charity books that go about,—fellows that never gave a half-penny to a beggar before. I would like to be exposed to similar danger—that I know.]

4. The enervating effect of prosperity is, perhaps, its most remarkable result. Under this sickly influence all the hardy virtues languish and die. Adversity, on the contrary, develops the native vigor of human character. [Well, I know that Jasper Thoroughpace was a clever, active fellow while things were going well with him; but now that he is in the background, one would think that he had lost all spirit, and had resolved to allow the world to take its own course with him—like a Turk. I called upon him the other morning, and showed him how he might make thirty pounds in a couple of

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days, if he would only look sharp. But he told me it was of no use—he had not heart to try any thing.]

5. Yield not to evils, said the Sybil, but go the more dar ingly against them. You vanquish Fortune by bearing her spite with fortitude. How nobly did the ancients practice these admirable maxims of theirs, and what a noble example have they thus left to us! [A set of ninnies, that fell on their swords whenever any thing went wrong. No, no, my friend; depend on it, it 's all talk about the invigorating effect of adversity. As well tell me that crocuses thrive because of the snow they grow among, when we know it is only by reason of such sunshine as there is, at that season, that they can get up their heads at all.]

6. Perhaps, however, the most blessed result of adversity is in its softening effects upon our nature. From my own, I learn to melt at others' woe, saith the poet, not more beautifully than truly. Amidst the luxuries and blandishments which prosperity brings us, we unavoidably become selfish and egotistical. The spirit grows upon us, till we become thoroughly hardened. But let us experience the frowns of adversity, and we feel at once that we are men. Our vexations and griefs teach us what human life really is to the great bulk of our fellow-creatures, and we then begin to open our ears to the cry of the poor and the anguish-laden.

7. Thus, it has happened to many a man to be converted into humanity by adversity, who would otherwise have gone on to the close of life in impenetrable selfishness—selfishness all the greater, that he was totally unconscious of there being any such thing about him. [Now, such nonsense is here! Why, the very contrary is the case. There is Mrs. Craik, the nicest creature in the world as long as her husband was in easy circumstances,—felt for every body, and helped all she could,—never seemed to have a selfish thought. But now that Craik has fallen back so much, why, she is no longer endurable.

8. Last time I went to see her, she talked of nothing but the slights she meets with from old acquaintances, and what

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she suffers from her husband's bad temper. She is now bitter at every thing. Call you this egotism or not? And she really is a good creature, too. It is only that she has so much to annoy her own mind, that she can think of nothing else, much less feel for any other body's troubles. And is this an uncommon case? Have you never heard of people being soured by misfortune, getting spited at the world, when it goes against them, and so forth? Men are hardened, my dear friend, not by prosperity, but by adversity.]

9. While thus serviceable in disciplining the feelings, adversity has a scarcely less important power as an instructor of the judgment. In prosperity, we see every thing through a false medium. The world smiles upon us, because fortune does. We never learn the real thoughts of those around us. Men have an interest in deceiving us, and we can hardly miss being deceived accordingly. But, while abiding the storms of adversity, we have all things presented to us in the unflattering reality.

10. We see the selfishness, if not heartlessness, of men, and how little even genuine merit affects them, if they do not think they can make something by it. We learn to avoid taking things at their first fair seeming; to pause, look narrowly, and approve late. We learn to cope with the most astute in all worldly matters. From these considerations it is, that the diplomas of those reared in the school of adversity, have ever borne so much higher a value than those of persons brought up in pleasanter academies.

11. Indeed, as an English poet has well expressed it: "So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with Woe, and been taught in her school, as are enough to consecrate distress, and make ambition wish for the frown rather than the smile of Fortune." [Stuff, stuff—nothing but stuff! Adversity only twists people's judgments. In that school they do not see things in their true character, but in a very false one.

12. Every thing appears harsh and disagreeable to the man

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suffering adversity. If a merchant in struggling circumstances, and refused a little credit, he thinks there is no faith in human probity, and goes home as sulky as a bear. If a commander who has failed in an enterprise, he conceives every allusion in his presence to military failures, a symptom of the ungenerous spirit of detraction in his fellow-creatures, and is likely to fall into a dueling business every day of his life.

13. Who has the justest opinion of critics—the author whose works get a fair share of the praise which they deserve, or he who, writing bad books, is continually cut up in the reviews? Oh, my friend, look a little among those who are called the suffering classes, and say, if actual observation makes good these dreams of yours about the stern schoolmistress.

14. Tell us, if you there find juster views of life and its complicated interests, than among the quiet, well-off people of the middle ranks, or even those who have suffered a little too much of prosperity. Tell us whether demagogues find their best subjects among those who have empty, or those who have full stomachs. But I have lost all patience with this twattle about the beauties of adversity, and can listen to no more of it.] *Exit reader in a huff, after throwing the book from him with contempt.*

15. Gentle readers of my own, this is a representation of the spirit of ancient writers in contrast with that of modern readers. Adversity is one of the respectabilities of past literature. It was the fashion for twenty centuries to expatiate upon the useful effects it had upon human character, and no one ever thought of challenging this philosophy, although then, perhaps, Adversity's own patients were as uneasy under her surgery as now.

16. But it is no longer possible to pass off plausible commonplaces in this way. Men make no allowance for the solemnities of authorcraft. They look at things in a practical light only, and, if they find literature attempting to impose any thing upon them contrary to what they may see in the

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next street they pass through, or the next house they enter, they abide it not.

17. Addressing myself to the immediate question, I would say (were I asked my opinion,) that there is a measure of truth on both sides, though mostly on one. The effects of both prosperity and adversity depend much on the particular character of the person exposed to their influence. Some are naturally liable to be corrupted by prosperity, and to be corrected by reverses; and this gives countenance to that lauda tion of adversity, which poets and philosophers have good naturedly proclaimed as a kind of consolation for suffering mortals in all ages.

18. But it would be belying nearly the whole system of human desires and motives, if we could not say that, in the large majority of cases, prosperity has a softening and a generally improving effect, and adversity the reverse. The latter can only be honestly regarded as mainly, and in most instances, a positive evil. Bear it resignedly and virtuously; admire all examples of heroism under it; be unlimited in efforts to relieve its victims. But see it, at the same time, in its true character, and try by all honorable means to be prosperous—notwithstanding the poets.

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

THE MUSHROOM FAMILY.

MACKENZIE.

To the Author of the "Lounger":

1. Sir: I troubled you some time ago with a letter from the country; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so, here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Oh, dear! to see how the Miss Homespuns looked when they came to take leave of me, the morning we set out for Edin

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burgh! I had just put on my new riding-habit, which my brother fetched me from London, and my hat, with two green and three white feathers; and Miss Jessy Homespun admired it so much, and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said, with a sigh, how charming it was!

2. I had a sad headache with it all morning, but I kept that to myself. "And do, my dear," said she, "write sometimes to us poor moping creatures in the country. But you won't have leisure to think of us, you will be so happy and so much amused." At that moment, my brother's post-coach rattled up to the door, and the poor Homespuns cried so when we parted! To be sure, they thought that a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amusements, must be quite delightful. Now, sir, to let you know how I have found it.

3. I was content to be lugged about by my sister, for the first week or two, as I knew that in a large town I should be like a fish out of water, as the saying is. But my sister-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance: "and you country girls—and we who have been in London—and we who have been abroad." However, between ourselves, I don't find that she knows quite so much as she would make me believe, for it seems they can't learn many things in the Indies; and when she went out, she knew as little as myself; and as for London, she was only a fortnight there on her way home.

4. So we have got masters that come in to give us lessons in French, and music, and dancing. The first two I can submit to very well. I could always put my tongue readily enough about any thing, and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, though my master says, my *fingering* is not what it should be. But the dancing is a terrible business. My sister-in-law and I are put into the stocks every morning, to teach us the right position of our feet; and all the steps I was praised for in the country, are now good for nothing, as the *cotillon* step is the only thing fit for people of

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fashion; and so we are twisted and twirled till my joints ache again; and, after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed, I have not yet ventured to try my hand—my feet, I mean—before any body.

5. But my sister-in-law, who is always praised for every thing she does, would needs try her cotillon steps at the assembly, and her partner, Captain Coupée, a constant visitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer she was; but, in truth, she was out of time every instant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling, as they called it. And so, in the same manner, (which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. Lounger,) the captain one day, at our house, declared she sang like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champagne); and yet, as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's street, I overheard him saying to one of his companions, that Mushroom's dinners were very good things, if it were not for the *bore* of the singing, and that the little *Nabobina* squalled like a pea-hen.

6. But, no doubt, it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may say behind their backs. And, I perceive, they have got fashionable words for praising things, which it is one of my sister's lessons and mine to have at our tongues' ends, whether we think so or not. Such a thing, she tells me (as she has been taught by her great companion, Miss Gusto,) must be *charming*, another *ravishing* (indeed, Mr. Lounger, that is the word,) and a third *divine*. As for me, I have yet got no farther than *charming;* I can only say *ravishing* in a whisper; and as for *divine*, I think there is something heathenish in it, though, indeed, I have been told, since I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

7. We have, besides, got another phrase, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my sister-in-law, and that is the *Ton*. Such a person is a very good kind of person, but such another is more the *Ton;* such a lady is handsomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humored than another, but

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that other is much more the *Ton.* I have often asked my sister, and even my French master, to explain the meaning of this word *Ton;* but they told me there was no translation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for that class of people who are ever ready to assume the shield of fashion or custom to hide the deformities of their real character,—folks who have the *Ton* may do any thing they like without being in the wrong, and every thing that is the *Ton* is right, let it be what it will.

8. Alas! sir, if the *Ton* would let poor people alone, who don't wish for distinction, there would be the less to complain of; but the misfortune is, that one must be in the *Ton* whether one's mind gives them to it or not; at least, I am told so. We have a French friseur, whom our *maitre d'hotel,** *Sabot,* recommended, who makes great use of this phrase. He screwed up my hair till I thought I should have fainted with the pain, and I did not sleep a wink all the night after, because he said that a hundred little curls were now become the *Ton.* He recommended a shoemaker, who, he said, made for all the people of the *Ton,* who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk across the room, because little feet were the *Ton.*

9. My staymaker, another of the same set, brought me home a pair of stays that were but a few inches round at the waist, and my maid and *Sabot* broke three laces before they could get them to meet, because small waists were the *Ton.* I sat at two dinners without being able to eat a morsel, because (I am ashamed to tell it, sir,) my stays would not hold a bit. However, I would submit to the *Ton* no longer in that article, and when I got home in the evening, I took out my scissors in a passion and cut a great slash in the sides. I was resolved I would not be squeezed to death for all the *Ton* in the world.

10. And, moreover, the *Ton* is not satisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and squeez-

* Steward.

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ing the pit of our stomach, but we must have manners which, under favor, sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother (I was bred up at my grandmother's) would have whipped me for,—that she would, if I had ventured to show them when I was with her. I am told that none but a ninny would look down in the sheepish way I do; but that, when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I must look as full at him as I can, to show my eyes, and laugh, to show my teeth (all our family have white teeth), and flourish my ratteen to show my shapes.

11. And though in a room I am to speak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not; yet in a public place I am to talk as loud and as fast as possible, and call the men by their plain surnames, and tell all about our last night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. Lounger, which I can't do for the heart of me; but my sister-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miss Gusto says. But then she has been in India, and she was not brought up with my grandmother. I protest, though I would be ashamed to let Miss Gusto know it, that often, when I am wishing to practice some of her lessons, I think I see my grandmother, with her bunch of keys at her apron-string, her amber-headed stick in the one hand, and her *Ladies' Calling* in the other, looking at me from under her spectacles with such a frown, Mr. Lounger, it frightens me quite out of my head.

12. After all, I am apt to believe that the very great trouble and the many inconveniences to which we put ourselves to attain this distinction of the *Ton*, are, in a great measure, labor in vain; that our music, our dancing, and our good-breeding will, perhaps, be out of fashion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of these accomplishments; for some of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who visit us, say that the *Ton* here is no *Ton* at all, for that the true and genuine *Ton* (like the true and genuine *Milk of Roses*) is only to be found in London.

13. Nay, some of the finest of those fine ladies and gentlemen go a step further, and inform us that the *Ton* of London

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itself is mere *twattle*, and that the only right *Ton* is to be found in Paris. I hope in goodness, however, that my sister, if she is determined, as she sometimes hints, to chase the *Ton* that length, will drop me by the way, or, rather, allow me to return again to the country. Old sparrows (the proverb says, Mr. Lounger,) are ill to tame. Not that I am old, neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the sort of life we lead here; and though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and I am sure to say so in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often secretly wishing I were back again at my father's, where I should not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

Your afflicted (if I may venture to say so), humble servant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

EXERCISE LXXXV.

THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY BULWER.

1 Youth's gay spring-time scarcely knowing,
Went I forth the world to roam,—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my father's home.
Of my birth-right—glad,—believing,—
Of my world-gear took I none,
Careless as an infant, cleaving
To my pilgrim-staff alone.

2. For I placed my mighty hope in
Dim and holy words of faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
Ever on the *upward path*—
Till thou gain the golden portal,
Till its gate unclose to thee,

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There the earthly and the mortal,
Deathless and divine shall be."

3. Night on morning stole, and stealeth,
Never, never stand I still,
And the future yet concealeth
What I seek, and what I will!
Mount on mount arose before me,
Torrents hemmed me every side,
But I built a bridge that bore me
O'er the roaring tempest tide.

4. Toward the East I reached a river,
On its shores I did not rest;
Faith from danger can deliver,
And I trusted to its breast.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll,—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal.
While I live is never given
Bridge or wave the goal to near—
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
Never can the *There* be *Here!*

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

PARNELL.

1. Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know.

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Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

2. Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer plows his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude 's the nurse of woe.

3. No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or, in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.

4. Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

5. 'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,

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And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved;
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I 'll be there to crown the rest."

6. O! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone:
Then, while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,—
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,—
I 'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And Thee, great Source of nature, sing.

7 The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day,
The moon that shines with borrowed light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The seas that roll unnumbered waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves,
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain,—
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:

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They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

THE LITTLE WORD,—NO.

MERCHANTS' LEDGER.

1. A very little word is *No*. It is composed of but two letters, and only forms a syllable. In meaning it is so definite as to defy misunderstanding. Young lips find its articulation easy. Any child can spell it. Unlike some words of learned length, spoken only on rare occasions, its use is common and familiar. Not an hour passes in company, but we hear it repeated. It would be a task to carry on conversation for a few minutes without its aid.

2. Diminutive in size, evident in import, easy of utterance, frequent in use, and necessary in ordinary speech, it seems one of the simplest and most harmless of all words. Yet there are those to whom it is almost a terror. Its sound makes them afraid. Upon their lips, when forced to pronounce it, it hangs heavily as lead. They would expurgate it from their vocabulary if they could. An easy and good-natured class of people they are. They like always to agree with their friends. To them the language of contradiction is uncongenial. The ranks of disputants obtain from them few recruits. They can not differ from others without a painful effort, which they seldom make.

3. It is in their nature to drift down the stream, rather than resist the current. When urged to any thing by companions, they find it all but impossible to say—*No*. The little mono-

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syllable sticks in their throat. Their pliable and easy temper inclines them to conformity, and frequently works their bane. Assailed by the solicitations of pleasure, they are sure to yield, for at once and resolutely they will not repeat —*No.*

4. Plied with the intoxicating cup, they seldom overcome, for their facile nature refuses to express itself in—*No.* Encountering temptation in the hard and duteous path, they are likely to falter and fall, for they have not boldness to speak out the decided negative—*No.*

5. Amid the mists of time, and involved in the labyrinth me mazes of error, they are liable to forget eternal verities, and join the ribald jest, for they have not been accustomed to utter an emphatic—*No.* Their talents may be of a high order, their disposition amiable and generous, and their prospects flattering; but this one weakness may, at any time, prove fatal to their hopes.

6. All the noble souls and heroes of history have held themselves ready, whenever it was demanded, to say—*No.* The warrior said—*No* to the obstacles which threatened the success of his arms, and rose against them in his might, and made them as the dust of his feet. The statesman said—*No* to the imperious and insulting demands of an excited populace or a foreign foe, and devised the plans by which the language of demand was exchanged for the language of entreaty and supplication.

7. The poet said—*No* to the sloth and indolence which consumed his precious hours, and wove for himself, in heavenly song, a garland of immortality. The martyred hosts said —*No* to the Pagan powers that demanded a recantation of their faith, and swift from the fire and the torture their souls uprose to the rewards and beatitude of heaven. The greatest and best of all that ever trod our earth, the Holy One himself, was incessant in his labors of self-denial, and even thereby he won the honors of his cross. Great men have grown great by repeating *No* at every step of their progress. To

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ease, to inglorious joyance, to pleasure, to hardship, they said —*No.*

8. In the slow advancement of mankind—*No* has ever proved a word of power. Before it, Error consecrated by antiquity, has fallen, and Truth has risen in her splendor. Every falsehood refuted and denied is a step to truth; every impediment vanquished, an advance to greatness. It is but fair to observe, however, that even in the use of this word there may be an abuse.

9. As there are minds too pliable and gentle, so there are others too dogmatic and contradictory. On little occasions, and for trifling reasons, one may acquire a vile and disagreeable habit of dispute and denial. In things of no moral or practical account, it is wise to be conciliatory and compliant. The most decided of men need not be impolite, or unpleasing in society, But, when duty or propriety demands it, no one should be ashamed to speak—*No.*

10. "Few have learned to speak this word
When it *should* be spoken;
Resolution is deferred,
Vows to virtue broken.

11. "More true courage is required
This one word to say,
Than to stand where shots are fired
In the battle fray.

12. "Use it fitly, and ye'll see
Many a lot below
May be schooled, and nobly ruled,
By power to utter—'*No.*'"

QUESTIONS.—1. What pause before the word *No*, in the above piece? See page 43. 2. What kind of emphasis on *should*, tenth stanza? See Note VI., page 21.

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EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

THE GRAVE.

LITERARY MAGNET.

1. There is a mournful pleasure in stealing from the noisy haunts of life, at that soul-soothing hour when the twilight sheds its softening influence over each distant prospect, and the last faint vestiges of the declining day are vanishing from the heavens. It is sweet at such a time to stray into the church-yard of some neighboring village, and pass an hour in meditation over the last narrow dwelling-place of those who are reclining beneath us.

2. There shall we be impressed with the sad truth, that our brightest joys must pass away, and that a time will come, when the cold grave will receive us, and others will pass over our lowly bed, and bestow not a thought on the moldering relics of the mortal who lies beneatl them. But we shall rest calmly and peacefully. Sorrows will not molest us; but the breeze will moan a gentle dirge as it passes over our resting-place; and the summer daisy will disclose its simple beauties among the waving grass that springs in freshness above our last quiet home.

3. (*pl.*) Go, child of sorrow, to the grave, where the gentle form is sleeping that was wont to be thy companion; who, when the storm of affliction was darkly gathering around thee, soothed thy anguish, and, with the blandishments of faithful affection, cheered thy hours of sadness. Go to the turf that flourishes above her, and recall, as in a dream, past hours of happiness. Think of those eyes, beautiful as violets, where Love had made his habitation. Think of that voice, which, like the lute's soft music, thrilled thy inmost soul with its melody—muse on every fond endearment, every blissful hour, that once with her was thy portion; then wake from the enchanting illusion, to know that, mixed with her kindred dust, she can return to thee no more.

4. And thou, who hast wept over a parent's lifeless form,

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—thou, who hast partaken of the devotedness of parental love, and hast seen those parents, whose hopes were on thee, snatched by the hand of death suddenly from thy side;—do thou go to the church-yard in which they repose, and shed thy bitter tears of sorrow over their grave. Then, if thou hast ever given a pang to the bosom whereon thou wert nourished, —then will each unkindness, which thou mayst, for a time, have forgotten, rush into thy mind,—and thou wilt weep more sadly, because the conviction will be in thy heart, that it is vain.

5. Thy tears can not recall one moment of undutiful behavior; nor shed a balm over the sorrows of that heart which thy unkindness has wounded. Thou mayst pluck from their turf the wild weeds, and

"Strew with flowers the dismal spot;"

but it will be of no avail; they have passed from thee forever, and the voice of thy sorrow penetrates not into the grave, but is lost in the night-wind which sighs around it.

"There is a calm for those that weep,"

and within the silent tomb all will rest alike; the man who has wandered through the world deserted and forlorn, with none to soothe the anguish of his heart,—no hand to shield him from the blast of affliction,—no voice to whisper in his ear the gentle words of friendship, beneath the grassy turf will rest as sweetly as he on whom Fortune has lavished her proudest gifts; and the poor beggar who has endured the scoffings of the rich, will repose as calmly as that unfeeling mortal who, with a callous heart, spurned him from his presence.

7. The maiden blooming in all the loveliness of youth,—the aged man whose head is silvered with the frosts of many winters,—the heart whose owner enjoyed all the blessings of life, and they who have drank deeply of the cup of affliction,—

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all must alike share the quiet of the tomb. Neither youth nor beauty can stay the hand of death, and often the lovely, like the sweet flower of spring blighted by the destroying blast, are the soonest to fade.

8. And then, too, many a link of affection's chain will lie scattered. There will repose the babe on whom a parent's eyes have gazed in fondness, over whose gentle form a mother has bent, and formed, in the dreaming of her maternal love many a scene of happiness; but

"All that 's bright must fade,"

and, like the rose-bud on which the canker-worm has fed, beneath the blighting hand of death, the object of a mother's hopes will exchange the warm resting-place of affection for the dark, cold chambers of the grave.

9. It is then that the widow muses upon the hours of departed happiness, which, contrasted with her present mournful state, appear with increased charms. It is then she indulges in those dreams which recall days long since departed, till, to use the words of the poet,

"She thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings still more closely to the senseless clay!"

10. We may gaze on the beautiful scenes which the lavish hand of nature has formed around us, and our thoughts may be raised to heaven, and the prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude flow from our tongues; but it is only above the resting-place of the silent dead that the musings of the heart will turn to that moment when the ray of life will be extinguished, and we shall depart from this vale of tears, "even as a summer cloud which passeth away, and returneth not."

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EXERCISE LXXXIX.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3. Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms—that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet—sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

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How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting bréath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of déath?

12 Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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15. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

6. Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21 Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;

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Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty step the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove:
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard-path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

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THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

32. No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they, alike, in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

QUESTIONS.—1. What pause after *lead*, ninth stanza? See page 48.
2. Are the questions in the eleventh stanza direct or indirect?

EXERCISE XC.

1. A-CROP'-O-LIS, the highest part of a city; the citadel; especially, that of ancient Athens.

2. MAR'-A-THON, a village of Attica, in ancient Greece, celebrated as the spot whereon a great victory was gained by Miltiades over the Persians, B. C. 490.

3. PLA'-TÆ-A, a town of Bœotia, in ancient Greece, rendered famous by a victory gained there by the Greeks over the Persians under Mardonius, B. C. 479.

4. MOR-GAR'-TEN, a mountain on the eastern border of the lake Ægeri, in Switzerland, is celebrated for a victory gained there in 1315, over Leopold, the Arch-duke of Austria.

5. LAT'-PEN, the name of a place in Switzerland, famous for a victory achieved there in 1339, by the citizens of Bern, over the nobles who had undertaken to destroy their city.

6. MAN'-LI-US, and (7) SCIP'-I-O AF-RI-CA'-NUS, two noble Romans, the former celebrated for preserving the Capitol, when nearly taken by

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the Gauls; the latter, for conquering the Carthaginians under their great leader, Hannibal, who had once well-nigh reduced Rome itself to subjection.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

ALISON.

1. It is in vain, that a nation may be encircled with fortresses, or defended by mountains, or begirt by the ocean; its real security is to be found in the spirit and the valor of its people. The army which enters the field in the conviction, that it is to conquer, has already gained the day. The people who recollect with pride the achievements of their forefathers, will not prove unworthy of them in the field of battle.

2. The remembrance of their heroic actions preserved the independence of the Swiss republics, amidst the powerful empires by which they were surrounded; and the glory of her armies, joined to the terror of her name, upheld the Roman empire for centuries after the warlike spirit of the people was extinct. It is this which constitutes the strength and multiplies the triumphs of veteran soldiers, and it is this which renders the qualities of military valor and prowess hereditary in a nation.

3. Every people, accordingly, whose achievements are memorable in past history, have felt the influence of these national recollections, and received them as the most valuable inheritance from their forefathers. The statesmen of Athens, when they wished to rouse that fickle people to any great or heroic action, reminded them of the national glory of their ancestors, and pointed to the Acropolis,[1] crowned with the monuments of their valor. Demosthenes, in the most heart-stirring apostrophe of antiquity, invoked the shades of those who died at Marathon[2] and Platæa[3] to sanctify the cause in which they were to be engaged.

4. The Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after the establishment of their independence, assembled on the fields of Morgarten[4] and Laupen[5], and spread garlands over the graves of the fallen warriors, and prayed for the souls of those who

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had died for their country's freedom. The Romans attached a superstitious reverence to the rock of the Capitol, and loaded its temples with the spoils of the world, and looked back, with a mixture of veneration and pride, to the struggles which it had witnessed, and the triumphs which it had won.

5. So long as Manlius[6] remained in sight of the Capitol, his enemies found it impossible to obtain a conviction of the charges against him. When Scipio Africanus[7] was accused by a faction in the forum, in place of answering the charge, he turned to the Capitol, and invited the people to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and return thanks for the defeat of the Carthaginians. Such was the influence of local associations on that severe people; and so natural is it for the human mind to embody its recollections in some external object, and so important an effect are these recollections fitted to have, when they are perpetually brought back to the public mind by the sight of the objects to which they have been attached.

6. The erection of a national monument, on a scale suited to the greatness of the events it is intended to commemorate, seems better calculated than any other measure to perpetuate the spirit which the events of our times have awakened in this country. It will force itself on the observation of the most thoughtless, and recall the recollection of danger and glory, during the slumber of peaceful life.

7. Thousands who never would otherwise have cast a thought upon the glory of their country, will by it be awakened to a sense of what befits the descendants of those great men who have died in the cause of national freedom. While it will testify the gratitude of the nation to departed worth, it will serve at the same time to mark the distinction which similar victories may win. Like the Roman Capitol, it will stand at once the monument of former greatness and the pledge of future glory.

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EXERCISE XCI.

WHERE SHOULD THE SCHOLAR LIVE?

LONGFELLOW.

1. Where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err who think, that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and, therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

2. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land.

3. The river of life that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men; such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hung forever resting on the wall.

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4. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Sarine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonlight. Besides, the mere external forms of nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

EXERCISE XCII.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. On the cross-beam under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There 's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

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2. Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

3. Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen!
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar.
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth thy feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

4. I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And, while the world throngs on beneath
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;

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And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

EXERCISE XCIII.

THE STORMY PETREL.

PARK BENJAMIN.

1 This is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless and rapid and strong is he;
He never forsakes the billowy roar
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

2 Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships, they soar and sail.

3. All over the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

4. So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapors of somber hue—
Like the petrel, wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way!

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EXERCISE XCIV.

COMMUNINGS OF NATURE.

POLLOK.

1. Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature showed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

2. Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss
The lonely bard enjoyed when forth he walked,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when,
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And sought—sought neither heaven nor earth—sought naught,
Nor meant to think; but ran mean time through vast
Of visionary things, fairer than aught
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw,
Greater than aught that largest worlds could hold,
Or give idea of to those who read.

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3 He entered into Nature's holy place,
Her inner chamber, and beheld her face
Unvailed; and heard unutterable things,
And incommunicable visions saw;
Things then unutterable, and visions then
Of incommunicable glory bright;
But by the lips of after ages formed
To words, or by their pencil pictured forth;
Who, entering further in, beheld again,
And heard unspeakable and marvelous things,
Which other ages, in their turn, revealed,
And left to others greater wonders still.

EXERCISE XCV.

1. BA'-RON CU'-VIER, the most eminent naturalist of modern times, was born at Montbeliard, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, in 1769.

2. BI'-MANE, (BI, *two*, and MANE, *hand*,) having two hands.

MAN.

KIRBY.

1. After traversing the whole Animal Kingdom, from its very lowest grades, and having arrived at MAN, who confessedly stands at the head, and is the only *visible* king and lord of all the rest, it will be expected that I should devote a few pages to the world's master.

2. Baron Cuvier,[1] with great propriety, places him by himself in a separate order, distinguished from that which succeeds it, in his system, by the significant appellation of *Bimane*,[2] indicating that his two hands are the instruments by which he subdues and governs the planet that he inhabits; by which, also, he is enabled to embody his conceptions, and, as it were, to convert his thoughts into material substances.

3. I shall consider him both physically and metaphysically; physically as to his actual *position*, and as to his *action* upon

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his subjects and property, whether vegetable or animal; and metaphysically as to his connection with that world, to which his mind or spirit belongs. When I say that man stands at the head of the creation, I do not mean to affirm, that he combines in himself every physical attribute in perfection, that is found in all the animals below him; for it is manifest to every one, that many of them far exceed him in the perfection of many of their organs, and in their qualities of various kinds.

4. For sight, he can not compete with the eagle; for scent, with the hound, or the shark; for swiftness, with the roebuck; for strength and bulk, with the elephant; but it is in his MIND that his superiority lies. There is in him a SPIRIT, an immaterial substance, which constitutes him the sole representative here on earth of the Spirit of Spirits.

5. He is the only member of the animal kingdom that partakes both of a heavenly and of an earthly nature,—that belongs both to a material and an immaterial world; and, on this account, it was, that God, when he had created man, constituted him king over the whole sphere of animals, with which he had peopled this globe that we inhabit. When his unhappy fall took place, the Divine Image was impaired, and, consequently, the dominion over those creatures, which formed a part of it, was proportionably weakened, and reduced to its present standard.

6. But still, though weakened, it is not abrogated; his subjects have not universally broken the yoke and burst the bonds of his dominion,—a large portion of them still acknowledge him as their king and master, and those that he has not subdued so as to make them do his bidding, still fear him and flee him; and even of these, there is none so fierce and intractable, that he has not found means to tame and subdue. And this is the position, in which he now stands with respect to the animal kingdom; he has that within him, that enables him to master them, and apply such of them as are of a convertible nature, if I may so speak, to work his will and answer his purpose.

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7. The functions of man, with regard to the world in which he is now placed, are all included in his *action* upon the sphere of animals and vegetables, and in their *re-action* upon him. If we survey all nature, wherever we turn our eyes, or wherever we direct our thoughts, we see the action of antagonist powers, a flux and reflux, by which the Great Builder of the universe supports the vast machine, and maintains all the motions that he has generated in it. The same principle is at work in every description of beings in our own planet; every action of man upon any object of the world without him, produces a re-action from that object, attended often by important results.

8. The action of man upon the world without him, is threefold. His first action upon them is, that of the mind to contemplate them, so as to gain a knowledge of their forms and structure—of their habits and instincts—of their meaning and uses. His second action upon them, having studied their natures, and discovered how they may be made profitable to him, is to collect and multiply such species as he finds will, in any way, answer his purpose. His third action upon them is to diminish, and keep within due limits those species that experience teaches him, are noxious and prejudicial, either to himself or those animals that he has taken into alliance with him, which are principal sources of wealth to him, and minister to his daily use, comfort and enjoyment,

9. The highest view that we can take of man, is that which looks upon him as belonging to a spiritual as well as a material world. The end of the creation of the earth, says the father and founder* of natural history, is the glory of God, from the works of nature, by man only. And, as the same pious author observes: "How contemptible is man, if he does not aim at this end of his creation—if he does not strive to raise himself above the low pursuits that usually occupy his mind!"

10. The heavens, indeed, declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth the work of his hands. Day unto

* Linnæus.

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day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. The beasts of the field honor him, and all creatures that he hath made glorify him. But man must study the book open before him; and the more he studies it, the more audible to him will be the general voice to his spiritual ear, and he will clearly perceive, that every created thing glorifies God in its place, by fulfilling his will, and the great purpose of his providence; but that he himself alone can give a tongue to every creature, and pronounce for all a general doxology.

EXERCISE XCVI.

THE MODERN NAVIGATOR.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. You behold a majestic vessel, bounding over the billows, from the other side of the globe; easily fashioned *to* float, in safety, over the boundless sea; to spread out her broad wings, and catch the midnight breeze, guided by a single drowsy sailor at the helm, with two or three companions reclining listlessly on the deck, gazing into the depths of the starry heavens. The commander of this vessel, not surpassing thousands of his brethren in intelligence and skill, knows how, by pointing his glass at the heavens, and taking an observation of the stars, and turning over the leaves of his "Practical Navigator," and making a few figures on his slate, to tell the spot which his vessel has reached on the trackless sea; and he can, also, tell by means of a steel spring and a few brass wheels, put together in the shape of a chronometer.

2. The glass, with which he brings the heavens down to the earth, and by which he measures the twenty-one thousand six hundredth part of their circuit, is made of a quantity of flint, sand, and alkali,—coarse opaque substances, which he has melted together into the beautiful medium which excludes the air and the rain, and admits the light; by means of which

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he can count the orders of animated nature in a dew-drop, and measure the depth of the valleys in the moon. He has, running up and down his main-mast, an iron chain, fabricated at home, by a wonderful succession of mechanical contrivances, out of a rock brought from the deep caverns of the earth, and which has the power of conducting the lightning harmlessly down the sides of the vessel into the deep.

3. He does not creep timidly along, from headland to headland, nor guide his course across a narrow sea by the north star; but he launches bravely on the pathless and bottomless deep, and carries about with him, in a box, a faithful little pilot, who watches when the eye of man droops with fatigue, a small and patient steersman, whom darkness does not blind, nor the storm drive from his post, and who points from the other side of the globe—through the convex earth—to the steady pole.

4. If he falls in with a pirate, he does not wait to repel him hand to hand; but he puts into a mighty engine a handful of dark powder, into which he has condensed an immense quantity of elastic air, and which, when touched by a spark of fire, will instantly expand into its original volume, and drive an artificial thunderbolt before it against the distant enemy.

5. When he meets another similar vessel on the sea, homeward-bound from a like excursion to his own, he makes a few black marks on a piece of paper, and sends it home, a distance of ten thousand miles, and thereby speaks to his employer, to his family, and his friends, as distinctly and significantly, as if they were seated by his side.

6. At the cost of half the labor, with which the savage procures himself the skin of a wild beast to cover his nakedness, this child of civilized life has provided himself with the most substantial, curious, and convenient clothing,—textures and tissues of wool, cotton, linen, and silk,—the contributions of the four quarters of the globe, and of every kingdom of nature.

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7. To fill a vacant hour, or dispel a gathering cloud from his spirits, he has curious instruments of music, which speak another language of new and strange significance to his heart, which makes his veins thrill and his eyes overflow with tears, without the utterance of a word, and, with one sweet succession of harmonious sounds, sends his heart back, over the waste of waters, to the distant home, where his wife and his children are gathered around the fireside, trembling at the thought, that the storm which beats upon the windows may, perhaps, overtake their beloved voyager on the distant seas.

8. And in his cabin he has a library of volumes,—the strange production of a machine of almost magical powers,—which, as he turns over their leaves, enable him to converse with the great and good of every clime and age, and which even repeat to him, in audible notes, the laws of his God and the promises of his Savior, and point out to him that happy land which he hopes to reach when his flag is struck, and his sails are furled, and the voyage of life is over.

EXERCISE XCVII.

XIMENA AND ELMINA.

MRS. HEMANS.

Ximena. For me, my part is done!
The flame which dimly might have lingered yet
A little while, hath gathered all its rays
Brightly to sink at once; and it is well!
The shadows are around me; to thy heart
Fold me, that I may die.
Elmina. My child! what dream
Is on thy soul? Even now thine aspect wears
Life's brightest inspiration!
Ximena. Death's!
Elmina. Away!
Thine eye hath starry clearness, and thy cheek

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Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue
Than tinged its earliest flower!
Ximena. It well may be!
There are far deeper and far warmer hues
Than those which draw their coloring from the founts
Of youth, or health, or hope.
Why should not He, whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on His robes of beauty, when He comes
As a Deliverer? He hath many forms;
They should not all be fearful! If His call
Be but our gathering to that distant land,
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer winds, a voice of melody,
Solemn, yet lovely? Mother, I depart!—
Be it thy comfort, in thy after days,
That thou hast seen me thus!
Elmina. Can I bear on with life
When thou art gone? Thy voice, thy step, thy smile,
Passed from my path! Alas, even *now* thine eye
Is changed—thy cheek is fading!
Ximena. Aye, the clouds
Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight.
Oh, weep thou not, save with a gentle sorrow!
Elmina. Must it be? Art thou, indeed, to leave me?
Ximena (*exultingly*). Be thou glad!
I say, rejoice above thy favored child!
Joy, for the soldier when his field is fought,
Joy, for the peasant when his vintage task
Is closed at eve! But, most of all, for her
Who, when her life changed its glittering robes
For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling
So heavily around the journeyers on,
Cast down its weight—and slept! [*She dies.*

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DIRGE.

(*p.*) Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *child*, second stanza? See Note L, page 30. 2. Why the falling inflection on *away*, fourth stanza? See Rule VIII., page 31.

EXERCISE XCVIII.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

1. Will not thou thy lambkins héed?
Sweet and innocent their look,
As they browse upon the mead
Or disport beside the brook.
(″) "Mother, mother, let me go
Chase o'er mountain hights the roe!"

2. Wilt thou not, through mead and déll,
Lure with cheerful horn the hérds?
Sweetly the resounding bell
Mingles with the song of birds.
"Mother, mother, let me hie
To the mountain wilds on high!"

3. Wilt thou not await the flôwers
Sweetly smiling on their bed?

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Dark and drear, the mountain lowers,
There no flowers rear their head.
"Let the flowers bloom and blow!
Mother, mother, let me go!"

4. And the boy went forth to chase,
(=) On, on, up the craggy pile,
With blind daring's reckless pace,
Through the mountain's dark defile!
On before him, like the wind,
Trembling flees the panting hind.

5. Fleetly climbs she to the verge
Of the naked craggy steep,
O'er the tempest-riven gorge
Boundeth she with fearless leap;
But behind her speeds the foe,
Recklessly, with deadly bow.

6. O'er the chasm's fearful brink
Hangs she, on the topmost night,
Where the crags abruptly sink,
And the path is lost to sight.
Fearful the abyss below!
Nearer, nearer comes the foe!

7 She, with silent looks of woe,
Seeks to move his stony heart,
Seeks in vain,—he bends his bow,
And prepares to launch the dart.
Lo! from cavern black as night
Soars the ancient mountain sprite.

8. And he raised his godlike hand
To protect her from the foe,

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" Wherefore, in my airy land
Bring'st thou with thee death and woe?
Earth for all hath ample space,
Why dost thou my flocks then chase?"

EXERCISE XCIX.

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman Empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who, in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time, added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number; he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

2. In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

3. In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought, at length, of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were

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performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

4. An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony, and the emotions of his mind, in a short time, became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

5. During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in these amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder, and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length, extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

6. It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman.

7. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge or prætor.

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8. Meanwhile, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was, also, commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defense, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

9. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder. A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence.

10. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor, and, traveling by night and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome.

11. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice, and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice, and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another.

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12. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

13. It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion.

14. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he, at last, became regardless of life. He detested a world, where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defense. Thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander.

15. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth; distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew

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from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress.

16. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honors of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "*That no circumstances are so desperate, that Providence may not relieve them.*"

EXERCISE C.

1. Se-sos'-tris, a famous king of Egypt, who reigned in the fifteenth century before Christ. He was a great conqueror, and is said to have erected magnificent temples in all the cities of his empire, and to have dug many canals from the river Nile, for the purposes of commerce and navigation.

THE REAL DURATION OF MEN'S LIVES.

T. NOON TALFOURD.

1. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations have flown; and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them.

2. In thinking on seasons of ennui* we have nothing but a sense of length,—we merely remember that we felt the tedium of existence; but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time, unpeopled with diversified emotions or circumstances, is but one idea, and that

* *Ennui* (äng we'), weariness, languor.

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idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. A night of dull pain, and months of lingering weakness, are, in the retrospect, nearly the same thing.

3. When our hands or our hearts are busy, we know nothing of time—it does not exist for us; but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other like ranges of distant hills. Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life, is determined on the same principles—not by the revolution of the seasons, but by the relation which the event bears in importance to all that has happened to us since.

4. To him who has thought, or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance, —far off as the age of chivalry, or as the line of Sesostris.[1] There are some recollections of such overpowering vastness, that their objects seem ever near; their size reduces all intermediate events to nothing; and they peer upon us like "a forked mountain, or blue promontory," which, being far off, is yet nigh.

5. How different from these appears some inconsiderable occurrence of more recent date, which a flash of thought redeems in a moment from long oblivion; which is seen amidst the dim confusion of half-forgotten things, like a little rock lighted up by a chance gleam of sunshine afar in the mighty waters!

6. What immense difference is there, then, in the real duation of men's lives! He lives longest of all who looks back oftenest, whose life is most populous of thought or action, and on every retrospect makes the vastest picture. The man who does not meditate, has no real consciousness of being. Such a one goes to death as to a drunken sleep; he parts with existence wantonly, because he knows nothing of its value.

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7. Mere men of pleasure are, therefore, the most careless of duelists, the gayest of soldiers. To know the true value of being, yet to lay it down for a great cause, is a pitch of heroism, which has rarely been attained by men. That mastery of the fear of death which is so common among men of spirit, is nothing but a conquest over the apprehension of dying. It is a mere victory of nerve and muscle.

8 Those whose days have no principle of continuity—who never feel time but in the shape of ennui—may quit the world for sport or for honor. But he who truly lives, who feels the past and future in the instant, whose days are to him a possession of majestic remembrances and golden hopes, ought not to fancy himself bound by such an example. He may be inspired to lay down his life, when truth or virtue shall demand so great a sacrifice; but he will be influenced by mere weakness of resolution, not by courage, if he suffer himself to be ashamed, or laughed, or worried out of it!

EXERCISE CI.

VALUE OF TIME.

YOUNG.

1. (*sl.*) Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

2. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,

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Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

3. How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in Being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorbed!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

4. An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread:
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

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5. 'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

6. Why, then, their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is Creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom,
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all, on earth, is Shadow; all beyond
Is Substance; the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

7. Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.

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Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality.
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God,
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

QUESTIONS.—1. With what tone of voice should the first stanza be read? See Remark, page 24.

EXERCISE CII.

ANGELO AND CLAUDIA.

MISS MITFORD.

An apartment in Rienzi's house; a Roman chair, with a skain of red worsted; a lattice down to the floor, opening into the garden.—Enter ANGELO *and* CLAUDIA *through the lattice.*

Cla. Beseech thee, now, away, Lord Angelo,—
Thou hast been here o'erlong.
Ang. Scarce whilst the sand
Ran through the tell-tale glass; scarce whilst the sun
Lengthened the shadow of the cedar.
Cla. See!
The sun is setting—see!

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Ang. Scarce, whilst I said
A thousand times—I love.
Cla. Look to the sun.
Ang. I had rather gaze on thee.
Cla. And think how long
We sat beneath the myrtle shade, how long
Paced the cool trellis walk. When next thou steal'st
Hither, from thy proud palace, I must time thee
By seconds, as the nice physician counts
The boundings of the fevered pulse. Away,
Dear Angelo; think, if my father find thee—
Ang. Oh, talk not of him, sweet! why was I born
The heir of the Colonna? why art thou
Rienzi's daughter? What a world of foes,
Stern scorn, and fiery pride, and cold contempt
Are ranged betwixt us twain; yet love, and time,
Be faithful, mine own Claudia—time, and love!
Cla. Alas! alas!
Ang. Thy father loves thee, sweetest,
With a proud dotage, almost worshiping
The idol it hath framed. Thou fear'st not him?
Cla. Alas! I have learned to fear him; he is changed,
Grievously changed; still good and kind, and full
Of fond relentings—crossed by sudden gusts
Of wild and stormy passion. I have learned
A daughter's trembling love. Then he's so silent—
He, once so eloquent. Of old, each show,
Bridal, or joust, or pious pilgrimage,
Lived in his vivid speech. Oh! 't was my joy,
In that bright glow of rapid words, to see
Clear pictures, as the slow procession coiled
Its glittering length, or stately tournament
Grew statelier in his voice. Now he sits mute—
His serious eyes bent on the ground—each sense
Turned inward.
Ang. Somewhat chafes his ardent spirit.

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Cla. And should I grieve him, too? Lord Angelo,
The love deserves no blessing, that deceives
A father.
Ang. Mine own Claudia!
Cla. We must part.
Ang. O, never talk of parting! 'T was Rienzi
That brought me hither first. Rememberest thou
A boy, scarce more than boy—thy lovely self
Scarce woman. Then was thy rare beauty stamped,
At once, within my heart, then, and forever;—
Thou canst not bid me leave thee, love and time,—
And constancy—oh, be as faithful, Claudia,
As thou art fair!
Rie. (*without.*) Camillo!
Cla. Hence, begone!
Rie. (*without.*) Camillo!
Cla. 'T is his voice, away, away!
Here, through the lattice—by the garden gate.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now Heaven forgive me, if it be a sin
To love thee, Angelo. (*Looking after him.*) My foolish heart
Beats an' it were. He 's gone—he 's hidden now
Behind the myrtle hedge: thank Heaven! thank Heaven!
He 's opening now the gate—I hear the key—
But my sense is fear-quickened; now 't is closed,
And all is safe. (*Sinks down into the chair.*) Oh, simple heart, be still!
Be still!

EXERCISE CIII.

NIMROUD IN SPRING.

FROM "NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS," BY A. H. LAYARD.

1. The middle of March in Mesopotamia is the brightest epoch of spring. A new change had come over the face of

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the plain of Nimroud; as far as the eye could reach, it was studded with the white pavilions of the Hytas and the black tents of the Arabs. Picketed around them were innumerable horses in gay trappings, struggling to release themselves from the bonds which restrained them from ranging over the green pastures.

2. Flowers of every hue enameled the meadows; not thinly scattered over the grass, as in northern climes, but in such thick and gathering clusters, that the whole plain seemed a patchwork of many colors. The dogs, as they returned from hunting, issued from the long grass dyed red, yellow, or blue, according to the flowers through which they had last forced their way.

3. When I returned in the evening, after the labor of the day, I often sat at the door of my tent, and, giving myself up to the full enjoyment of that calm and repose which are imparted to the senses by such scenes as these, I gazed listlessly on the varied groups before me. As the sun went down behind the low hills which separate the river from the desert—even their rocky sides had struggled to emulate the verdant clothing of the plain—its receding rays were gradually withdrawn, like a transparent vail of light, from the landscape.

4. Over the pure, cloudless sky was the glow of the last light. The great mound threw its dark shadow far across the plain. In the distance, and beyond the Zab, another venerable ruin rose indistinctly into the evening mist. Still more distant, and still more indistinct, was a solitary hill overlooking the ancient city of Arbela.* The Kurdish mountains, whose snowy summits cherished the dying sunbeams, yet struggled with the twilight.

5. It was one of those calm and pleasant evenings which, in spring, make a paradise of the desert. The breeze, bland and perfumed by the odor of the flowers, came calmly over

* A small place in Eastern Assyria, renowned for a decisive battle fought in its neighborhood, by Alexander the Great, against Darius, the king of Persia.

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the plain. Countless camels and sheep wandered to the tents, and the melancholy call of the herdsmen rose above the bleating of the flocks. Girls hurried over the green sward to seek their fathers' cattle, or crouched down to milk those which had returned alone to their well-remembered folds.

6. Some were coming from the river, bearing the replenished pitcher on their heads or shoulders; others, no less graceful in their form, and erect in their carriage, were carrying the heavy load of long grass, which they had cut in the meadows. Sometimes a party of horsemen might have been seen in the distance crossing the plain, the tufts of ostrich feathers which topped their long spears, showing darkly against the evening sky. They would ride up to my tent, and give me the usual salutations: "Peace be with you, O Bey," or "Allah Aienak,—God help you!"

EXERCISE CIV.

LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

1. While we bring our offerings to the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and wóe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well hallow each spot, where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who with your bold, went out to battle.

2. Among these men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its

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increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

3. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

4. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people.

5. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored Commander, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he, at length, rose, and crowned, with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

6. After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that

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coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; (*f.*) and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

7. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his FATHER;* his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that FATHER lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

8. Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their *own* freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless Chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE.

QUESTIONS.—1. On what principle are *own* and *other*, emphatic, first paragraph? See Note VII., page 22. Why the rising inflection on *rebellion* and *heaven*, third paragraph? See Note I., page 29.

* Washington.

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EXERCISE CV.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. NORTON.

I.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

II.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

III.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

IV.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

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V.

"There's another—not a sister;—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning;—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

VI.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

VII.

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down,
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

EXERCISE CVI.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

1. Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!

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For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
O, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.

2. No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapped our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead.
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile:
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned:
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

3. By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's silver lands;
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppressed by life-consuming woe
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

4. Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee;
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

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Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
O, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy;
Thou from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

5. The chief replied: That post shall be my care.
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the [ground,
Attaint the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.

6. Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread.

7. I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

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To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry: "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

8. Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:

9. O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say: "This chief transcends his father's fame;"
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

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10. He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

11. Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And, such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

EXERCISE CVII.

THE DESERT AND THE GARDEN.

REV. HOLLIS REED.

1. Imagine yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterize the country called the Deccan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupts the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

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2. It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation was to be seen, except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there a shade-tree, or a fruit-tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the dearth of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land on every side.

3. At an early hour, we left our resting-place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered traveling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

4. Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake, or river, we recognized, for the first time, in this appearance, the *mirage*, or extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and other animals, have died from exhaustion while pursuing the retiring phantom.

5. But, from the opposite side, we saw a reality, nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful,—a verdant spot, fresh and blooming. Fragrance in the midst of desolation. A fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand. Spring amid the deadness of autumn. Wearied by travel, and almost suffocated by dust and heat, we drew near as to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

6. How cheering amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field, a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes

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the salubrity of a temperate clime! Hasting to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind tree.

7. How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with healthful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in "the blade, or in the ear;" then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pome granate, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also, were the rose, the lily, the jasmine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics, and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And, among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

8. What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfillment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

9. But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A *fountain* was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility in the East depends much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed-time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times, in a year, are realized. Spring, summer, and autumn blend in one continued harvest-hymn of praise.

10. The garden, or field, is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the center is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. From thence,

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the main watercourse extends to some convenient direction, and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water is raised by oxen, attached to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is made fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, from whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. "The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will."

11. When the stream begins to flow from the reservoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and, removing with his foot a slight mound of earth, directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening, and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contains a sufficient supply.

12. But, if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by drouth, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The further you recede from the center, the more blighted does every thing appear. The water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where "thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs."

13. We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called "its glory." Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the

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white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name "for excellency" and beauty.

14. But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth. Sterility blossoms, desolation lifts up its head, with "joy and singing."

15. Is not our earth as a great moral desert, whence the "glory and excellency" of Eden have departed? The fruits of righteousness shrank from its forbidden soil. Sin, by its fearful monoply, sought to cover its whole face with tares. How shall this barren waste be redeemed from its desolation? The wise landholder of the East, when he would reclaim a barren jungle to fertility, provides a fountain of water, lets out his ground to husbandmen, and makes them accountable for its improvement. Thus hath the Almighty provided, in our moral desert, a FOUNTAIN of the waters of life, fathomless, boundless, inexhaustible. "O, the *depth* of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

EXERCISE CVIII.

JEFFREY'S CHARGE AGAINST LORD BYRON.

JEFFREY.

1. The charge we bring against Lord Byron, in short, is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue—and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and this, not so much by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, as by

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the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions—and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions.

2. When a gay voluptuary descants, somewhat too freely, on the intoxications of love and wine, we ascribe his excesses to the effervescence of youthful spirits, and do not consider him as seriously impeaching either the value or the reality of the severer virtues; and, in the same way, when the satirist deals out his sarcasms against the sincerity of human professions, and unmasks the secret infirmities of our bosoms, we consider this as aimed at hypocrisy, and not at mankind: or, at all events, and in either case, we consider the sensualist and the misanthrope as wandering, each in his own delusion—and are contented to pity those who have never known the charms of a tender or generous affection.

3. The true antidote to such seductive or revolting views of human nature, is to turn to the scenes of its nobleness and attraction; and to reconcile ourselves again to our kind, by listening to the accents of pure affection and incorruptible honor. But, if those accents have flowed in all their sweetness from the very lips that instantly open again to mock and blaspheme them, the antidote is mingled with the poison, and the draught is the more deadly for the mixture!

4. The reveler may pursue his orgies, and the wanton display her enchantments, with comparative safety to those around them, as long as they know or believe, that there are purer and higher enjoyments, and teachers and followers of a happier way. But, if the priest pass from the altar, with persuasive exhortations to peace and purity still trembling on his tongue, to join familiarly in the grossest and most profane debauchery—if the matron, who has charmed all hearts by the lovely sanctimonies of her conjugal and maternal endearments, glides out from the circle of her children, and gives bold and shameless way to the most abandoned and degrading vices—

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our notions of right and wrong are at once confounded—our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundation—and our reliance on truth and fidelity at an end forever.

5. *This* is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries, for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Religion, love, patriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again!

6. If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce. But the author has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very hight of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime,—and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality, as if on purpose to show

"Whoe'er was edified, himself was not,"

or to demonstrate practically as it were, and, by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality.

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EXERCISE CIX.

LORD BYRON

ROBERT POLLOK.

1. Take one example, to our purpose quite,
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life:
Yet, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known, because his fathers were,
He on this hight hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step.

2. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards, and thitherward,
By Nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops, pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.

3. Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;

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And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

4. He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden hights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling; whiles
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse.

5. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist,—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed:
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, that sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.

6. Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,

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His brothers,—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,—
The wild and tame,—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, and all that was feared by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves,
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.

7 With terror now he froze the cowering blood;
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud: gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

8. As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed;
So he through learning, and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat: not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

9. The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised;
Critics before him fell in humble plight;
Confounded fell; and made debasing signs
To catch his eye; and stretched, and swelled themselves,

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To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast: and many, too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

10. Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died,
Died. all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.

11. As some ill-guided bark, well built, and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then, retiring, left it there to rot
And molder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.
His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled;
And yet he seem'd ashamed to groan: Poor man!—
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

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12. Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth
Was God delighted, or His peace secured;
That not in natural or mental wealth
Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt how monstrous, and how surely vain
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love,
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
Attempt, vain inconceivably! attempt
To satisfy the Ocean with a drop,
To marry Immortality to Death,
And with the unsubstantial Shade of Time
To fill the embrace of all Eternity!

EXERCISE CX.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR A. POE.

I.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door—
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here for evermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

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So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam," truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

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'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

IX.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing, that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

X.

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters, is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—"Never—nevermore!"

XI.

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

XII.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah! nevermore!

XIII.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

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"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe* from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XIV.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XV.

"Prophet!" said I, thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XVI.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

XVII.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

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* Ne pen' the, a drug or medicine having power to relieve pain and exhilarate the spirits.

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EXERCISE CXI.

THE VISION OF CARAZAN.

HAWKESWORTH.

1. Carazan, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent through out all the East for his avarice and his wealth; his origin is obscure, as that of the spark which, by the collision of steel and adamant, is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that, when he was indigent, he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just.

2. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether, in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and, as the hand of Time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

3. But, though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object, not only of affection, but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence.

4. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, pro-

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ceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him. Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed.

5. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and, the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience:—

6. "To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honor! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and His visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my harem, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven, was upon me.

7. "I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment, I felt myself lifted from the ground and transported, with astonishing rapidity, through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a luster that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold.

8. "The irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced;

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my day of probation was past; and, from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and, while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me:—

9. "'Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man; for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but, if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven?

10. "'If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distill their dew? Where shall the lips of the Spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of Autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.'

11. "At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: 'O! that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and

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guilt! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life, the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitudes would divide eternity into time.'

12. "While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that, when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succor and without society, farther and farther still, forever and forever.

13. "I then stretched out my hands toward the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel to those, from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom, in the pride of prosperity, I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Africa, or the gems of Golconda."

14. At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

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EXERCISE CXII.

GEHAZI'S PUNISHMENT.

BIBLE, (2 KINGS, CHAP. V.)

1. Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was, also, a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper.

2. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress: Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy. And one went in, and told his lord, saying: Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

3. And the king of Syria said: Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying: Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold I have therewith sent Naaman, my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

4. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said: Am I God, to kill, and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

5. And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard, that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying: Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

6. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying: Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

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7. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said: Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

8. And his servants came near and spake unto him, and said: My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

9. And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him; and he said: Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel; now, therefore, I pray thee take a blessing of thy servant. But he said: As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

10. And Naaman said: Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that, when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon; when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him: Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

11. But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, the man of God, said: Behold, my master hath spared Naaman, this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman.

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12. And, when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from his chariot to meet him, and said: Is all well? And he said: All is well. My master hath sent me, saying: Behold, even now, there be come to me from Mount Ephraim, two young men of the sons of the prophets; give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

13. And Naaman said: Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And, when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

14. And Elisha said unto him: Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said: Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him: Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever. And he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow.

EXERCISE CXIII.

THANATOPSIS.*

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

1. To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides

* THAN AT OP' SIS (from THANAT, *death*, and OPSIS, *a view*), or a view of death.

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Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come, like a blight,
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image.

3. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4. Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,

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All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

5. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

6. So shalt thou rest,—and what, if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,

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And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

7. So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

EXERCISE CXIV.

HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

THOMSON.

1. These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm:
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

2. Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,—
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.

3. Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,

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Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

4. Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

5. But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

6. Nature attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

7. His praise, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

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Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise,—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

8. Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great Source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.

9. The thunder rolls; (*p.*) be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and, when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

10. Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

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Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

11. For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy p int no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

12. Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song,—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 't is naught to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

13. When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I can not go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again and better still,

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In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

EXERCISE CXV.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

DE QUINCEY.

1. During a residence upon Ulleswater (winter of 1800,) it was, that a very remarkable incident befell Miss Smith. I have heard it often mentioned, and sometimes with a slight variety of circumstances; but I here repeat it from an account drawn up by Miss Smith herself, who was most literally exact and faithful to the truth in all reports of her own personal experience.

2. There is, on the western side of Ulleswater, a fine cataract, (or, in the language of the country, a *force*,) known by the name of Airey Force, and it is of importance enough, especially in rainy seasons, to attract numerous visitors from among "the Lakers." Thither, with some purpose of sketching, not the whole scene, but some picturesque features of it, Miss Smith had gone, quite unaccompanied.

3. The road to it lies through Gobarrow Park, and it was usual, at that time, to take a guide from the family of the Duke of Norfolk's keeper, who lived in Lyulph's Tower,—a solitary hunting lodge, built by his Grace for the purposes of an annual visit which he used to pay his estates in that part of England. She, however, thinking herself sufficiently familiar with the localities, had declined to encumber her motions with such an attendant; consequently she was alone.

4. For half an hour, or more, she continued to ascend; and, being a good "cragswoman," from the experience she had won in Wales, as well as in northern England, she had reached an altitude much beyond what would generally be thought corresponding to the time. The path had vanished

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altogether, but she continued to pick out one for herself among the stones, sometimes receding from the *force*, sometimes approaching it, according to the openings allowed by the scattered masses of rock.

5. Pressing forward in this hurried way, and never looking back, all at once she found herself in a little stony chamber, from which there was no egress possible in advance. She stopped and looked up. There was a frightful silence in the air. She felt a sudden palpitation at her heart, and a panic from she knew not what. Turning, however, hastily, she soon wound herself out of this aerial dungeon; but by steps so rapid and agitated, that at length, on looking round, she found herself standing at the brink of a chasm, frightful to look down.

6. That way, it was clear enough, all retreat was impossible; but, on turning round, retreat seemed, in every direction alike, even more impossible. Down the chasm, at least, she might have leaped, though with little or no chance of escaping with life; but, on all other quarters, it seemed to her eye, that, at no price, could she effect an exit; since the rocks stood round her in a semicircus, all lofty, all perpendicular, all glazed with trickling water, or smooth as polished porphyry.

7. Yet how, then, had she reached the point? The same track, if she could hit that track, would surely secure her escape. Round and round she walked; gazed with almost despairing eyes; her breath came thicker and thicker; for path she could not trace by which it was possible for her to have entered. Finding herself grow more and more confused, and every instant nearer to sinking into some fainting fit or convulsion, she resolved to sit down, and turn her thoughts quietly into some less exciting channel.

8. This she did; gradually recovered some self-possession; and then suddenly a thought rose up to her, that she was in the hands of God, and that he would not forsake her. But immediately came a second and reproving thought that this

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confidence in God's protection might have been justified, had she been ascending the rocks upon any mission of duty; but what right could *she* have to any providential deliverance, who had been led thither in a spirit of levity and carelessness? I am here giving *her* view of the case; for, as to myself, I fear greatly, that, if *her* steps were erring ones, it is but seldom indeed, that the rest of us can pretend to be treading upon right paths.

9. Once again she rose, and, supporting herself upon a little sketching-stool that folded up into a stick, she looked upward, in the hope that some shepherd might, by chance, be wandering in those aerial regions; but nothing could she see, except the tall birches growing at the brink of the highest summits, and the clouds slowly sailing overhead. Suddenly, however, as she swept the whole circuit of her station with her alarmed eye, she saw clearly, about two hundred yards beyond her own position, a lady, in a white muslin morning robe, such as were then universally worn by young ladies until dinner-time.

10. The lady beckoned with a gesture and in a manner that, in a moment, gave her confidence to advance,—*how*, she could not guess, but, in some way that baffled all power to retrace it, she found instantaneously the outlet which previously had escaped her. She continued to advance toward the lady, whom now, in the same moment, she found to be standing upon the other side of the *force*, and, also, to be her own sister.

11. How, or why that young lady, whom she had left at home, earnestly occupied with her own studies, should have followed and overtaken her, filled her with perplexity. But this was no situation for putting questions; for the guiding sister began to descend, and, by a few simple gestures, just serving to indicate when Miss Elizabeth was to approach, and when to leave the brink of the torrent, she gradually led her down to a platform of rock, from which the further descent was safe and conspicuous.

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12. There Miss Smith paused, in order to take breath from her panic, as well as to exchange greetings and questions with her sister. But sister there was none. All trace of her had vanished; and when, in two hours after, she reached her home, Miss Smith found her sister in the same situation and employment, in which she had left her; and the whole family assured her, that she had never stirred from the house.

EXERCISE CXVI.

THE TALKING LADY.

MISS MITFORD.

1. The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old-fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is; like the great pedestrians, she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet, "I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a day, for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time. Talking, sheer talking, is meat, and drink, and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption.

2. For the tea-table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favor. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse; she can not endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerto, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together, as silent barbarisms, unworthy of a social and civilized people.

3. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence, in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and, upon the strength of this abstinence, had very

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nearly passed for *serious*, till it was discovered, that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible-meeting in her life. "Such speeches!" quoth she; "I thought the men never meant to have done. People have great need of patience."

4. Plays, of course, she abhors; and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though, for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs, and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mammas, and other owners of these pretty dumb things, is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues. The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of *****shire, may be her strongest point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. Her medical dissertations savor a little of that particular branch of the science called quackery.

5. She has a specific against almost every disease, to which the human frame is liable; and is terribly prosy and unmerciful in her symptoms. Her cures kill. In house-keeping, her notions resemble those of other verbal managers; full of economy and retrenchment, with a leaning toward reform, though she loves so well to declaim on the abuses in the cook's department, that I am not sure, that she would very heartily thank any radical who should sweep them quite away. For the rest, her system sounds very finely in theory, but rather fails in practice.

6. Her recipes would be capital, only that, some way or other, they do not eat well; her preserves seldom keep; and her sweet wines are sure to turn sour. These are certainly her favorite topics; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighborhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an

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air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there; for, though she knows little of books, she has, in the course of an up-and-down life, met with a good many authors, and teases and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear, the maiden names of their wives, and the Christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet-street courts with greater care, than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P. Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws.

7. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts, and long drouths, and high winds, and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them, so that, if you happen to remark that clouds are come up, and you fear it may rain, she replies: "Aye, it is just such a morning as three-and-thirty years ago, when my poor cousin was married,—you remember my cousin Barbara; she married so and so, the son of so and so;" and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over night; a description of the wedding-dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridemaids and men, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and, finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back again, at an hour's end, to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower.

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8. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic see-saw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility, that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach.

9. With all this intolerable prosing, she is actually reckoned a pleasant woman! Her acquaintance in the great manufacturing town where she usually resides, is very large, which may partly account for the misnomer. Her conversation is of a sort to bear dividing. Besides, there is, in all large societies, an instinctive sympathy which directs each individual to the companion most congenial to his humor. Doubtless, her associates deserve the old French compliment, "*Ils ont tous un grand talent pour le silence.*"* Parceled out among some seventy or eighty, there may even be some savor in her talk.

10. She has the eye of a hawk, and detects a wandering glance, an incipient yawn, the slightest movement of impatience. The very needle must be quiet. If a pair of scissors do but wag, she is affronted, draws herself up, breaks off in the middle of a story, of a sentence, of a word, and the unlucky culprit must, for civility's sake, summon a more than Spartan fortitude, and beg the torturer to resume her torments—"That, that is the unkindest cut of all!"

11. I wonder, if she had happened to have married, how many husbands she would have talked to death. It is certain, that none of her relations are long-lived after she comes to reside with them. Father, mother, uncle, sister, brother, two nephews, and one niece,—all these have successively passed away, though a healthy race, and with no visible disorder,—except—but we must not be uncharitable. They might have died, though she had been born dumb:—"It is an accident that happens every day." Since the decease of her last nephew, she attempted to form an establishment with a widow

* They all have a great talent for silence.

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lady, for the sake, as they both said, of the comfort of society. But—strange miscalculation! she was a talker, too! They parted in a week.

EXERCISE CXVII.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

LUELLA J. CASE.

1. I come! Ye have lighted your festal hall,
And music is sounding its joyous call,
And the guests are gathering—the young, the fair,
With the flower-wreathed brow, and the braided hair.
I come, but so noiseless shall be my way
Through the smiling crowds of the young and gay,
Not a thought shall rise in a careless breast
Of me, the Unseen, the Unbidden Guest;
Not an under-tone on the ear shall swell,
Smiting your hearts like a funeral knell.

2. I come! Let the music's echoing note
Still through the air of your ball-room float;
Let the starry lamps soft radiance throw
On the rose-touched cheek, and the brow of snow,
Not a freezing pulse, not a thrill of fear,
Shall tell that the King of the Grave is near;
Not a pallid face, not a rayless eye,
Shall whisper of me as I hurry by,
Marking the doomed I shall summon away
To their low, dark cells, in the house of clay.

3. We have met before! Aye, I wandered here
In the festal hours of the parted year,
And many a beautiful form has bowed
To the sleep that dwells in the damp white shroud!
They died when the first spring blossom was seen,
They faded away when the groves were green,

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When the suns of autumn were faint and brief,
On the withered grass, and the changing leaf;
And here there is many a pulse shall fail,
Ere the suns of the passing year grow pale.

4. Then swell the proud strains of your music high,
As the measured hours of your life flit by;
Let the foot of the thoughtless dancer be
As fleet as it will, it eludes not me!
I shall come when life's morning ray is bright,
I shall come in the hush of its waning light,
I shall come when the ties of earth cling fast,
When love's sweet voice is a voice of the Past!
To your homes, and pray;—for ye wait your doom,
The shroud, the coffin, the lonely tomb!

5. Ye would quail, ye tremblers, to see me here;
Yet the mission I hold is of love, not fear.
A healing I bear to the couch of pain,
I fling from the spirit its cumbering chain,
And weary old age to my rest shall hie
With a smiling lip, and a grateful eye.
When life, like a sorrowful mourner, weeps
O'er the grave where its early promise sleeps,
Oh, earth has no balm like the cup I bring!
Why say ye I come with the dart and sting?

6. My voice shall be sweet in the maiden's ear,
As the voice of her lover whispering near;
And my footstep so soft by the infant's bed,
He will deem it his mother's anxious tread,
And his innocent eyes will gently close,
As I kiss from his bright young lips the rose.
Oh, the good and the pure have naught to fear,
When my voice in the gathering gloom they hear!
Away from the dance, ye revelers gay,
Fling off the wreath,—to your homes, and pray!

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EXERCISE CXVIII.

ASPIRE!

M. F. TUPPER.

1 (<) Higher, higher, ever higher,—
Let the watchword be, "Aspire!"
Noble Christian youth;
Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
Try to do that duty best,
In the strength of Truth.

2. Let a just Ambition fire
Every motive and desire
God and Man to serve;
Man, with zeal and honor due,
God, with gratitude most true,
And all the spirit's nerve!

3. Let not Doubt thine efforts tire,
God will give what all require,
Ràiment, hóme, and foòd;
And with these, contented well,
Bid thine aspirations swell
To the Highest Good!

4. From the perils, deep and dire,
Of Temptation's sensual mire,
Keep thy chastened feet;
Dread, and hate, and turn away
From the lure that leads astray,
Satan's pleasure-cheat!

5. And, while thus a self-denier,
Stand the stalworth self-relier,—
Bravely battling on,
Though alone,—no soul alive
Ever stoutly dared to strive,
But saw the battle won!

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6. (<) Higher, then, and always higher,—
Let Man's motto be, "ASPIRE!"
Whoso'er he be;
Holy liver! happy dier!
Earth's poor best, and Heaven's choir,
Are reserved for *thee!*

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *home*, third stanza? See Rule VII., page 31. 2. How, according to the notation marks, should the first lines of the first and sixth stanzas be read? See page 40.

EXERCISE CXIX.

THE AGED.

MRS. ST. LEON LOUD.

1. I love the aged;—every silver hair
On their time-honored brows, speaks to my heart
In language of the past; each furrow there,
In all my best affections, claims a part;
Next to our God, and Scripture's holy page,
Is deepest rev'rence due to virtuous age.

2. The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of Time, a storehouse of experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich, heav'nly lore;
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past,—
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

3. Lovely the aged! when, like shocks of corn,
Full ripe and ready for the reaper's hand,
Which garners for the resurrection morn
The bodies of the just,—in hope they stand.
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
Which warms not with affection for the old.

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EXERCISE CXX.

STUDY FAVORABLE TO ORIGINALITY.

CHARLES BUTLER.

1. A romantic girl, with a pretension to sentiment, which her still more ignorant friends mistake for genius, and possessing something of a natural ear, has, perhaps, in her childhood, exhausted all the images of grief, and love, and fancy, picked up in her desultory poetical reading, in an elegy on a sick linnet, or a sonnet on a dead lap-dog; she begins thenceforward to be considered as a prodigy in her little circle; surrounded with fond and flattering friends, every avenue to truth is shut out; she has no opportunity of learning that her fame is derived, not from her powers, but her position; and that, when an impartial critic shall have made all the necessary deductions, such as—that she is a neighbor, that she is a relation, that she is a female, that she is young, that she has had no advantages, that she is pretty, perhaps—when her verses come to be stripped of all their extraneous appendages, and the fair author is driven off her "vantage ground" of partiality, sex, and favor, she will commonly sink to the level of ordinary capacities.

2. But those more quiet women, who have meekly sat down in the humble shades of prose and prudence, by a patient perseverance in rational studies, rise afterward much higher in the scale of intellect, and acquire a much larger stock of sound knowledge, for far better purposes than mere display. And though it may seem a contradiction, yet it will generally be found true, that girls who take to scribble, are the least studious, the least reflecting, and the least rational.

3. They early acquire a false confidence in their own unassisted powers; it becomes more gratifying to their natural vanity to be always pouring out their minds on paper, than to be drawing into them fresh ideas from richer sources. The original stock, small, perhaps, at first, is soon spent. The subsequent efforts grow more and more feeble, if the mind,

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which is continually exhausting itself, be not, also, continually replenished; till the latter compositions become little more than reproductions of the same ideas, and fainter copies of the same images, a little varied and modified, perhaps, and not a little diluted and enfeebled.

4. It will be necessary to combat vigilantly that favorite idea of lively ignorance, that study is an enemy to originality. Correct the judgment, while you humble the vanity of the young untaught pretender, by convincing her, that those half-formed thoughts and undigested ideas, which she considers as proofs of her invention, prove only, that she wants taste and knowledge; that, while conversation must polish, and reflection invigorate, her ideas, she must improve and enlarge them by the accession of various kinds of virtue and elegant literature; and that the cultivated mind will repay with large interest the seeds sown in it by judicious study. Let it be observed, I am by no means encouraging young ladies to turn authors; I am only reminding them, that

"Authors, before they write, should read."

I am only putting them in mind, that to be ignorant is not to be original.

5. These self-taught and self-dependent scribblers pant for the unmerited and unattainable praise of fancy and of genius, while they disdain the commendation of judgment, knowledge, and perseverance, which would probably be within their reach. To extort admiration they are accustomed to boast of an impossible rapidity in composing; and, while they insinuate how little time their performances cost them, they intend you should infer how perfect they might have made them, had they condescended to the drudgery of application; but application, with them, implies defect of genius.

6. They take superfluous pains to convince you, that there was neither learning nor labor in the work for which they solicit your praise. Alas! the judicious eye too soon perceives it! though it does *not* perceive, that native strength

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and mother-wit, which, in works of real genius, make some amends for the negligence, which yet they do not justify.

7. But, instead of extolling these effusions for their facility, it would be kind in friends rather to blame them for their crudeness; and, when the young candidates for fame are eager to prove in how short a time such a poem has been struck off, it would be well to regret, that they had not either taken a longer time, or refrained from writing at all; as, in the former case, the work would have been less defective, and, in the latter, the writer would have discovered more humility and self-distrust.

EXERCISE CXXI.

GENIUS.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. There is one law inwoven into the constitution of things, which declares, that force of mind and character must rule the world. This truth glares out upon us from daily life, from history, from science, art, letters, from all the agencies which influence conduct and opinion. The whole existing order of things is one vast monument to the supremacy of mind. The exterior appearance of human life is but the material embodiment, the substantial expression of thought,—the hieroglyphic writing of the soul.

2. The fixed facts of society, laws, institutions, positive knowledge, were once ideas in a projector's brain,—thoughts which have been forced into facts. The scouted hypothesis of the fifteenth century is the time-honored institution of the nineteenth; the heresy of yesterday is the common-place of to-day. We perceive in every stage of this great movement, a certain vital force, a spiritual power, to which we give the name of genius.

3. From the period when our present civilized races ran

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wild and naked in the woods, and dined and supped on each other, to the present time, the generality of mankind have been contented with things as they were. A small number have conceived of something better or something new. From these come the motion and ferment of life; to them we owe it, that existence is not a bog, but a stream. *These* are men of genius.

4. There are, therefore, two fields for human thought and action, the actual and the possible, the realized and the real. In the actual, the tangible, the realized, the vast proportion of mankind abide. The great region of the possible, whence all discovery, invention, creation, proceed, and which is to the actual as a universe to a planet, is the chosen region of genius.

5. As almost every thing which is now actual, was once only possible, as our present facts and axioms were originally inventions or discoveries, it is, under God, to genius that we owe our present blessings. In the past, it created the present; in the present, it is creating the future. It builds habitations for us, but its own place is on the vanishing points of human intelligence,—

> "A motion toiling in the gloom,
> The spirit of the years to come,
> Yearning to mix itself with life."

6. The sphere and the influence of genius it is easier to ascertain than to define its nature. What is genius? It has been often defined, but each definition has included but a portion of its phenomena. According to Dr. Johnson, it is general force of mind accidentally directed to a particular pursuit; but this does not cover the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, Leibnitz, and Goethe; and, besides, accident, circumstance, do not determine the direction of narrower minds, but simply furnish the occasion, on which an inward tendency is manifested.

7. The most popular definition is that of Coleridge, who calls genius the power of carrying the feelings of childhood

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into the powers of manhood. Such a power may indicate the genius of Coleridge and Wordsworth, but did Napoleon conquer at Austerlitz, Newton discover the law of gravitation, Shakspeare create Macbeth, by carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of mánhood? This mode of defining by individual instances, is like drawing a map of Massachusetts, and calling it the globe—a thing we are very apt to do.

8. Indeed, genius has commonly been incompletely defined, because each definition has been but a description of some order of genius. A true definition would be a generalization, made up from many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of genius in action and thought. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment, it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is *neither*, because it is *all*. It is another name for the perfection of human nature, for genius is not a fact, but an ideal.

9. It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great, in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind, in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony; a mind, vital in every part, conceiving every thing with intensity, and yet conceiving every thing under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts —conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius.

10. As it is, it requires the energies of all men of genius to produce the results of genius. It exists somewhat in fragments. No one human mind comprehends all its elements. The nearest approach to universality of genius in intellect is Shakspeare; in will, Napoleon; in harmony of combination, Washington. It is singular that Washington is not generally

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classed among men of genius. Lord Brougham declares him to be the greatest man that ever lived, but of moderate talents, —as if being the soul of a revolution and the creator of a country, did not suppose energies equal to those employed in the creation of a poem,—as if there were any other certain test of genius but its influence, any other measure of the power of a cause but the magnitude of its effects!

11. But to return. Genius, in its highest meaning, being thus an ideal, which the most powerful natures have but approached, which, while it comprehends all men of genius, is itself comprehended by none, the question still arises, what common quality distinguishes men of genius from other men, in practical life, in science, in letters, in every department of human thought and action? This common quality is vital energy of mind,—inherent, original force of thought and vitality of conception; a quality equally distinguishing the genius of action and meditation, making the mind, in which it abides alive, and capable of communicating intellectual and moral life to others.

12. Men, in whom this energy glows, seem to spurn the limitations of matter; to dive beneath the forms and appearances to the spirit of things; to leap the gulf which separates positive knowledge from discovery, the actual from the possible; and, in their grasp of spiritual realities, in their intense life, they seem to demonstrate the immortality of the soul that burns within them. They give palpable evidence of infinite capacity, of indefinite power of growth.

13. It seems a mockery to limit their life by years,—to suppose that fiery essence can ever burn out or be extinguished. This life, this energy, this uprising, aspiring flame of thought,

> "This mind, this spirit, this Promethean spark,
> This lightning of their being,"

has been variously called power of combination, invention, creation, insight; but, in the last analysis, it is resolved into vital energy of soul, to think and to do.

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14. This quality of genius is sometimes difficult to be distinguished from talent, because high genius includes talent. It is talent and something more. The usual distinction between genius and talent is, that one represents creative thought, the other practical skill; one invents, the other applies. But the truth is, that high genius applies its own inventions better than talent alone can do.

15. A man who has mastered the higher mathematics, does not, on that account, lose his knowledge of arithmetic. Hannibal, Napoleon, Shakspeare, Newton, Scott, Burke, Arkwright,—were they not men of talent as well as men of genius? Because a great man does not always do what many smaller men can often do as well, smaller men must not, therefore, affect to pity him as a visionary, and pretend to lick into shape his formless theories.

16. But still there doubtless is a marked distinction between men of genius and men simply of talent. Talent repeats. genius creates. Talent is a cistern; genius, a fountain; Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, analyzing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and in action looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which genius takes giant leaps.

17. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into *power*. Talent gives out what it has taken in; genius what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which genius instantly cuts with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts; genius, of thought: one has definite acquisitions; the other, indefinite power.

18. But the most important distinction between the two qualities, is this: one, in conception, follows mechanical processes; the other, vital. Talent feebly conceives objects with

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the senses and understanding; genius, fusing all its powers together in the alembic of an impassioned imagination, clutches every thing in the concrete, conceives objects as living realities, gives body to spiritual abstractions and spirit to bodily appearances, and, like

"A gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat."

19. It is thus the glorious prerogative of genius to conceive and to present every thing as *alive;* and here is the secret of its power. It leads and sways, because it communicates living energy, and strikes directly at the soul,—searching out the very sources of our volitions, bowing our weak wills before its strong arm, awakening, animating, forcing us along its path of thought, or over its waves of passion. It commands us, because it knows better than we what is within us. Soul itself, it knows that, in spite of our contemptible disguises, we too have souls which must leap up at its voice, and follow whithersoever it leads.

20. It claims its rightful mastery over our spirits, by awakening us to a sense of our spiritual existence. It speaks to us, in our captivity, in the long-forgotten language of our native-land. It sees us wrapped up in the dead cerements of custom, rusting away in the sepulcher of being, and it cries to us:—"Come forth!" It speaks to us, and we hear it; it touches us, and we spring to our feet.

21. A crowd of spirits from the realms of the deathless come thronging around us;—from the battle-field, where liberty went down under the brutal hoofs of power, its immortal image trampled in the dust,—from the legislative hall, where, amid the collision of adverse intellects, the orator poured his torrent of fire,—from the rack and the stake, where the spirit of man chanted rapturous hymns in its fierce agonies, and met death smiling,—from the cell of the thinker, where mind grappled with the mysterious unknown, piercing with its

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thought of light the dark vail of unrealized knowledge and possible combinations; from every scene where the soul has been really alive, and impatiently tossed aside the material conditions which would stifle or limit its energies, come the genii of thought or action, to rouse us from our sleep of death, to tear aside the thin delusions of our conceit, and to pour into the shrunken veins of our discrowned spirits, the fresh tides of mental life.

EXERCISE CXXII.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

DEWEY.

1. I have seen one die,—the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred, the hope of his country;—but he died! How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of Death! The fire of genius kindled in his eye; the generous affections of youth mantled in his cheek; his foot was upon the threshold of life; his studies, his preparations for honored and useful life, were completed; his breast was filled with a thousand glowing, and noble, and never yet expressed aspirations;—but he died!

2. He died; while another, of a nature dull, coarse, and unrefined; of habits low, base, and brutish; of a promise that had nothing in it but shame and misery,—such a one, I say, was suffered to encumber the earth. Could this be, if there were no other sphere for the gifted, the aspiring, and the approved to act in? Can we believe that the energy just trained for action, the embryo thought just bursting into expression, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature just swelling into every beautiful virtue, should never manifest its power, should never speak, should never unfold itself?

3. Can we believe that all this should die, while meanness, corruption, sensuality, and every deformed and dishonored power, should live? No; ye goodly and glorious ones; ye

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godlike in youthful virtue!—ye die not in vain; ye teach, ye assure us, that ye are gone to some world of nobler life and action.

4. I have seen one die. She was beautiful, and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and vision of gladness, to all around her;—but she died!

5. Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in! Forbid it, Reason, Religion! bereaved affection and undying love, forbid the thought! It can not be that such die in God's counsel, who live even in frail memory forever!

6. I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge,—how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such a one die!

7. Was all this treasure gained only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument,—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe,—was it so laboriously fashioned, and, by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being furnished, it should be cast away forever? No; the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry our

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thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and, especially, by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

8. They open it, also, to our affection. No person of reflection and piety can have lived long, without beginning to find, in regard to the earthly objects that most interest him,—his friends,—that the balance is gradually inclining in favor of another world. How many, after the middle period of life, and, especially, in declining years, must feel, (if the experience of life has any just effect upon them,) that the objects of their strongest attachment are not here!

9. One by one, the ties of earthly affection are cut asunder; one by one, friends, companions, children, parents, are taken from us; for a time, perhaps, we are "in a strait betwixt two," as was the Apostle, not deciding altogether whether it is better to depart; but shall we not, at length, say with the disciples, when some dearer friend is taken: "Let us go and die with him"?

10. The dead have not ceased their communication with us, though the visible chain is broken. If they are still the same, they must still think of us. As two friends on earth may know, that they love each other; as they may know, though dwelling in different and distant countries, without any visible chain of communication, that their thoughts meet and mingle together,—so may it be with two friends, of whom the one is on earth, the other in heaven. Especially, where there is such a union of pure minds, that it is scarcely possible to conceive of separation, that union seems to be a part of their very being; we may believe, that their friendship, their mutual sympathy, is beyond the power of the grave to break up.

QUESTIONS.—1. Are the questions in the seventh paragraph direct or indirect? 2. With what inflection, then, should they be read? 3. With what inflection should the answer be read? See Rule I. p. 26.

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EXERCISE CXXIII.

RESIGNATION.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. There is no flock, however watched and tended,
   But one dead lamb is there!
   There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
   But has one vacant chair!

2. The air is full of farewells to the dying,
(*pl.*) And mournings for the dead;
   The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
   Will not be comforted!

3. Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
   Not from the ground arise;
   But oftentimes celestial benedictions
   Assume this dark disguise.

4. We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
   Amid these earthly damps,
   What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers,
   May be heaven's distant lamps.

5. There is no death! What seems so, is transition
   This life of mortal breath
   Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
   Whose portal we call Death.

6. She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
   But gone unto that school,
   Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
   And Christ himself doth rule.

7. In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
   By guardian angels led,

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Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

8. Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

9. Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

10. Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

11. But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

12. And though, at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That can not be at rest,—

13. We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rhetorical pause before the word, *Death*, fifth stanza, last line? See page 43. 2. To what circumstance has the poet reference in the second stanza? See Matt. ii. 18.

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EXERCISE CXXIV.

A very pleasing effect will be produced by reading the *first, fifth,* and *tenth* stanzas of the following piece, in CONCERT.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

MRS. HEMANS.

(*pl.*) Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

2. Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

3. The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

4. Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

5. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

6. We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

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7. Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

8. Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art there.

9. Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

10. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

EXERCISE CXXV.

MORAL BEAUTY.

VICTOR COUSIN.

1. Moral beauty comprises two distinct elements, equally, but diversely beautiful,—justice and charity, respect and love of men. He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity, accomplishes the most beautiful of all works; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists. But what shall we say of Him who is the very substance of justice and the exhaustless source of love?

2. If our moral nature is beautiful, what must be the beauty of its Author! His justice and goodness are everywhere both in us and out of us. His justice is the moral order that no human law makes, that all human laws are forced to ex

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press, that is preserved and perpetuated in the world by its own force. Let us descend into ourselves, and consciousness will attest the Divine justice in the peace and contentment that accompany virtue, in the troubles and tortures that are the invariable punishments of vice and crime.

3. How many times, and with what eloquence, have men celebrated the indefatigable solicitude of Providence, its benefits everywhere manifest in the smallest as well as in the greatest phenomena of nature, which we forget so easily, because they have become so familiar to us, but which, on reflection, call forth our mingled admiration and gratitude, and proclaim a good God, full of love for his creatures!

4. God is the principle of the three orders of beauty,—physical beauty, intellectual beauty, moral beauty. In Him, also, are re-united the two great forms of the beautiful, distributed in each of these three orders, to wit, the beautiful and the sublime. God is, *par excellence*, the Beautiful,—for what object satisfies more all our faculties, our reason, our imagination, our heart? He offers to reason the highest idea, beyond which it has nothing more to seek; to imagination the most ravishing contemplation; to the heart a sovereign object of love.

5. He is, then, perfectly beautiful; but is He not sublime, also, in other ways? If He extends the horizon of thought, it is to confound it in the abyss of His greatness. If the soul blooms at the spectacle of His goodness, has it not, also, reason to be affrighted at the idea of His justice, which is not less present to it? God is at once mild and terrible!

6. At the same time that He is the life, the light, the movement, the ineffable grace of visible and finite nature, He is, also, called the Eternal, the Invisible, the Infinite, the Absolute Unity, and the Being of beings. Do not these awful attributes, as certain as the first, produce, in the highest degree, in the imagination and the soul, that melancholy emotion excited by the sublime?

7. Yes; God is for us the type and source of the two

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great forms of beauty, because He is to us at once an impenetrable enigma, and still the clearest word that we are able to find for all enigmas. Limited beings as we are, we comprehend nothing in comparison with that which is without limits, and we are able to explain nothing without that same thing which is without limits.

8. By the being that we possess, we have some idea of the infinite being of God; by the nothingness that is in us, we lose ourselves in the being of God; and thus always forced to recur to Him, in order to explain any thing, and always thrown back within ourselves under the weight of His infinitude, we experience by turns, or rather at the same time, for this God who raises and casts us down, a sentiment of irresistible attraction and astonishment, not to say insurmountable terror, which He alone can cause and allay, because He alone is the unity of the sublime and the beautiful.

EXERCISE CXXVI.

HUMAN ACTIVITY WITHOUT LIMIT.

VICTOR COUSIN.

1. Every thing has its end. This principle is as absolute as that which refers every event to a cause. Man has, therefore, an end. This end is revealed in all his thoughts, in all his ways, in all his sentiments, in all his life. Whatever he does, whatever he feels, whatever he thinks, he thinks upon the infinite, loves the infinite, tends to the infinite.

2. This need of the infinite is the mainspring of scientific curiosity, the principle of all discoveries. Love, also, stops and rests only there. On the route, it may experience lively joys; but a secret bitterness that is mingled with them, soon makes it feel their insufficiency and emptiness. Often, while ignorant of its true object, it asks whence comes that fatal disenchantment, by which all its successes, all its pleasures, are successively extinguished. If it knew how to read itself,

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it would recognize, that, if nothing here below satisfies it, it is because its object is more elevated, because the true bourn after which it aspires, is infinite perfection.

3. Finally, like thought and love, human activity is without limits. Who can say where it shall stop? Behold this earth almost known. Soon another world will be necessary for us. Man is journeying toward the infinite, which is always receding before him, which he always pursues. He conceives it, he feels it, he bears it, thus to speak, in himself, —how should his end be elsewhere? Hence that unconquerable instinct of immortality, that universal hope of another life, to which all worships, all poesies, all traditions, bear witness.

4. We tend to the infinite with all our powers; death comes to interrupt the destiny that seeks its goal, and overtakes it unfinished. It is, therefore, likely that there is something after death, since, at death, nothing in us is terminated. Look at the flower that to-morrow will not be. To-day, at least, it is entirely developed; we can conceive nothing more beautiful of its kind; it has attained its perfection. My perfection, my moral perfection, that of which I have the clearest idea and the most invincible need, for which I feel that I am born,—in vain I call for it, in vain I labor for it; it escapes me, and leaves me only hope. Shall this hope be deceived?

5. All beings attain their end; should man alone not attain his? Should the greatest of creatures be the most ill-treated? But a being that should remain incomplete and unfinished, that should not attain the end which all his instincts proclaim for him, would be a monster in the eternal order,—a problem much more difficult to solve, than the difficulties which have been raised against the immortality of the soul. In our opinion, this tendency of all the desires and all the powers of the soul toward the infinite, elucidated by the principle of final causes, is a serious and important confirmation of the moral proof and the metaphysical proof of another life.

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EXERCISE CXXVII.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

G. P. R. JAMES.

1. (*sl.*) Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Thy course of beneficence done;
As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast,
As when thy bright race was begun;
For all thou hast done,
Since thy rising, O sun!
May thou and thy Maker be blest.
Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,
Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,
Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the flowers,
To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

2. Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Yet pause but a moment, to shed
One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starred curtain fall round thy bed,
And to promise the time,
When, awaking sublime,
Thou shalt rush all refreshed from thy rest.
Warm hopes drop, like dews, from thy life-giving hand,
Teaching hearts, closed in darkness, like flowers, to expand;
Dreams wake into joys when first touched by thy light,
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

3. Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Prolonging the sweet evening hour;
Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,
To go forth in thy beauty and power;

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Yet pause on thy way,
To the full hight of day,
For thy rising and setting are blest.
When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes,
Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,
May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,
And thy going be marked with thanksgiving and praise.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing, and blest.

EXERCISE CXXVIII.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

MISS ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

"I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive Him."

1. Where art Thou? Thou! Source and support of all
That is, or seen, or felt; Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!
I look abroad among Thy works: the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious, with its world of suns,
Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
And speaking winds,—and ask, if these are Thee!

2. The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air,—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,—
Are not the Power I seek; are Thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the Past; if, in the years
Since first intelligence could reach its source,
Or in some former, unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine,) did they behold Thée?

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3 And next interrogate Futurity,—
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er Experience owned,—but both are mute,
And Past and Future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here!

4. Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements,
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward
From each material thing its anxious quest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself, Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt Thou hide Thée?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on Thine and live!
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light, like this,
Who would not dare to die?

5. Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks;
Await His will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude, to gaze
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.

6. Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the vail, no longer separating
The holiest of all; as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself, thy kind,
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven,
Pledged to the pure in heart!

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EXERCISE CXXIX.

1. Ab'-bé de Fleu'-ry, a French historian and divine, born 1640. He was associated with Fenelon, in the task of educating the young Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou and Berri. He died in 1723.

2. Fen'-e-lon, the amiable and virtous archbishop of Cambray, was born in 1651. He was intrusted by Louis XIV. with the education of his grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri. He wrote many excellent works, among which, the most celebrated, is the "Adventures of Telemachus." Died in January, 1715.

3. Rous-seau', a most eloquent writer, though eccentric in the highest degree, was born at Geneva in 1712. He was the author of various works. He died 1778.

WOMAN,—HER POWER, AND HER PROGRESS.

L. AIMÉ MARTIN.

1. Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But this influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them. Whether they are our idols, or companions, relatives, slaves, or beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our happiness with their virtue.

2. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice,—man can not degrade women without himself falling into degradation; he can not raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women *there* are slaves. The other half advances toward freedom and light; the women *there* are loved and honored.

3. That which has been done to lower women, and that which they have done toward our civilization, offer, perhaps, the most moral and dramatic part of our history. There was

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a time when their beauty alone wrestled against barbarism. Shut up in castles like prisoners, they there civilized the warriors who despised their weakness, but who adored their charms. Accused of ignorance, and deprived of instruction, disgraced by prejudice, and deified by love,—feeble, timid,—seeing around them nothing but soldiers and the sword, they adopted the passions of their tyrants, but, in adopting, they ameliorated them.

4. They directed combatants toward the defense of the helpless. Chivalry became a protecting power; it repaired injuries, and paved the way for laws; and, at last, after having fought in order to conquer kingdoms, it was softened into fighting for the beauty of women, and civilization began by gallantry. A great revolution was accomplished in France, on the day, when a noble knight drew off his men, in consequence of hearing that the castle, of which he was just about to commence the siege, had become the asylum of the wife of his enemy, and that this wife was about to become a mother.

5. At a later period, some glimpses of science began to pierce through the shades which covered the world; all eyes were dazzled by it, and it was then, that the destiny of women was pitiable. While men only believed themselves to be superior from the strength of their bodies, and the force of their courage, they had ceded to the power of feebleness and beauty; but scarcely had they acquired a smattering of science, when pride seized them, and women nearly lost their empire.

6. But the worst period for them was the age of scribes and doctors; for, at that time, all the impertinent questions concerning the pre-eminence of men, and the inferiority of women, were brought forward. Even the existence of their souls became a matter of doubt, and theologians themselves, amidst these agitating discussions, forgot, for a moment, that our Savior was made human by his mother. These disputes led to this deplorable result, that the ignorance of women became a moral system, as the ignorance of the lower classes had become a system of policy.

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7. Our forefathers long confounded ignorance with innocence, and thence came all their troubles; they wished women to be silly for the sake of their husbands, and the people to be ignorant for the sake of power. Women, thus assimilated to the people, like them, did not receive any species of instruction. Every thing was against them; science, legislature, and theology,—that theology, indeed, which was mistaken for religion. It was by depriving them of their souls, by subjecting them to mean and vulgar habits, which stupefy the mind, that they hoped to preserve them in spotless purity.

8. In the time of Louis XIV., when women busied themselves with affairs of state, the Abbé de Fleury[1] declared, that girls ought to be taught something beside their catechism, sewing, singing, dancing, how to dress, to speak civilly, and to make a good courtesy. But the progress he wished them to attain, consisted in knowing how to read, write, and cipher, —to know when to ask advice in matters of business, and enough of medicine to take care of the sick.

9. Then came Fenelon,[2] who wished them to read ancient and modern history, to understand Latin, to peruse works of eloquence, literature, and poesy; and yet such was the prejudice belonging to a period when women exercised an almost romantic power, and gave grace and politeness to society, that the archbishop was obliged to add certain restrictions, and to justify himself on theological principles. "Women," said the venerable ecclesiastic, "are half of the human race, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and, like us, destined to eternal life." Since the time of Rousseau[3] and Fenelon, great progress has taken place among men, and consequently the education of women has, in some measure, profited.

10. The question is no longer asked whether it be advisable to instruct them; we consent to the development of their understanding, and lessons are given to them by artists and masters of languages; they skim, as it were, a general course of study, but, in this study, nothing leads them to think with their own thoughts; it is chiefly the school routine which gives

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occupation to their brains, and thus, at an age when the passions are awakened, those passions, to which the habits of virtue and the principles of religion ought be opposed, they find in themselves skill for the piano, a memory for words, and a soul which sleeps. Such is, with some rare exceptions, the woman of the present day, with her forms of devotion, her school morality, her mechanical talents, her love of pleasure, her ignorance of the world, and her desire to love and be loved.

EXERCISE CXXX.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. (*pl.*) She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird,—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed,—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on

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the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and that the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

6. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air

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God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, —save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them,—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

11. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by

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night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing,—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old,—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, —the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now,—pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it,—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

14. They carried her to one old nook, where she had, many and many a time, sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

15. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath,—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the stone should be replaced.

16. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much, that one so delicate as she

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should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone, at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.

17. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, —and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave, —in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

EXERCISE CXXXI.

It is sometimes desirable to have each member of a class read a piece complete in itself. To answer this end, the following collection of brief, though beautiful productions, have been brought together all under one head.

I.

THE SCULPTOR-BOY'S VISION.

1. Chisel in hand stood a sculptor-boy,
With his marble block before him,

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And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him;
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone,—
He had caught that angel vision.

2. Sculptures of Life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
OUR LIVES, THAT ANGEL VISION.

II.

YEARS AGO.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.
How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

2. Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in Heaven I meet the maiden,
Fondly cherished years ago.
Hearts that love, like mine, forget not;
They 're the same in weal or woe,
And the star of memory sets not
In the grave of years ago.

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III.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

IV.

INVOCATION.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

1 On the swift-flying hours
Another bright day,
With its tears and its smiles,
Has vanished away.
Thou who dost number
Our days as they flee,
May each that departs
Bear us nearer to Thee!

2. On the wide sea of life,
Soon our barks will be tost,
And the sweet ties that bind us
Be broken and lost.

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Father in Heaven,
Be our guide to that shore,
Where night never cometh,
Where partings are o'er.

V.

TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To *cut* as well as *shine*.
Genius, like that, if polished right,
With self-same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And *sparkles*, while it *wounds*.

VI.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—Matthew, vi. 21.

BERNARD BARTON.

1. Thy path, like most by mortal trod,
Will have its thorns and flowers,
Its stony steps, its velvet sod,
Its sunshine and its showers.

2. Through smooth and rough, o'er flower and thorn,
Beneath whatever sky,
Still bear thee as a being born
For immortality.

3. And be thy choicest treasures stored
Where Faith may hold the key;
For "where our treasure is," our Lord
Hath said—"the heart will be."

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VII.

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

1. If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its color show,
For that 's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then—to die.

2. My father, when our fortune smiled,
With jewels decked his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see.
But, ah! they had no charms for me;
A trickling tear bedewed my arm,—
I felt it,—and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

VIII.

ODE TO THE LARK.

JAMES HOGG.

1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is or earth.

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2. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

IX.

EPITHALAMIUM.*

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

1. I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

2. I saw two Summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

3. Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like Summer's beam, and Summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

* EP-I-THA-LA'-MI-UM, a nuptial song or poem.

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X.

STRENGTH OF AFFECTION.

SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, *now* Heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid;
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But *Heaven* keeps His part in eternal life.
The most *you* sought was her promotion,
For 't was your Heaven, she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

XI.

MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

1. When last the April bloom was flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In forest aisles *thy voice* was ringing,
Where thou didst with the red-bird sing:
Again the April bloom is flinging
Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But *now* in Heaven *thy voice* is ringing,
Where thou dost with the angels sing.

2. When last the maple-bud was swelling,
When last the crocus bloomed below,
My heart to thine its love was telling;
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow.
Again the maple-bud is swelling,
Again the crocus blooms below;
In *Heaven* thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

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XII.

MIND.

AKENSIDE.

The immortal MIND, superior to his fate
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on its own foundation. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempests on!
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosened from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquered mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
Where Nature calls him to the destined goal.

XIII.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever
Keep thy calm unruffled way;
Time, with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To Eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

2. Roses bloom, and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die,
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven,
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to Heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

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XIV.

IMMORTALITY.

ROBERT BURNS.

A few days may,—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.

XV.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

COWPER.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials, with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud, that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.

XVI.

FALSEHOOD.

HAVARD

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips,
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts;
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty, and told a lie.

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EXERCISE CXXXII.

THE TEMPEST.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked no danger.

2. But there is something in the thunder's voice, that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks and dies within me.

3. My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that, after the lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing, like a ruby, through a wreath of transparent snow.

4. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

5. It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and

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she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censer of the skies.

6. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri,* from the afar-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

7. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until near noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest.

8. On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

9. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her

* See page 81.

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eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

10. A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the hight of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak. And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I can not tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, (>) the roar of the winds was dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of thunder-clouds came in fainting murmurs from the eastern hills.

11. I rose, and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first, I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.

12. Her bright, disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life; and, as I pressed them to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know, that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

13. Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead,

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and the hollow trunk looking upward to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

14. A year ago, I visited the spot, and the thought of bygone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered,—and O, there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow-cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. About two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a young lady, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting, like the wing of death, upon her brow.

2. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom; and she moved through the crowd with such floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of a pleasant dream.

3. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her

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eyelids, at times, pressed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

4. I have lately heard, that the young lady of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies for very sweetness.

5. It can not be, that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float but for a moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad, unsatisfied?

6. Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections, to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

7. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings, that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

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EXERCISE CXXXIV.

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

FRANCES BROWN.

1. Whence are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in the brightness still—
O, glorious Stars of Night!

2. The vestal lamp in Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hills the worshiped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow:
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But *ye* watch o'er wandering Israel yet—
O, changeless Stars of Night!

3. Long have ye looked upon the Earth,
O'er vale and mountain-brow:
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all—
O, priceless Stars of Night!

4. But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight,

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And shine where bark hath never been—
O, lonely Stars of Night!

5. Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love:
And fearful deeds of darkness, too,
Ye witnesses above!
Say, will that blackening record live
Forever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth,—
O, sleepless Stars of Night?

6. How glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn!
And still, amid our summer sky,
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight;
Ye tell of hope and glory still—
O, deathless Stars of Night!

EXERCISE CXXXV.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

EMILY TAYLOR.

1. Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder séa,
And counted the sands that under it bé?
Hast thou measured the hight of heaven abóve?
Then mayst thou measure a mother's love.

2. Hast thou talked with the blessed, of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering són?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright emplóy?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

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3. Evening and morn, hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee, for herself, hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

4. Hast thou gone with the traveler, Thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast,—but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

5. There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

6. And, ever since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the love they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

7. There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare,
But more loud than the voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

QUESTIONS.—1. Are the questions in the above piece direct or indirect? 2. What pause after the word *hast*, fourth stanza, third line?

EXERCISE CXXXVI.

INFANCY AND MATURE AGE.—AN APOLOGUE.

CRABBE.

[Men are but children of a larger growth.]

1. 'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted,—

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But vain the thought!—by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried!
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or nodding rolled from side to side.

2. "Let this young rogue be sent to bed;"—
More I had not time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused; toward rest his steps he bent
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his *horse* and *cart*.

3. For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded;—wildly craved the boon;—
Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Unmoved, who hears his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired,
When all his cares were lost in sleep!

4. "Alas! poor infant!" I exclaimed,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrays of man the idle grief,
When doomed to slumber with the dead."

5. And more I thought;—when up the stairs
With "longing, ling'ring looks" he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.

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Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

6. 'Tis morn! and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter! boundless joy!
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe?
Survive of age and death the gloom?
Smile at the cares he knew below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

7 O, my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
Till thought, sense, mem'ry,—*all are fled.*
And, grateful for what thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 't was thy pleasure I should live—
That 't is thy mandate bids me die.

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

SOCIAL ENJOYMENT,—WHERE FOUND.

N. Y. MIRROR.

1. "How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?" Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage-door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

2. "Quite as well as I do all scenes of similar character," Julia answered.

3. "Do you not then relish society?"

4. "Not very well, in such large masses," said Julia. "To my apprehension, very large parties counteract the purposes, for which social feelings were implanted within us."

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5. Then you disapprove, as well as disrelish them?" said Mr. Westbury.

6. "I fear they are not quite innocent," said Julia. "So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared, that vanity and thirst for admiration were the causes that draw together one half of the crowd, and a vulgar love of luxuries the other."

7. "Those causes surely do not influence all those who attend large assemblies," said Mr. Westbury. "Such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance, are entirely above them."

8. "Undoubtedly," said Julia. "Still I believe the rule as general as any other."

9. "Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth, reconcile you to the crowd?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

10. "Certainly not," said Julia. "How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed,—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle. Artificial delicacy and refinement,—artificial feeling,—artificial good-nature,—artificial friendship, are the usual elements that make up large companies. Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us in our quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitably the time might have been occupied!"

11. "It might," said Mr. Westbury. "Mr. Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular."

12. "I can not say quite as much as that," said Julia, "though he certainly converses uncommonly well."

13. "Who can you name that is his equal?" asked Mr. Westbury.

14. Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal, though her blushes were unseen, as she said:

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"In conversational powers, I think my present companion is very rarely, if ever excelled. And why," she added, "such gentlemen mingle in crowds, where their talents are in a great measure lost, instead of meeting in select circles, where they could find congenial minds, at least, in some degree, capable of appreciating them, I can not, indeed, conceive.

15. "But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment, of elegant society, are very singular." She stopped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said, "I think the crowded drawing-room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtations, and eating oysters, confections, and creams; and that people of talent and education, principle and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony.

16. "In such kind of intercourse, new friendships would be formed, and old ones cemented, the mind and the heart would be improved, and envy and detraction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven could be sought without a feeling of shame and self-condemnation."

17. "Then your conscience is really at war with large parties?" said Mr. Westbury.

18. "I can not deny that it is," Julia answered. "Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my own conscience are more and more severe every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe they are not innocent for me."

19. Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stopped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

20. Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham. On the following

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morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

21. "I could not stay away this morning," she said the moment she entered. "I am so vexed and so hurt, I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one, especially when in trouble."

22. "What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?" Mrs. Westbury inquired.

23. "You recollect," said Mrs. Cunningham, "what I said to you about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course, you know, to see how he was, expecting to find him in bed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found the bed as I left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rung for the servant, and asked 'if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was?' 'La, ma'am,' said she, 'I'm sure I don't know. He went out just after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was going out. I thought he had altered his mind, and was going to Mrs. T——'s.'

24. "I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber in agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly know what I did or thought for three long hours; for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature that he had ever been; for he almost harshly told me to 'cease my upbraidings,'—(upbraidings! think what a word!) 'for, if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same!' My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart and almost distracted."

25. "Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?" said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

26. "O yes, I will do any thing to feel happier than I now

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do. Really my heart is broken," and she burst into a passion of tears. Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said: "Forgive me, if I wound, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by conforming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must, in part, relinquish them for his sake."

27. "And is not that hard?" said Mrs. Cunningham. "Why should *he* not conform to *my* taste, as well as *I* to *his*? Why must men always have their own way?"

28. "That point it is not worth while to discuss," said Mrs. Westbury. "Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish, these pleasures, which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps, the heart even of your husband?"

29. "But why," persisted Mrs. Cunningham, "need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me;" and she again burst into tears.

30. "I have not the least doubt," said Mrs. Westbury, "that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes,—would you let him see, that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and frequently, perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being driven, and they would be objects of our contempt if they would; for authority is divinely delegated to them; but almost any man would have generosity enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife who evidently strives to meet his wishes, and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness."

31. "But I can't see," said Mrs. Cunningham, "why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's; I can't see why all the sacrifice should be on *my* side."

32. "Do you not perceive," said Mrs. Westbury, "that the sacrifices *you* make, are made to secure your happiness, and not to destroy it?"

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33. "I don't know," said Mrs. Cunningham. "I can't bear to have Edward think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair. And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice. Some men will be ugly, do what you will! and why should you understand managing the men better than I do? You are two or three years younger!

34. "I never studied how to manage them," said Mrs. Westbury, "but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation, and the word of God teach me, that would the wife be happy and beloved, she must be in subjection to her own husband. He may not always be reasonable, but she can not 'usurp authority,' without at once warring against Heaven and her own peace and respectability.

35. "Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham; ruminate upon it; and in your decision be careful not to let *will* influence you to sacrifice a greater good for a less. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband. On the contrary, she never appears more lovely than, when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes, that she may comply with his. Women were not made to rule; and, in my view, the wife who attempts to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible."

36. "What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never heard the doctrine of passive obedience more strenuously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man!"

37. "If any thing would disarm the tyrant," said Mrs. Westbury, "I think this passive obedience would do it, if at the same time, it were a cheerful obedience. But happily, you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied, would be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while, to yield to him, and see, if you do not meet a rich reward."

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38. "Well, I will think of it," said Mrs. Cunningham, "and, perhaps, shall do as you advise; for really I am wretched now. O dear, I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!"

QUESTIONS.—1. On what principle are *he, I, my,* and *his,* emphatic, twenty-seventh paragraph? See Note VII., page 22. 2. What kind of emphasis on *will,* thirty-fifth paragraph? See Note VI., page 21

EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

FOREST TREES.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics, which, in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen, or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter.

2. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate, with as much pride and technical precision, as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England, which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

3. There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the

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heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men.

4. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He can not expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea, that the acorn which he has buried in the earth, will grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

5. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations, to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy.

6. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them, from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

7. It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation, to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility.

8. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for

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his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honorable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

9. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages. I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, and high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

10. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven; bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a refuge for the weak,—a shelter for the oppressed,—a defense for the defenseless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages,—abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? "Why cumbereth he the ground?'

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EXERCISE CXXXIX.

ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED.

DRYDEN

1. Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless, gentle course,
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honors mourn.

2 Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to day.
Be fair or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.

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I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

3. What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I can not lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar:
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

EXERCISE CXL.

THE RAINBOW.

AMELIA B. WELBY

1. I sometimes have thought, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took, one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.

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The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
While a single white cloud floated off in the west,
On the white wing of peace, to its haven of rest.

2. As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment; yet, quick as its birth,
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth;
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

3. How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there;
And I bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

4. How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole,
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

5. There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;

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And thus, when the rainbow had passed in the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full heart, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

6. I know that each moment of rapture or pain,
But shortens the links of life's mystical chain:
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave:
Yet O! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

EXERCISE CXLI.

[The following piece is well adapted for reading *in concert.*]

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. The scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the Light-house fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

2. No longer the joy in the sailor-boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girded nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion;

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And thought that the Light-house looked lovely as Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

3. The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And Death stills the heart's last emotion;
O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

EXERCISE CXLII.

SOLID IMPROVEMENT,—THE TRUE END OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1. If the objections against the better education of women could be overruled, one of the great advantages that would ensue, would be the extinction of innumerable follies. A decided and prevailing taste for one or another mode of education there must be. A century past, it was for housewifery,—now it is for accomplishments. The object now is, to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, painting, and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence, need not be ashamed.

2. Now, one great evil of this is, that it does not last. If the whole of life were an Olympic game,—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end,—this might do; but it is in truth merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life, and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. No mother, no woman who has passed over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and

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vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and manners of eighteen; she has no wish to retain them, or if she has, she is driven out of them by diameter and derision.

3. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures,—habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy,—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and, therefore, death less terrible: and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a short-lived blaze,—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste and relish.

4. There may be women who have a taste for the fine arts, and who evince a decided talent for drawing, or for music. In that case, there can be no objection to the cultivation of these arts. But the error is, to make such things the grand and universal object,—to insist upon it that every woman is to sing, and draw and dance,—with nature or against nature,—to bind her apprentice to some accomplishment, and, if she can not succeed in oil or water-colors, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box-making, to real solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding.

5. A great deal is said in favor of the social nature of the fine arts. Music gives pleasure to others. Drawing is an art, the amusement of which does not center in him who exercises it, but is diffused among the rest of the world. This is true; but there is nothing, after all, so social as a cultivated mind. We do not mean to speak slightingly of the fine arts, or to depreciate the good-humor with which they are some-

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times exhibited; but we appeal to any man, whether a little spirited and sensible conversation—displaying, modestly, useful acquirements, and evincing rational curiosity—is not well worth the highest exertions of musical or graphical skill.

6. A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach;—not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the effort made in the fine arts,—but diffusing equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure, better loved as it is longer felt, and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings, instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind, we would make it the first spring and ornament of society, by enriching it with attainments, upon which alone such power depends.

7. If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. Let any one consider, (in order to bring the matter more home by an individual instance,) of what immense importance to society it is, whether a nobleman of first-rate fortune and distinction is well or ill brought up; what a taste and passion he may inspire for private and for political vice? and what misery and mischief he may produce to the thousand human beings who are dependent on him! A country contains no such curse within its bosom. Youth, wealth, high rank, and vice, form a combination which baffles all remonstrance and beats down all opposition. A man of high rank, who combines these qualifications for corruption, is almost the master of the manners of the age, and has the public happiness within his grasp.

8. But the most beautiful possession which a country can have, is a noble and rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge; who, without being feeble or fanatical, is pious, and

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who, without being factious, is firm and independent; who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people; and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a luster upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world. But, if these objects are of the importance which we attribute to them, the education of women must be important, as the formation of character, for the first seven or eight years of life, seems to depend almost entirely upon them.

9. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well-educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done, not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother with whom he passes his early infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman can not infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons; and, if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success.

10. Besides, when her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it but to amuse herself in the best way she can; and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines altogether the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them, has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed; and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly, why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge, or why she should be attached to such science? Because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimities of knowledge; because she can not lay the foundation of a great character, if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires, when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

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EXERCISE CXLIII.

RANK AND RICHES NOT ESSENTIAL TO TASTE AND GENIUS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. Taste, if it mean any thing but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments, they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration.

2. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, and self-seeking, be he poor, or rich. In all ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.

3. Such is our hypothesis of the case. But how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist, found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer or finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor color-grinder; outwardly, the meanest of menials?

4. Where, again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the Universe; teaching him, that

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this was beautiful, and that not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lôwer; and was it not thought much, even in the hight of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zanies, jugglers, and bearwards of the time?

5. Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's—compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his cotemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and, in great part, false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay, triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former dó?

6. For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not, in the others, whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night? This, too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities, by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding! Surely, in such instances, even that humble supposition is ill borne out.

7. The truth of the matter seems to be, that, with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker, or other aspirant to fame, the influence of rank has no exclusive, or even special concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators, and the crowd of mediocre men, to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character.

8. We speak of men who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their every-day existence, are to form

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themselves into harmony and wisdom, and show forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life certainly, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it, but the light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders forever in darkness.

9. Is he póor? So also were Homer and Sòcrates; so was Samuel Jòhnson; so was John Mìlton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that, because he is poor, he must likewise be wórthless? God forbid that the time should ever come, when he, too, shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of Mammon has a wide empire; but it can not, and must not, be worshiped in the Holy of Holies.

10. Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or anóther? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters, who deserves that náme, the motto and the watchword will be FREEDOM, TRUTH, and even this same PÓVERTY? and that, if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to hím?

QUESTIONS. — 1. What rule for the inflections, as marked in the third paragraph? 2. Why the rising inflections in the last paragraph?

EXERCISE CXLIV.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. In her ear he whispers gayly,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."

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She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee!"
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village-maiden *she*.
He to lips that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage-present;
Little can I give my wife;
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

2. They by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well:
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes, by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;

3 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage drawing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;

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She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

4. Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns,
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door,
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall:
And, while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly:
"All of this is mine and thine!"

5. Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.

6. So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank;

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And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a NOBLE LADY,
And the people loved her much.

7. But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
(*p.*) Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured: "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"

EXERCISE CXLV.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

SOUTHEY.

1. Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

2. No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half-bare; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

3. Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

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4. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5. She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew her, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for *his* wife.

6. 'T was in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

7. "'T is pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey," his comrade replied.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

8. "I, myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead."

9 "I 'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
"I 'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint, if she saw a white cow."

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10. "Will Mary this charge on her courage allów?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win; for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

11. With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling, it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

12. O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

13. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.

14. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough,—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear—
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

15. The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head;—
She listened; naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

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16. Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them—a corpse did they bear!

17. Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd!—
She fell—and expected to die!

18. "Curse the hat!" he exclaims; "Nay, come, on and first hide
The dead body," his comrade replies;—
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

19. She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

20. Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O God! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

21. Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveler beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

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EXERCISE CXLVI.

THE FEMALE CONVICT TO HER INFANT.

DALE.

1. Oh, sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to-morrow
Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sorrow,
Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.
Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee;
Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast;
And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,
And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest?

2. And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see;
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou hearest,
And none but the guilty shall mourn over me.
And yet I must wake thee—for while thou art weeping,
To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile;
But thou smil'st in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
And, Oh, how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

3. Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I pressed thee
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,
And hailed thee the heir of thy father's high name!
But now, with remorse that avails not, I mourn thee,—
Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world, if it can not betray, that will scorn thee—
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee!

4. And, when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,
A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;

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I know the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
Yet, lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
O God of the fatherless! pity my child!

EXERCISE CXLVII.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE ROGUES.

MACAULAY.

1. A pious Brahmin, it is written, made a vow that, on a certain day, he would sacrifice a sheep, and, on the appointed morning, he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighborhood three rogues, who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The first met him and said: "Oh, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." "It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

2. Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out: "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue: callest thou that cur a sheep?" "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. Oh, Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods." "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must he blind."

3. Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praised be the gods," said this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this, his mind waved to and fro like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." "Oh, Brahmin," said the new comer, "thou art drunk or mad!"

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4. At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say." To this the others agreed; and the Brahmin called out: "Oh, stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" "Surely, Oh, Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep." Then said the Brahmin: "Surely the gods have taken away my senses,"—and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

5. Thus, or nearly thus, if we remember rightly, runs the story of the Sanscrit Æsop. The moral, like the moral of every fable that is worth the telling, lies on the surface. The writer evidently means to caution us against the practices of puffers,—a class of people who have more than once talked the public into the most absurd errors.

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

Note.—Desdemona, the daughter of Brabantio, a Venetian senator, having become enamored of Othello, a noble Moor, in the service of the States of Venice, leaves her father's house, and is secretly married to him.

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Scene—*A Council Chamber. The* Duke *of Venice and* Senators *sitting at a table:* Officers *in attendance. Enter* Brabantio, Othello, Iago, (*his Ancient,**) *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior, [*To* Brabantio.
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

* Ensign, or bearer of a flag.

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Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Aye, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans* witchcraft could not——

Duke. Who'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the State affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, on your own part, can you say to this?
[*To* OTHELLO

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,†
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending

* Sans, *without.*

† Signior (also written *seignior*), is a title of honor, and means lord. It is pronounced *seen yur.*

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Hath this extent,—no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself: and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on?
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature.
I, therefore, vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof; Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,

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Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.
[*Exeunt* IAGO, *and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres* vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi,† and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means

* Antres (*an'turs*) caverns. † An-thro-pop'h-a-gi, men-eaters.

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To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished, she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter, too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,

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I am hitherto your daughter. But here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you!—I have done:—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. I have done, my lord;
Proceed to the affairs of State.

EXERCISE CXLIX.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

2. All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air, were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were caroling as life
Were a new thing to them; but O! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye

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Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.

3. Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

4. Why bends the patriarch, as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
O! man may bear with suffering; his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

5. He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

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6. Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But O! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven,
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

7. She went her way with a strong step and slow;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

8. The morning passed, and Asia's sun rose up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips

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For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.

9. She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him further on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned.—

10. "God stay thee in thine agony, my boy;
I can not see thee die; I can not brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

11. "I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

12. "O no! and when I watched by thee the wnile,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
A heritage for thee!

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13. "And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And O! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

14. She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

EXERCISE CL.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

1. The sleep of the fugitives lasted for several hours. The trapper was the first to shake off its influence, as he had been the last to court its refreshment. Rising, just as the gray light of day began to brighten that portion of the studded vault which rested on the eastern margin of the plain, he summoned his companions from their warm lairs, and pointed out the necessity of their being once more on the alert.

2. "See, Middleton!" exclaimed Inez, in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation; "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

3. "It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still, brighter crimson;—rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

4. "Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lift

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ing his tall person from its seat, with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!"

5. "God in Heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom, under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day;—let us fly!"

6. "Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds, you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing, that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore, let us await its biddings."

7. "For my part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with no unequivocal expression of concern, "I acknowledge, that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say, mount and run!"

8. "Ye are wrong,—ye are wrong,—man is not a beast, to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air, or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see, and reason, and then conclude. So, follow me a little to the left, where there is a rising in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoiterings."

9. The old man waved his hand with authority, and led th way, without further parlance, to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practiced than that of the trapper, might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common.

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10. When they reached the place, however, the stinted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence, by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in oreaking down the tops of the surrounding herbage,—which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul,—and in obtaining a look-out that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

11. The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain, and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon. The red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration, now flashed to another point, as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and rapidly-approaching danger.

12. "This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "At such a time as this, and in such a manner!"

13. "The gates of Heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

14. "This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here, and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner without an effort?"

15. "I am for a swarming time, and a flight, before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that the half-distracted Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry

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here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw, after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already; and I know by experience, that when the flame once gets fairly into the prairie grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it."

16. "Think you," returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, "that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path?"

17. "What say you, friend doctor?" cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist, with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak, when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier Being; "what say you; have you no advice to give away, in a case of life and death?"

18. The naturalist stood, tablets in hands, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as though the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm, though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding, with the most provoking insensibility to the urgent nature of their situation, —"Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar prismatic experiments—"

19. He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had overset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one much at a loss how to proceed, though, also, like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was most advisable to pursue.

20. "It is time to be doing," he said, interrupting the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; "it is time to leave off books and moanings, and to be doing."

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21. "You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man!" cried Middleton; "the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

22. "Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames! If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames, and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 't is time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

23. "Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

24. A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man, as he answered—"Your gran'ther would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

25. The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none among them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter.

26. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite side of the grass, which still environed them in a tall

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and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame into a bed of the standing fog, and, withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

27. The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

28. "Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smootly path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

29. "But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

30. "Do you scorch so easily?—your gran'ther had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see; we shall all live to see."

31. The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared every thing before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous, had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But, by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and, in a very few moments, the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

32. The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder, with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which

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Columbus made his egg to stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

33. "Most wonderful!" said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means, by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. "The thought was a gift from Heaven, and the hand that executed it, should be immortal."

34. "Old trapper," cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, "I have lined many a loaded bee into his hole, and know something of the nature of the woods, but this is robbing a hornet of his sting without touching the insect!"

35. "It will do—it will do," returned the old man, who, after the first moment of his success, seemed to think no more of the exploit. "Let the flames do their work for a short half hour, and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod beasts are tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl."

36. The veteran, on whose experience they all so implicitly relied for protection, employed himself in reconnoitering objects in the distance, through the openings which the air occasionally made in the immense bodies of smoke, that, by this time, lay in enormous piles on every part of the plain.

EXERCISE CLI.

THE ACORN.

E. OAKES SMITH.

1 An acorn fell from an old oak tree,
  And lay on the frosty ground—
"O, what shall the fate of the acorn be?"
  Was whispered all around,
By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,
  Like a floweret's bell when swung,—
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
  And the beetle's hoofs up-rung—

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2. For the woodland Fays came sweeping past
In the pale autumnal ray,
Where the forest leaves were falling fast,
And the acorn quivering lay;
They came to tell what its fate should be,
Though life was unrevealed;
For life is holy mystery,
Where 'er it is concealed.

3 They came with gifts that should life bestow;
The dew and the living air,—
The bane that should work its deadly woe,—
Was found with the fairies there.
In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,
And the worm, in the rose-leaf rolled,
And many things with destruction fraught,
That its fate were quickly told.

4. But it needed not; for a blessed fate
Was the acorn's meant to be,—
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
And watch o'er its destiny.
To a little sprite was the task assigned
To bury the acorn deep,
Away from the frost and searching wind,
When they through the forest sweep.

5. I laughed outright at the small thing's toil,
As bowed beneath the spade,
He balanced his gossamer wings the while
To look in the pit he made.
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
When the spade aside he threw,
And rolled the acorn away to sleep
In the hush of dropping dew.

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6. The Spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
And its gush of woodland song;
The dew came down, and the rain was there,
And the sunshine rested long;
Then softly the black earth turned aside,
The old leaf arching o'er,
And up, where the last year's leaf was dried.
Came the acorn-shell once more.

7. With coiléd stem, and pale green hue,
It looked but a feeble thing;
Then deeply its roots abroad it threw,
Its strength from the earth to bring.
The woodland sprites are gathering round,
Rejoiced that the task is done—
That another life from the noisome ground
Is up to the pleasant sun.

8. The young child passed with a careless tread,
And the germ had well-nigh crushed,
But a spider, launched on her airy thread,
The cheek of the stripling brushed.
He little knew, as he started back,
How the acorn's fate was hung
On the very point in the spider's track,
Where the web on his cheek was flung.

9. The Autumn came, and it stood alone,
And bowed as the wind passed by—
The wind that uttered its dirge-like moan
In the old oak sere and dry;
The hollow branches creaked and swayed,
But they bent not to the blast,
For the stout oak tree, where centuries played,
Was sturdy to the last.

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10. A school-boy beheld the lithe young shoot,
And his knife was instant out,
To sever the stalk from the spreading root,
And scatter the buds about;
To peel the bark in curious rings,
And many a notch and ray,
To beat the air till it whizzing sings,
Then idly cast away.

11. His hand was stayed; he knew not why:
'T was a presence breathed around—
A pleading from the deep blue sky,
And up from the teeming ground.
It told of the care that had lavished been
In sunshine and in dew—
Of the many things that had wrought a screen
When peril around it grew.

12. It told of the oak that once had bowed,
As feeble a thing to see;
But now, when the storm was raging loud,
It wrestled mightily.
There 's a deeper thought on the school-boy's brow,
A new love at his heart,
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
He turns him to depart.

13. Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shape of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
The hollow limbs away;
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor
Round the trunk, time-worn and gray.

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14. The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunlight lingered long
On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky;
And the wild-bird came to its airy hight,
And taught her young to fly.

15. In acorn time came the truant boy,
With a wild and eager look,
And he marked the tree with a wondering joy,
As the wind the great limbs shook.
He looked where the moss on the north side grew,
The gnarléd arms outspread,
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
As it towered above his head.

16. And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree,
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.
His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread
On the withered leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head,
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

17 And regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigor and its pride;
A monarch owned in the solemn wood,
With a scepter spreading wide.
No more in the wintry blast to bow,
Or rock in the summer breeze;
But, draped in green, or star-like snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

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18. And a thousand years it firmly grew,
And a thousand blasts defied;
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.
It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil—
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,
Were mingled in wild turmoil.

19. Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell,
And the white foam dashed to the rocky steep;
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creaked in the midnight air,
And joined in the rude uproar;
For it loved the storm, and the lightning's glare,
And the sound of the breakers' roar.

20 The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey
Were heaped on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,
Looked off from its topmost bough.
Where its shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean-grave,
Her cable round it flung.

21. Change came to the mighty things of earth,—
Old empires passed away;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where were they?
Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dreamed it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood,
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.

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22. A sound comes down in the forest trees,
An echoing from the hill;
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill:
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like a watch-tower of the main,—
The strokes fall thick from the woodman's hand,
And its falling shakes the plain.

23. The stout old oak!—'T was a worthy tree,
And the builder marked it out;
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.
Already to him was a gallant bark
Careering the rolling deep,
And, in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

24. The chisel clicks, and the hammer rings,
And the merry jest goes round;
While he who longest and loudest sings,
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib, and treenailed plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

25. She sits on the stocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there;
With brimless hat, the bare-foot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

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26. With graceful waist and carvings brave
The trim hull waits the sea;
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray;
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep,
And buoy her in their play.

27. Thou wert nobly reared, O heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke
And bellowed along the shore.
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

28. With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on in her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And the joyous winds her canvas fill,—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

29. On, on she goes, where icebergs roll
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

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30. On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendant shroud and towering mast
Seemed twice on the waters told.
The idle canvas slowly swung,
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rung
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

31. O gallant ship! thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes looked out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And, when the rattling casement told
Of many a periled ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

32. The petrel wheeled in her stormy flight;
The wind piped shrill and high;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flickered not to the eye:
The black cloud came like a banner down,
And down came the shrieking blast;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

33 Helmless, but on before the gale
She plows the deep-troughed wave:
A gurgling sound—a frenzied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak tree,
And the woodland Fays in the frosty mold
Preserved for its destiny.

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EXERCISE CLII.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. Every good Mussulman considers it a duty to perform, once in his life, a pilgrimage to the shrine of his Prophet at Mecca; and every American endeavors to make at least one visit to the Falls of Niagara. But the most devout Osmanlee that prostrates himself before the tomb of Mohammed, can feel no excess of fervor, that will compare with the sensations inspired, even in a mind and heart of ordinary sensibility, by the sight of this sublime cataract,—the wonder of the Atlantic world,—the glorious temple not made with hands, where the incense of nature rises forever toward Nature's God, as the compressed waters of one vast inland sea pour down into another.

2. On arriving at Niagara, my young companion and myself, notwithstanding our impatience, had sufficient self-command to resolve on economizing our enjoyment, or, rather, lengthening it out, in seeing Niagara by degrees: reserving, for the last, the grand view that comprises the whole of the Falls at once. We found that we were right, and that the sum of our delight was greater in consequence.

3. They commence very gradually, where the bottom of the river first becomes slightly rocky. A few bells of white foam are scattered far apart on the surface of the dark green water, the current seeming to increase in velocity. As it proceeds, the foam-specks become larger and closer, till they run into long wreaths. Then these wreaths unite, and become ridges; and the ridges follow each other so closely, that they blend together into high wide crests of foam, that stretch from shore to shore: crowding one upon another, hurrying wildly on into those before them, and overtaken by those behind. By the time the Rapids have passed the Cataract Hotel, scarcely a streak of green can be discovered among them, so covered is the whole channel with spreading masses of snowy white.

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4. Our next and best view of the Rapids was from the bridge thrown across them to Bath Island, from whence there is another and much smaller one to Ship Island, a picturesque little spot covered with trees, most of them pines, the tallest of which slant backward, something like the masts of a vessel; and there is one with the stem inclining forward, in the manner of a bowsprit, its lower branches almost dipping into the foam. We sat here awhile on a rustic bench beneath the shade, and looked up and down and all around, scarcely knowing where to fix our eyes.

5. Our islet lay trembling amidst the turmoil of the white and maddening waters that seemed ready every moment, as they hurried past, to tear it from its foundation, and sweep it away over the Falls. Looking up the stream we saw an ocean of froth, whirling and tumbling amid the sunken reefs; while innumerable torrents leaped over the ledges, or, like the jet of a vast fountain, rebounded from the rocks, and danced up, high and sparkling, in the bright summer air. But the rocks, though they enraged the waters to fury, could not arrest their force. On they came, terrific in all their velocity; roaring, rushing, surging, flying along as if madly eager to hasten their headlong plunge down the tremendous precipice.

6. It was here I first experienced those indescribable sensations of delight, overpowered by feelings of awe and reverence, without which few have looked on Niagara. My eyes were filled with tears. I could not speak. I felt as if the spirit of the Creator was before me, and, almost in His own divine form, I seemed to hear His holy voice, and feared to interrupt it.

7. Retracing our steps, we again crossed the bridges, and then descended a high, steep bank, which, when half-way down, brought us in view of the whole of the American Falls: the flood, on arriving near the pitch of the precipitous ledge, branching off to supply a whole crescent of cataracts. Rolling over the summits of these cliffs, and pouring down in vast white sheets tinted with the liveliest green, we saw the

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highest and most beautiful of the Falls descending from the main branch of the Rapids: light, feathery flakes of foam springing off from the sides of the torrent, and trickling in silver rills over the dark and broken masses of stone, from whose crevices, forever wet, grew out such shrubs and plants as love to climb about the rocks, and delight in perpetual moisture.

8. When my thoughts and feelings began to take a definite form, my only regret was, that every being that I loved, every one, indeed, that I knew, was not there, at that moment, to look at Niagara. It seemed like something too grand, too beautiful, to last; like a magnificent scene that would pass away while we were yet gazing on it. I could imagine nothing more charming than to live in its immediate neighborhood for at least a year; seeing it under all its different aspects; in sunshine and in tempest; glittering beneath the bright sky of summer, and darkening beneath a canopy of heavy storm-clouds; the lightning flashing across its ever-rolling torrents, and the thunder of upper air uniting with that whose deep tones ascend forever from the caverned recesses at its feet.

9. I thought how it must look, tinted with the crimson and purple clouds that curtain the close of an autumnal day, "when the clear cold evening's declining," and the fantastic trees of these islands and these rocks come out in the varied and glowing colors of that gorgeous season,—colors scarcely less splendid than those of the sunset sky. And in winter, when it has all its beauties to itself, when the trees are denuded, the rock-plants withered, masses of ice lying along the shores, and the country round presenting one vast desert of snow; even in winter Niagara must still be beautiful in the crystal pendants hung on the rocks and trees by its freezing spray; and sublime in the overpowering force, with which it struggles against the ice that vainly essays to block up its progress.

10. Nature is always true to herself, and the land scenery

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about Niagara is in unison with that of the water. The rocks chiefly of brown sandstone and blue limestone, are lofty, wild, and rugged. Some are nearly perpendicular, some slope back, and others project forward, impending over the raging waters. In some places they are deeply honeycombed by the incessant action of the spray. The trees and wild vines that grow from the fissures of these rifted walls, appear to give as well as to receive support, clasping their tangled and dripping roots and their twining branches against the masses of cracked, disjointed stone, which seemed already loosened in their sockets. Even a lonely cluster of wild-flowers sometimes glows beneath the shadow of an overhanging block of stone.

11. The solemn coloring of these gigantic rocks, comprising all the darkest shades of brown and gray, forms a fine contrast to the flowing masses of dazzling white and lovely green, to which no pencil has ever yet done justice. The green of the Niagara Falls is, indeed, like nothing that can be seen elsewhere. It is not the green of the sea in fathom water, nor the deep blue green of the lakes; neither is it the reflection of the trees on the banks. It is "something more exquisite still," a color so beautiful, so peculiar, that no art can successfully imitate it. Imagine vast and ever-falling torrents of dissolved alabaster, shaded with liquid emerald slightly blended with molten turquoise, and you may form some faint idea of the tinting of those transcendent waters.

12. Amid the numerous beauties of the Falls, the spray is not the least. It rises in light misty clouds from the turmoil of conflicting eddies, and the vast bed of foam that rolls around their feet, and dances upward in a thousand jets,—the liquid dust of the cataract, the white smoke of this volcano of raging waters. It is said that in a clear day the smoke of Niagara may be seen at Buffalo. We were not so fortunate as to witness the rainbow that, in a certain position of the sunlight, is so frequently beheld upon the mist-clouds that ascend from the Horse-shoe Fall. But we looked down upon

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several small horizontal rainbows lying flat upon the surface of the froth beneath the rock on which we stood.

13. The depth, to which the Falls descend, can not be ascertained, as the rocks and caverns at their feet are only indicated by the vast body of surging water that whirls and roars among them, and that after raging, seething, smoking, flying upward and downward, and tumbling into a thousand varied forms, gradually resolves itself into long white reefs and ripples, diminishing in magnitude and contiguity, till they scatter into snowy bells and float off upon the dark green surface of the river below.

14. We gazed with unwearied and increasing interest, continually discovering new beauties. In consequence, perhaps, of the state of the atmosphere, or the direction of the wind, the sound of the Falls was less loud than we had anticipated. There were, in fact, two sounds perpetually accompanying each other, and seeming like the tenor and bass in music. One sound was that of an everlasting pouring and splashing; the other was a low and awful thunder-tone that forever murmured far down beneath us, coming up from the caverned recesses of the sunken rocks, and shaking the ground on which we stood. I think there is some exaggeration in most reports of the great distance, at which the Falls of Niagara can be heard.

15. Though prepared for the grandeur of Niagara, I had not anticipated its surpassing beauty. It was, indeed, a divine picture painted by an Omnipotent Artist. All that had been done by His hand was perfect; the design, the coloring, the accessories,—not a touch could be added to improve it. The water, the rocks, the trees,—all harmonized, all combined to produce a scene unequaled in the universe,—graceful in its wildness, lovely in its strength, beautiful in its terrific and resistless power.

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EXERCISE CLIII.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.

A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington, that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

2. On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. "My brother," said he, "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men.

3. "I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still *he* was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man, and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

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4. "When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. 'These, my sons,' said he, 'are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.'

5. "The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

6. "From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make every thing, even rum and whisky. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior; but he was not to learn any thing from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whisky, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working-tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

7. "We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write, is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learned to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians.

8. "They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little

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piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing any thing about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington.

9. "And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we can not receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

EXERCISE CLIV.

THE OTTAWA MAID.

GEORGE COLTON.

1. What though a daughter of the Sun,
And rather of the twilight born
Than of the flushed and rosy morn,
That maid with dusk complexion shone;
Yet was its hue as purely clear
As heaven, when first the stars appear;
And all her form had Nature's art
So molded light that every part
From Naiad* foot to chiseled face,
Seemed conscious of a perfect grace;
While her untaught, untainted soul
Informed, inspired, illumed the whole,

* NA'-IAD, (na'-yad) a water-nymph.

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And flowed through eyes as darkly bright
As e'er were lit with heavenly light
At Beauty's triumph, Love's fond hour,
In court or cottage, hall or bower.

2. And well her simple Indian dress
Became that airy loveliness;
The fawn-skin frock, so softly dressed,
Close folded o'er her swelling breast,
And gently bound her waist about,
By belt with purple wampum wrought,
Thence falling short, in graceful ease,
Like Highland kirtle to her knees;
And well the rounded limb that graced
Her crimson-broidered leggins, laced
The beaded moccasins to meet
Upon those fairy-fashioned feet,—
These soothly of a youth had told,
Of delicate and maiden mold,
But that the smooth and raven tresses,
Descending low in soft caresses,
And rising breast, howe'er concealed,
That form a maiden true revealed.
As on her arm there hung a bow
Of polished length and ebon glow,
She might have seemed, that forest child,
An Indian Dian, chaste and wild!

3. As stood she there, a chieftain's plume
Advanced amid the forest's bloom.
Unseen by her, in fixed delight
The warrior viewed that fairer sight,
Than e'er he deemed could greet his eyes,
Save in the Indian's Paradise.
At last she saw, and, half afraid,
Prepared for flight. "Fly not," he said:

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"The flowers the maiden's fingers twine
Less lovely than the maiden shine.
Say, doth the dark-eyed Ottawa
Braid them to deck her bridal day?"
Upon her cheek the deeper glow
Drank up its smiles:—"Nò, chiéftain, nò!
But when, among the Ottawa homes
The wise,—the brave,—Tecumseh comes,
Whom all the red men love to hear,—
And runners say that he is near,—
Then——"

4. "What," he cried, "if I were he?"
She gazed on him more timidly,—
Shrank backward,—then, with maiden grace,
Approached, but looked not in his face:
"Why, then a maid of Pontiac's race
Presents these Daughters of the Spring
To cheer him, faint with journeying;"
She said,—and with a gentle breath,
Much like a sigh, the flowery wreath
Was laid upon Tecumseh's arm.
"By this clear stream, in sunlight warm,"
She added with a blush and smile,
"They have been growing all the while,
That they might greet, with lovely eyes,
The Eagle of the Southern skies."

5 "Nor doth the maiden," he replied,
"By day the lingering moments number,
Till sits a lover by her side?
Sees she no warrior in her slumber?"
"Omeena's thoughts," she lisped, with tone
Like running brooks, "are all her own:
In dreams Omeena is alone."
"These flowers," said he, their fragrance smelling,
"Are sweet, but sweeter, maiden, be

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Flowers, where the Shawnee hath his dwelling!
Say,—will the Ottawa go and see?"

6. "These grow around her father's home:
Do such not have a fairer bloom?
And flowers upon her mother's grave—
Can any else so sweetly wave?"
"But," cried the chief, confusedly,
As rose to his her speaking eye,—
"Tecumseh is the greatest brave,
His hands are red with foeman's slaughter!"
"Omeena is great Pontiac's daughter!"
Was her reply. "'T is Pontiac's name
Leads me to conflict, glory, fame,—
That star shall be Tecumseh's guide!
Will Pontiac's daughter be his bride?"

7. "Chieftain!" exclaimed she, pointing high,
"See yonder cloud climb up the sky.
And hark! the song-birds will not sing:
They cower in fear each shivering wing.
But lo! yon eagle's rising form!
He hastes alone to meet the storm.
He cares not for his aerie past,
So he may ride the rolling blast.

8. Go, warrior; when the sky is clear,
The Ottawa maid will meet him here.
Go—when the pale face dwells no more
By Wabash tide or Huron's shore,
Then to her mother's grave she 'll bring
Young flowers, her last, sweet offering,
And in the Eagle's aerie sing!"
And ending thus, his hand she took,
Softly, and with a soul-lit look,
Though timid love her virgin bosom shook.

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EXERCISE CLV.

SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

G. W. CUTTER.

1. (") Away, away through the sightless air,
Stretch forth your iron thread,—
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread;
Aye, rear it up on its million piers,—
Let it reach the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years,
I 'll clear at a single bound.

2. Though I can not toil like the groaning slave
Ye have fettered with iron skill,
To ferry you over the boundless wave,
Or grind in the noisy mill;
What is his giant strength and speed?
But a single shaft of mine
Would give that monster a flight indeed
To the depths of the ocean brine.

3. No, no, I 'm the spirit of light and love,—
To my unseen hand 't is given
To pencil the ambient clouds above,
And polish the stars of heaven.
I scatter the golden rays of fire
On the horizon far below;
And deck the skies where storms expire,
With my red and dazzling glow.

4. The deepest recesses of earth are mine,—
I traverse its silent core;
Around me the starry diamonds shine,
And the sparkling fields of ore;

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And oft I leap from my throne on high
To the depths of the ocean's caves,
Where the fadeless forests of coral lie,
Far under the world of waves.

5. My being is like a lovely thought
That dwells in a sinless breast;
A tone of music that ne'er was caught,—
A word that was ne'er expressed.
I burn in the bright and burnished halls
Where the fountains of sunlight play,—
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls
O'er the scene of the dying day.

6. With a glance I cleave the sky in twain,
I light it with a glare,
When fall the boding drops of rain,
Through the darkly curtained air:
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,
The piles of a thousand years,
Have not the strength of potter's clay,
Before my glittering spears.

7. From the Alps or the highest Andes' crag,
From the peaks of eternal snow,
The dazzling folds of my fiery flag
Gleam o'er the world below;
The earthquake heralds my coming power,
The avalanche bounds away,
And the howling storms, at midnight hour
Proclaim my kingly sway.

8. Ye tremble when my legions come,—
When my quivering sword leaps out
O'er the hills that echo my thunder drum,
And rend with joyous shout;

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Ye quail on the land or upon the seas,
Ye stand in your fear aghast,
To see me burn the stalwart trees,
Or shiver the stately mast.

9. The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall,
The letters of high command,
Where the Prophet read the Tyrant's fall,
Were traced with my burning hand;
And oft in fire have I wrote since then,
What angry Heaven decreed,—
But the sealéd eyes of sinful men
Were all too blind to read.

10. At last, the hour of light is here,
And kings no more shall blind,
Nor bigots crush, with craven fear,
The forward march of mind.
The words of truth and freedom's rays
Are from my pinions hurled,
And soon the sun of better days
Shall rise upon the world.

1. (") But away, away through the sightless air,
Stretch forth your iron thread,—
For I would not soil my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread:
Aye, rear it up on its million piers,—
Let it circle the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I 'll clear at a single bound.

QUESTIONS.—1. With what modulation of voice should this piece be read? See notation marks, first and last stanzas. 2. To what is reference made in the ninth stanza? See Daniel v. 25.

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EXERCISE CLVI.

1. AR'-NOLD WINK'-EL-RIED, a Swiss patriot, in the battle of Sempach, July 9, 1386, by the sacrifice of his life, enabled his countrymen to defeat the Austrian troops. In order to break the Austrian ranks, he rushed on them, grasped several lances, and heedless of the thrusts, bore them to the ground. His countrymen rushed through the opening thus made, and won the victory.

2. SIR HENRY VANE, one of the early governors of Massachusetts, on his return to England, rendered himself conspicuous by his public acts. On one occasion, on account of his advocacy for a Republican government, he was falsely accused of treason, condemned, and beheaded, June 14, 1662.

3. LORD RUSSELL, an English nobleman of acknowledged probity, sincerity, and private worth, was unjustly condemned for treason, and beheaded, July 21, 1683.

BEAUTY,—THE MARK GOD SETS UPON VIRTUE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it.

2. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do; but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things, for which men plow, build, or sail, obey virtue," said an ancient historian. "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun, and moon, and all the stars of heaven.

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3. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty,—when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried[1], in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deéd?

4. When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane,—the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living pícture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannas as fit drápery?

5. Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Henry Vane[2] was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out: "You never sat on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot, Lord Russell,[3] to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side."

6. In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple,—the sun as its candle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

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EXERCISE CLVII.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

1. Whatever we would do for our country must be done for THE PEOPLE. Great results can never be effected in any other way. Specially is this the case under a republican constitution. Here the people are not only the real, but the acknowledged, fountain of all authority. They make the laws, and they control the execution of them. They direct the Senate, they overawe the cabinet; and, hence, it is the moral and intellectual character of the people, which must give to the "very age and body of our institutions their form and pressure."

2. So long as our people remain virtuous and intelligent, our government will remain stable. While they clearly perceive, and honestly decree justice, our laws will be wholesome, and the principles of our constitution will commend themselves everywhere to the common sense of man. But, should they become ignorant and vicious; should their decisions become the dictates of passion and venality, rather than of reason and of right, that moment are our liberties at an end; and, glad to escape from the despotism of millions, we shall flee for shelter to the despotism of one. Then will the world's last hope be extinguished, and darkness brood for ages over the whole human race.

3. Not less important is *moral and intellectual cultivation*, if we would prepare our country to stand forth the bulwark of the liberties of the world. Should the time to try men's souls ever come again, our reliance under God must be, as it was before, on the character of our citizens. Our soldiers must be men whose bosoms have swollen with the conscious dignity of freemen, and who, firmly trusting in a righteous God, can look unmoved on embattled nations leagued together for purposes of wrong.

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4. When the means of education everywhere throughout our country, shall be free as the air we breathe; when every family shall have its Bible,—then, and not till then, shall we exert our proper influence on the cause of man; then, and not till then, shall we be prepared to stand forth between the oppressor and the oppressed, and say to the proud wave of domination: Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.

5. The paramount duty of every American citizen is, to put in requisition every possible means for elevating universally the intellectual and moral character of our people. The intellectual stores of the English language are open before every man, in which he may find all the knowledge that he will ever need to form his opinions upon any subjects, on which it will be his duty to decide. A man who can not read is a being not contemplated by the genius of our constitution. Where the right of suffrage is extended to all, he is certainly a dangerous member of the community, who has not qualified himself to exercise it.

6. But, though the entire mass of our population should be intellectually educated, still only a part, and by far the least important part of our work, will have been accomplished. We have increased the power of the people, but we have left it doubtful in what direction that power will be exerted. We have made it certain that a public opinion will be formed; but whether that opinion shall be healthful or destructive, is yet to be decided.

7. We have cut our channels, by which knowledge may be conveyed to every individual of our mighty population; it remains for us, by means of these very channels, to instill into every bosom an unshaken reverence for the principles of *right*. Having gone this far, we must go still farther; for we must be aware, that the tenures by which our liberties are held, can never be secure, unless *moral*, keep pace with intellectual, education.

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EXERCISE CLVIII.

NOTE.—This piece is well suited to reading *in concert*. To give it the better effect, the class may be divided into two parts: one side reading the stanzas under the title "EARTH," and the other responding with those under the caption "HEAVEN."

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

EARTH.

1. There is grief, there is grief,—there is wringing of hands,
(*pl.*) And weeping and calling for aid;
For Sorrow hath summoned her group, and it stands
Round the couch where the sufferer is laid.
And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,
And tears from the heart-springs are shed;
Yet who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,
But would gladly lie down in her stead.

2. There is grief, there is grief,—there is anguish and strife,
(*pl.*) And the sufferer is striving for breath;
For the spirit will cling, O! how fondly, to life,
And stern is the struggle with death!
But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,
Till the last fatal symptoms have birth;
And the eye-ball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill,
And this is the portion of earth!

HEAVEN.

3. There is bliss, there is bliss, in the regions above,
They have opened the gates of the sky;
A spirit has soared to those mansions of love,
And seeks for admittance on high.
And friends long divided are hasting to greet
To a land where no sorrow may come,
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,
And to welcome the child to its home.

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4. There is bliss, there is bliss, at the foot of the throne,
See the spirit all purified bend;
And it beams with delight, since it gazes alone,
On the face of a father,—a friend!
Then it joins in the anthems forever that rise,
And its frailty or folly forgiven,
It is dead to the earth, and new-born to the skies,
And this is the portion of Heaven!

EXERCISE CLIX.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

F. G. LEE.

I.

(*p.*) Speak gently to the erring,—ye know not all the power,
With which the dark temptation came, in some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly they struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came, and sadly thus they fell.

II.

Speak gently of the erring,—oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet:
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness trod.

III.

Speak kindly to the erring,—for is it not enough,
That innocence and peace are gone, without thy censure roúgh?
It surely is a weary lot, that sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate, their chidings well may spare

IV.

Speak kindly of the erring,—thou yet may'st lead him back
With holy words, and tones of love, from misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned, and sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one, as God hath dealt with thee!

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EXERCISE CLX.

1. CHAR-LE-MAGNE' (Charles, the Great), King of the Franks, and afterwards Emperor of the West, was born, A. D. 742. Though continually engaged in war, he was a great friend and patron of learning, and, in private life, was a very amiable and estimable man. He died in 814.

2. AL-EX-AN'-DER, the Great, the celebrated son of Philip, King of Macedon, was born, B. C. 356. After a life previously unsurpassed in warlike achievements, he died of a disease brought on by intemperate habits, B. C. 323.

3. CÆ'-SAR, Caius Julius, the first Roman emperor, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity. He wrote an account of his wars in Gaul, which is still extant. He was assassinated in the Senate House, B. C. 43, in the 56th year of his age.

4. HAN'-NI-BAL, the celebrated leader of the Carthaginians, after a brilliant military career, in which he came near to the achievement of a full triumph over the city and empire of Rome, took poison, and died, B. C. 183, at the age of 64.

5. MA-CHI-A'-VEL, a famous political writer, born at Florence in 1469. One of his works, the Prince, contains maxims of government and policy, which have rendered his name synonymous with whatever is vile in principle or pernicious in practice.

6. BA-JA'-ZET, a warlike and tyrannical Sultan of Turkey, who, by the murder of his brother, came to the throne in 1389. He died in 1403.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

LAMARTINE.

1. Personal glory will be always spoken of, as characterizing the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne,[1] and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity, but himself. False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood.

2. But what can we then allow him? His individual

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genius was great, but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathized with none; he was a statue, rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander[3] and to Cæsar[3]; he resembled more the Hannibal[4] of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been molded, and molded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth in that mind, nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style.

3. He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel.[5] Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, or a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet[6] and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon,—the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

4. This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crime, should, also, accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She can not separate her name from his, without lessening it; for it is equally intrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her; but what she principally owes to him, is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

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5. This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to accumulate therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue;—such is the man.

EXERCISE CLXI.

THE CORSICAN NOT CONTENT.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

1. Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a human spirit, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both. Born, like Adams, a subject of a king; the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence.

2. But unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul. But there were other consuls. He was not content. He thrust

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them aside, and was consul alone. Consular power was too short; he fought new battles, and was consul for life. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content.

3. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an emperor. But he soon saw around him a mother, brothers, and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian. He had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown.

4. He scourged the earth again and again. Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred; put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle.

5. Now he was indeed a monarch; a legitimate monarch; a monarch by divine appointment; the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and the brave, one from every household; from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee; from Jura to the ocean. He marshaled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp.

6. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, and surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, for

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sook him when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic.

7. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few lonely years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn and the evening's twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came, even then, unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around him, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief, from long and wearisome watching, was at hand.

8. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, and a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled his flowing locks. The marshals of the empire awaited his command.

9. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried: "Tête d'Armée!"* The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT!

* *Tête d'Armée*, head of the Army.

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EXERCISE CLXII.

The 4th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words "tête d'armée," (head of the army), the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

1. (o) Wĭld wās thē nĭght; yĕt ā wĭlder nĭght
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

2. (*pl.*) A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

3. They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

4. He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

5 The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

6. Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,

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Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

7. On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

8. Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

9. (el.) He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

EXERCISE CLXIII.

THE NEEDLE.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle—(")the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art

2. If Love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman, ever resistless and true,

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A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,—
'T is this,- -and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,
And O! it is certain of touching the heart:
The bright little needle—(") the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

3. Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You *never*, whate'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gayly convened at a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle (") the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

EXERCISE CLXIV.

THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

MRS. HALE.

1. A crown for the victor,—a crown of light!
From the land where the flowers ne'er feel a blight
Was gathered the wreath that around it blows;
And he who o'ercometh his treacherous foes,
That fadeless crown shall gain.
A king went forth on the rebel array,
Intrenched where a lovely hamlet lay;
He frowned,—and there 's naught save ashes and blood,
And blackened bones, where that hamlet stood,
Yet his treacherous foes he hath not slain.

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2. A crown for the victor,—a crown of light!
Encircled with jewels so pure and bright,
Night never hath gloomed where its luster flows;
And he who can conquer his proudest foes,
That glorious crown shall gain.
A hero came from the gory field,
And low at his feet the pale captives kneeled;
In his might he hath trodden a nation down,
But he may not challenge that glorious crown,
For his proudest foes he hath not slain.

3. A crown for the victor,—a crown of light!
Like the morning sun to the dazzled sight,
From the night of a dungeon raised, it glows;
And he who can slay his deadliest foes,
That shining crown shall gain.
With searching eye, and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed:
Like festering wounds are the wrongs he hath borne;
And he takes the revenge his soul had sworn,
But his deadliest foe he hath not slain.

4. A crown for the victor,—a crown of light!
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows;
And he who o'ercometh his mightiest foes,
That robe and crown shall gain.
With eye upraised, and forehead bare,
A pilgrim knelt down in holy prayer:
He hath wrestled with SELF, and with passion striven,
And to him hath the Sword of the Spirit been given;—
Oh! crown him, for his foes,—his *sins*,—are slain.

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EXERCISE CLXV.

THE MORAL WORLD SUPERIOR TO THE NATURAL.

GRIMKE.

1. Man, the noblest work of God in this lower world, walks abroad through its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges, in all that he beholds, the might that called them into being; the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts, and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

2. He stands entranced on the peak of Ætna, or Teneriffe, or Montserrat, and looks down upon the far-distant ocean, silent to his ear, and tranquil to his eye, amid the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptured on the mountain-summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful undulations, over declivity after declivity, as though the fabulous river of the skies were pouring its azure waves over all the landscape.

3. He hangs over the precipice, and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open, as it were, by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountain torrent. He reclines, in pensive mood, on the hill-top, and sees around and beneath him all the luxuriant beauties of field and meadow, of olive-yard and vineyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake. He descends to the plain, and, amid waving harvests, verdant avenues, and luxuriant orchards, sees, between garden and grass-plot, the farm-house, embosomed in copse-wood, or "tall ancestral trees."

4. He walks through the valley, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate, with mild enthusiasm, its scenes of pastoral beauty; the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clumps of oaks, or the solitary willow. He

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enters the caverns buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a subterranean palace, hewn out, as it were, by the power of the Genii,* and decorated by the taste of the Queen of the Fairies.

5. Such is the *natural world;* and such, for the most part, has it ever been, since men began to subdue the wilderness, to scatter the ornaments of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and to plant the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hill-side, and martial battlements in the defiles of the mountains. Such has been the natural world, whether beheld by the eye of savage or barbarian, of the civilized or the refined. Such has it been, for the most part, whether contemplated by the harpers of Greece, the bards of Northern Europe, or the voluptuous minstrels of the Troubadour† age. Such it was, when its beauties, like scattered stars, beamed on the page of classic lore; and such, when its "sunshine of picture" poured a flood of meridian splendor on modern literature.

6. Admirable as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, even for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the MORAL WORLD? Is not the soul, with its glorious destiny and its capacities for eternal happiness, more awful and majestic than the boundless Pacific, or the interminable An'des? Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity, and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more intense interest than forest, or cataract, or précipice? And the heart, so eloquent in the depth, purity, and pathos of its affections,—can the richest scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in lóveliness?

7. The same God is the Author of the invisible and visible world. The moral grandeur and beauty of the world of man

* GE'-NI-I, imaginary beings, some good, some bad, fabled to occupy a place intermediate between men and angels.

† TROU'-BA-DOUR age, that is, the age of the Troubadours, a class of poets who flourished from the eleventh to about the commencement of the fifteenth century.

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are equally the productions of His wisdom and goodness, with the fair, the sublime, the wonderful in the physical creation. What, indeed, are these, but the outward manifestations of His might, skill, and benevolence? What are they but a glorious volume, forever speaking to the eye and ear of man, in the language of sight and sound, the praises of its Author? And what are those but images, faint and imperfect as they are, of His own incomprehensible attributes? What are they, the soul, the mind, the heart of an immortal being, but the temple of the Holy Spirit; the dwelling-place of Him whom the Heaven of heavens can not contain, who inhabiteth eternity?

EXERCISE CLXVI.

BEAUTY OF AGE.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. "The principle of beauty hath no age,
It looketh forth, even though the eye be dim,
The forehead frost-crown'd, yea, it looketh forth,
Like holy star, on all whom God hath made."

2. *The beauty of age!* Does any one call me ironical, or point the finger at me in derision? Verily, I am speaking in good faith. Yet am I not ignorant of what Time takes away. I know that he is prone to steal from the eye its luster, and from the Parian brow its smoothness. The round cheek falls away at his plowshare, and the dimples disappear. The hair, no longer abundant, leaves the bald crown, or withered temples unshielded. Its hues of chestnut, or auburn, or raven black, vanish, and the complexion, no longer relieved by their rich contrast, loses its tint of rose or lily, and settles into the trying companionship of iron gray or white.

3. The erect form yields its dignity. The vertebral column bends, and the limbs resign their elasticity. Happy are they who are compelled to call in no aid from crutch or staff, to

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sustain their footsteps. The beautiful hand loses its plumpness, and bones and sinews and jagged veins become protuberant. Even the ear sometimes forfeits its delicate symmetry, and grows elephantine. The voice is prone to forget its harmony, or, unmodified by its dental allies, "pipes and whistles in its sound."

4. All these deteriorations, and more than these, I admit, yet boldly sustain my argument, *the beauty of age.* Where is it? In what does it consist? Its dwelling is in the soul, and it makes itself visible by radiations that reach the soul; by the smile of benevolence, by limitless good will, by a saintly serenity, by the light of heaven shining upon the head that is so near it.

5. The smile of Washington, which had always possessed a peculiar charm, gathered force and sweetness from the snows of time. One who was accustomed to meet him in the family, says: "Whenever he gave me one of these smiles, I always felt the tears swelling under my eye-lids."

6. What an affecting sketch of the tranquil beauty of age on which death hath set his seal, is given in a letter from Pope, to an artist whom he desires to preserve the likeness of the mother, whose declining years were soothed by his filial love and duty.

7. "My poor old mother is dead. I thank God that her death was as easy as her life has been innocent; and, as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is still upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is amiable to behold. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that painter ever drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which that art could bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I hope to see you soon, ere this winter flower shall have faded. I will defer the interment until to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this, or, indeed, at such a time, have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happy!"

8. At his villa of Twickenham, bought with the first fruits of his translation of Homer's Iliad, the poet sheltered and s

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aced this venerable mother. From her honored seat at his fireside, her tender, simple message cheered him amid his toils :—"I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my deare." More touching and admirable was the interchange of these hallowed sensibilities, than all the melody of his verse.

9. Of the intrinsic beauty of age, I have been so happy as to see some distinguished specimens. My infant eyes opened upon one. My earliest perceptions of the beautiful and holy were entwined with silver hairs, and I bless God, that the fourteen first years of life dwelt under their serene shadow. A fair countenance, a clear, blue eye, and a voice of music, return to me as I recall the image of that venerated lady, over whom more than threescore and ten years had passed, ere I saw the light.

10. Her tall, graceful form, moving with elastic steps through the parterres, whose numerous flowers she superintended, and her brow raised in calm meditation from the sacred volume she was reading, were to me beautiful. Many sought to take counsel of her, both for the things of this life and the next, and her words were so uttered as to make them happier as well as wiser.

11. The sorrowful came to be enlightened by the sunbeam that dwelt in her spirit, and the children of want for bread and a garment; for her wealth was the Lord's, and, when she cast it into His treasury, it was with a smile, as if she was herself the receiver. The beauty of the soul was hers, that waxeth not old. Love was in her heart to all whom God had made, a love not ending in blind indulgence, but seeking to elevate them in the scale of existence.

12. Thus it was until eighty-eight years had passed over her; and when she entered the exalted society for which she had been fitted here, tears flowed widely and freely, as for one in her prime. At her grave I learned my first lesson of a bursting grief that has never been forgotten. Let none say that the aged die unloved, or unmourned by the young. It is not so.

13. Another, I knew, without munificent endowment of

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mind, person, or position. Yet had he, to the last, a beauty that love followed,—the beauty of kind regard to all creatures, and of a perfect temperament that never yielded to anger. Hence the wheels of life ran on without chafing, and, in his eighty-eighth year, his step was as elastic as at twenty, the florid hue of his cheek unchanged, and his bright, brown hair, without a thread of silver.

14. He loved the plants and flowers, and knew how scientifically to promote their welfare, and to enrich the dark, brown mold, with golden fruits, and fair vine-clusters. By these sweet recreations, life was made sweeter, and renewed its pleasures like the fresh spring-buds, and the bird that returns again to its nest after the winter. Sorrows he had tasted, but they left no cloud, only a deeper tenderness for all who mourned.

15. His religion had no mixture of coldness toward those who differed from him, no exclusiveness, no bigotry. The frailties of those around, he regarded with gentleness or with pity. He blamed not, upbraided not. On his loving soul there was no slander-spot. His life was like one long smile, closing with a music-strain. And on it was written as a fair motto,—"*the man without an enemy.*"

16. From the sacred pictures of the departed, that hang in the soul's temple, I would fain select another. It is of a friend, who, in early years, suffered from feebleness of constitution, yet, by care and temperance, so renovated his health, that age was to him better and more vigorous than youth. A strong perception of the beautiful, both in nature and art, lighted up his mind with a perpetual sunbeam.

17. His fine taste went hand in hand with a perfect philanthropy, so that what he admired he patronized, and what he patronized he spread abroad, that others might share his enjoyment. The gates of his spacious rural villa were thrown open as a pleasure-ground for all the people, and with the treasures of literature and the arts, he enriched the noble public institute that he founded. "The holy truth walked

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ever by his side;" while independence of thought and action with regard to men, was mingled with the deepest humility and reverence toward God.

18. To draw merit from obscurity, to sustain honest industry, to encourage humble virtue, to stimulate the young to higher effort, and silently to relieve the suffering poor, were his pleasures. And with these pleasures would sometimes steal over his brow an expression denied to what the world calls beauty, "the set of features and complexion, the tincture of the skin that she admires." It was the beauty of the soul, looking forth in the life of one, who faithfully and without ostentation, held his large fortune in stewardship for God and for man.

EXERCISE CLXVII.

GENIUS WAKING.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. Slumber's heavy chain hath bound thee,—
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee,—
(<) Shall they hover hígher?
Can no power, no spell recall thee
From inglorious dréams?
O! could glory so appall thee,
With his burning béams?

2. Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear,—
Like the herald, winged with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

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3. Where the pillared props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows,—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rends its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

4. O, what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness,
Lights a cavern's glooms!
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

5. From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
But the tempest's gush.
(") Up again, undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

6. Where is now that restless longing
After higher things?
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings?
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger can not daunt thee
From a heaven like this.

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IV.

A FIRM RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness,—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and, from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of plains and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

V.

NATURE.

SARAH J. HALE.

There 's not a plant that springeth,
  But bears some good to earth;
There 's not a life but bringeth
  Its store of harmless mirth;
The dusty wayside clover
  Has honey in its cells,—
The wild bee, humming over,
  Her tale of pleasure tells;
The osiers o'er the fountain,
  Keep cool the water's breast,—
And on the roughest mountain
  The softest moss is pressed.
Thus holy Nature teaches
  The worth of blessings small,
That Love pervades and reaches,
  And forms the b'iss of all.

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VI.

RETROSPECTION.

It is pleasing to review the day that is past, and to think that its duties have been done; to think that the purpose with which we rose has been accomplished; that in the busy scene which surrounds us, we have done our part, and that no temptation has been able to subdue our firmness and our resolution. Such are the sentiments with which, in every year of life, and still more in that solemn moment, when life is drawing to its close, the man of persevering virtue is able to review the time that is past.

VII.

SELFISHNESS.

What e'er the passions, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbor for himself;
The learned are happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.

POPE.

VIII.

A RESOLUTE MIND.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dullness to maturity; and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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IX.

THE DROP OF WATER.

I

'How mean, 'mid all this glorious space, how valueless am I!"
A little drop of water said, as, trembling in the sky,
It downward fell, in haste to meet th' interminable sea,
As if the watery mass its goal and sepulcher should be.

II.

But, ere of no account, within the watery mass it fell—
It found a shelter and a home, the oyster's concave shell;
And there that little drop became a hard and precious gem,
Meet ornament for royal wreath, for Persia's diadem.

III.

Cheer up, faint heart, that hear'st the tale, and though thy lot may seem
Contemptible, yet not of it as nothing worth esteem;
Nor fear that thou, exempt from care of Providence, shall be
An undistinguishable drop in nature's boundless sea.

IV.

The Power that called thee into life has skill to make thee live,
A place of refuge can provide, another being give;
Can clothe thy perishable form with beauty rich and rare,
And, "when He makes his jewels up," grant thee a station there.

RICHARD MANT.

X.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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EXERCISE CLXX.

CONNECTICUT IN EARLY TIMES.

BANCROFT.

1. Connecticut, from the first, possessed unmixed popular liberty. The government was in honest and upright hands; the little strifes of rivalry never became heated; the magistrates were sometimes persons of no ordinary endowments; but, though gifts of learning and genius were valued, the State was content with virtue and single-mindedness; and the public welfare never suffered at the hands of plain men. Roger Williams had ever been a welcome guest at Hartford; and "that heavenly man, John Haynes," would say to him: "I think, Mr. Williams, I must now confess to you, that the most wise God hath provided and cut out this part of the world as a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences."

2. There never existed a persecuting spirit in Connecticut; while "it had a scholar to their minister in every town and village." Education was cherished; religious knowledge was carried to the highest degree of refinement, alike in its application to moral duties, and to the mysterious questions on the nature of God, of liberty, and of the soul. A hardy race multiplied along the alluvion of the streams, and subdued the more rocky and less inviting fields; its population for a century doubled once in twenty years, in spite of considerable emigration; and, if, as has often been said, the ratio of the increase of population is the surest criterion of public happiness, Connecticut was long the happiest State in the world.

3. Religion united with the pursuits of agriculture, to give to the land the aspect of salubrity. The domestic wars were discussions of knotty points in theology; the concerns of the parish, the merits of the minister, were the weightiest affairs; and a church reproof the heaviest calamity. The strifes of the parent country, though they sometimes occasioned a levy among the sons of the husbandmen, yet never brought an enemy within their borders; tranquillity was within their

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gates, and the peace of God within their hearts. No fears of midnight ruffians could disturb the sweetness of slumber; the best house required no fastening but a latch, lifted by a string; bolts and locks were unknown.

4. There was nothing morose in the Connecticut character. It was temperate industry enjoying the abundance which it had created. No great inequalities of condition excited envy, or raised political feuds; wealth could display itself only in a larger house and a fuller barn; and covetousness was satisfied by the tranquil succession of harvests. There was venison from the hills; salmon, in their season, not less than shad, from the rivers; and sugar from the trees of the forest. For a foreign market, little was produced beside cattle; and, in return for them, but few foreign luxuries stole in. Even as late as 1713, the number of seamen did not exceed one hundred and twenty.

5. The soil had originally been justly divided, or held as common property in trust for the public, and for new comers. Forestalling was successfully resisted; the brood of speculators in land inexorably turned aside. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; beneath the rugged exterior, humanity wore its sweetest smile. There was, for a long time, hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plow, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; no one was superior to the matron who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of their dress.

6. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, could exult only in the common splendor of the blue and white linen gown, with short sleeves, coming down to the waist, and in the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman in the land. For there was no revolution, except from the time of sowing to the time of reaping; from the plain dress of the week day, to the more trim attire of Sunday.

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7. Every family was taught to look upward to God, as to the Fountain of all good. Yet life was not somber. The spirit of frolic mingled with innocence; religion itself sometimes wore the garb of gayety; and the annual thanksgiving to God was, from primitive times, as joyous as it was sincere. Nature always asserts her rights, and abounds in means of gladness.

8. The frugality of private life had its influence on public expenditure. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of the government did not exceed eight hundred pounds, or four thousand dollars; and the wages of the Chief Justice were ten shillings a day while on service. In each county, a magistrate acted as judge of probate, and the business was transacted with small expense to the fatherless.

9. Education was always esteemed a concern of deepest interest, and there were common schools from the first. Nor was it long before a small college, such as the day of small things permitted, began to be established; and Yale owes its birth "to ten worthy fathers, who, in 1700, assembled at Branford, and each one, laying a few volumes on a table, said,—'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'"

10. But the political education of the people is due to the happy organization of towns, which here, as, indeed, through out all New England, constituted each separate settlement a little democracy of itself. It was the natural reproduction of the system, which the instinct of humanity had imperfectly revealed to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. In the ancient republics, citizenship had been an hereditary privilege. In Connecticut, citizenship was acquired by inhabitancy, was lost by removal.

11. Each town-meeting was a little legislature, and all inhabitants, the affluent and the more needy, the wise and the foolish, were members with equal franchises. There the taxes of the town were discussed and levied; there the village offi

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cers were chosen; there roads were laid out, and bridges voted; there the minister was elected, the representatives to the assembly were instructed. The debate was open to all; wisdom asked no favors; the churl abated nothing of his pretensions.

12. Whoever reads the records of these village democracies, will be perpetually coming upon some little document of political wisdom, which breathes the freshness of rural legislation, and wins a disproportioned interest from the justice and simplicity of the times. As the progress of society required exertions in a wider field, the public mind was quickened by associations that were blended with early history; and when Connecticut emerged from the quiet of its origin, and made its way into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity that had regulated the affairs of the village, gained admiration in the field and in the council.

EXERCISE CLXXI.

THE TOMB OF YEARS.

CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE.

1. Upon the tomb of years the monarch bent,
To read the epitaph of human things;
'T was written on the time-worn monument,
"Scepters and crowns lie moldering here with kings."

2. Next, crowned with laurel-wreaths the hero came,
And paused in silence o'er the mighty grave;
He read: "Time spares not glory, spares not fame,—
Beneath this sod their plumes no longer wave!"

3. The lord of countless treasures then drew nigh,
And trembled as he stooped to scan the doom
Of the rich man,—and heaved a hollow sigh;
He read: "Wealth can not bribe the impartial tomb."

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4. The beauteous girl in all her youth and charms,
Fixed her dark eye upon the grave of years;
And when 't was written: "In Death's icy arms
Beauty lies clasped!" she turned away in tears.

5. The skeptic sternly gazed,—but on his brow
A frown of horror gathered while he read;
For he hath naught to cheer his spirit now,
And not a ray will light his grave when dead!

6. The Christian knelt,—and reading, that beneath
The tomb of years, crowns, plumes, and treasures lie,
And beauty fades away,—looked upon death
As the mere prelude to eternity.

7. Yes, o'er Time's sepulcher,—amid the gloom
That gathers round the place where ages sleep,
Faith, heavenly Faith, will mitigate our doom,
And Hope her vigils o'er our ashes keep!

EXERCISE CLXXII.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

MILTON

1 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unvailed her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

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2. When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways:
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

3. "To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Those blossoms, also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

4. To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads

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His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? For whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

5. To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.

6. "These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

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Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

7. Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they passed
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under-foot, the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
Of costliest emblem; other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man.

8. Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou, also, madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day

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Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropped falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

EXERCISE CLXXIII.

POWER AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

BIBLE.—104TH PSALM.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul!
O Lord, my God! thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh his angels spirits;
His ministers a flaming fire.

2. Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be removed forever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke, they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder, they hasted away.
They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over,
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

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3. He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

4. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

5. The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests;
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats,
And the rocks for the conies.

6. He appointeth the moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night,
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work,
And to his labor until the evening.

7. O Lord! how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all:

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The earth is full of thy riches.
So is this great and wide sea,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships:
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
That thou givest them, they gather:
Thou openest thy hand—they are filled with good:
Thou hidest thy face—they are troubled:
Thou takest away their breath—they die, and return to their dust.
Thou sendest forth thy Spirit—they are created:
And thou renewest the face of the earth.

8. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever:
The Lord shall rejoice in his works.
He looketh on the earth—and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills—and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
My meditation of him shall be sweet:
I will be glad in the Lord.
Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! Praise ye the Lord!

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